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A MANUFACTURER'S POINT OF VIEW

BY JONATHAN THAYER LINCOLN

IN modern manufacturing, economy is the dominant note. The days before the advent of steam and electricity were days of small volume of business and large profits; but to-day the reverse of this condition obtains, and we find that as a rule the ever increasing volume of business has been accompanied by an ever decreasing percentage of profits. Competition has reduced the margin of profits to a point where the cost of production must be kept at the minimum by every contrivance the manufacturer may invent.

Labor in its last analysis is a commodity, just as much as cotton, and is subject to the unalterable law of demand and supply; and the manufacturers who in these days of keen competition would keep their factories in successful operation, paying to the shareholders a just interest on their investments and at the same time furnishing thousands of workers with the means of earning a livelihood, can pay only the market price for necessary commodities, whether cotton or labor. At the beginning of the last century the workingman and his employer were to all intents associated in business; the terms of the partnership may have been unequal, but the relationship between them was practically that which exists in any partnership. With the advent of the factory system came a change, — the employer became essentially a buyer, the workingman a seller of labor.

Now while labor is a commodity, like cotton, coal, oil, reeds, harnesses, or any item entering into the cost of production, there is added to it the human element, and from this springs the problem.

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In our age labor is not only the necessity of the poor, but it is the ideal of the rich. A man may sell cotton at a loss and say "Never mind; to-morrow market conditions will change and my loss may return to me as a profit." He may sell coal at a loss and look confidently to the future to reimburse him, — these things are mere material possessions; but when he sells his labor, that is quite another thing; for his labor is his own life. That is what manufacturers buy and the multitude of workingmen sell, — parts of the lives of men.

How shall we overcome the conflict between labor and capital? There is but one way and that way lies in the recognition of the common humanity of the man who sells and the man who buys labor.

"Here also," says Carl Hilty, a Swiss thinker, "is the reason why factory labor, and, in short, all mechanical occupation in which one does but a part of the work, gives meagre satisfaction, and why an artisan who completes his work, or an agricultural laborer, is, as a rule, much more contented than factory operatives, among whom the social discontent of the modern world first uttered itself. The factory workman sees little of the outcome of his work. It is the machine that works, and he is a part of it. He contributes to the making of one little wheel, but he never makes a whole clock which might be to him his work of art and an achievement worthy of a man."

I recognize the truth which underlies this view; I recognize the æsthetic value of hand-made things; but I insist that indiscriminate condemnation of machinery

is the child of an immature imagination.

The machine is merely the man multiplied many times, and to it attaches a special dignity because it increases the power of the man to accomplish results. Let me illustrate what I mean from the industry with which I am most familiar. The art of making cloth is essentially the same in the great mills in Fall River to-day as it was centuries ago, when the first textile fabric was woven. Then the raw material was carded, — that is to say, it was cleaned and the fibres laid in a uniform direction by means of a comb in the hand of the carder, — thus the father of Columbus carded wool; to-day huge engines perform the work of the comb, but the carding engine is operated, as was the comb in the old days, by the human hand, only the power of that hand is multiplied many thousand times. In the old days a single spinning-wheel kept one woman employed from daylight to dark, producing less yarn than the doffers now take in an hour from any one of the thousand spindles tended by one worker; and in weaving, the power loom merely reproduces the identical movements of the hands which wove the first textile fabric before recorded history began. The great steam engine which operates the machinery in the factory is perhaps the best illustration of this idea. A double engine of the triple expansion Corliss type indicated at three thousand horse power is capable of producing the power required to raise ninety-nine million pounds to the height of one foot in one minute. How many laborers, think you, would be necessary to accomplish this tremendous task? And the machine itself is the perfection of mechanical skill; in it is the perfect adaptation of means to the end; it is the visible expression of intellectual as well as physical power, for by its means the irresistible forces of nature are controlled and directed by the will of man.

One step farther. The word machine in its first meaning is a contrivance, — a means; in its broadest meaning it is any organization by which a desired effect is

produced. Thus the whole factory is itself one great machine which the manager operates, as the weaver operates his loom; and just as the weaver must understand his machine in all its parts, — the gears, the pulleys, the shafts, the cams, — so must the manager understand his men, who are the gears, the pulleys, the shafts, the cams, of his greater machine.

To return, however, to the main thought of our discussion. As we walk through the factories and observe the operatives standing by their machines, we are liable to confuse the man with the machine, to fail to make the distinction between labor and the laborer, between the commodity and the man who sells the commodity.

"I have worked on the same machine for twenty years," said an old slasher-tender one day, "until I have come to know the machine — and the machine to know me." The statement is very suggestive and the workingman who made it had the imagination of a poet. "I have come to know the machine — and the machine to know me." In a sense the man does become a part of the machine he operates: and the more he becomes a part of it, the more effective will be his day's work. He becomes a part of the machine in that his intelligence animates it, in that he makes himself the master of his instrument.

The man who had the imagination to make the statement just quoted, was not brutalized by twenty years of labor operating machinery. I know this man in his own home and I believe that in his daily life he deserves, as few of us do, the name of Christian gentleman; and his wife, although day in and day out for many years she has tended eight looms in a Fall River cotton mill, deserves, as few women I have had the honor to know, the rare title of lady.

Let us take this man and this woman as types of the brutalized working people, and in their home seek further light concerning the problem. The husband came to this country from Lancashire

in early manhood, being then by trade, as he is now, a slasher-tender. The wife came to America in childhood, attended the public schools until by law she was permitted to work, when she became an eight-loom weaver. After their marriage and their wedding journey from the church to their tenement, they returned to their work, and in the ten or twelve years following, saved enough from their wages to buy a comfortable home, costing perhaps three thousand dollars, and had in the savings-banks a balance sufficient to make it seem to them that the wife might with prudence leave her looms in the noisy weave-room and devote her time to her home and the two daughters, for whom she had the ambition that they might receive the education which would remove them beyond the walls of a factory. Her life of comparative ease was brief, for within two years another child was born, and after a time, fearing that the added expense of bringing up the newcomer endangered the fulfillment of her ambition to educate her daughters, she returned to the factory and remained there until she had made her vision a reality.

This is but one of many similar instances which have come under my personal observation. I am not familiar enough with the man with the hoe to venture an opinion, but as regards the man who operates the machine, I cannot believe that he stands bowed by the weight of centuries or that the influence of the machine in itself is brutalizing. There is much in the modern factory system that is brutalizing, and reforms are necessary. These reforms can come only when the man who buys labor learns that he who sells labor is a human being like himself, and when the employee comes to the realization that his master is not a monster whose one thought is to grind the workman under his feet. Laws may be enacted — should be enacted; but before they can avail greatly a better social understanding must exist between the man who buys and the man who sells labor.

We have said that labor is a commodity just as any other necessity which enters into the cost of production is a commodity; but there is added to it the human element, and this makes the buying of it the most difficult task which confronts the manufacturer. The manager of a cotton mill buys cotton, and nobody is interested except himself and the broker who sells it; he buys coal, and nobody cares about the terms of the trade except himself and the dealer who sells it; but when he buys labor, not only does his trade mean much to him, much to the few hundred individuals with whom he makes his bargain, but it means much to the whole army of the dinner-pail, which daily answers to the roll-call in all the factories throughout the land.

Let it now be our purpose to inquire more specifically into the problem and see how, outside any appeal to law, a better understanding may be brought about between the man who buys and the man who sells labor. To this end we may take a concrete example. There exists to my own knowledge one factory, which for half a century has exemplified in its management the ideal for which I am contending. It is a small concern, employing at the most not more than three hundred hands. The superintendent knows each of his men personally; he talks with them about the things nearest to them, the little happenings in their home life, which are to them as dear as are the joys and sorrows which lighten or make dark his own fireside. In event of an accident to any of them, the doctor's bills are paid and their places held for them until their recovery. In the fifty years of this corporation's history, it has been called upon to defend in the courts but one tort case, and that brought by a miserable fellow with an illustrious criminal record, who tempted Providence to crown it by perjuring himself to obtain a few dollars from those who for twenty years had befriended him. In the fifty years of the history of this corporation there has occurred but one strike, brought

about by walking delegates who knew nothing of the conditions which obtained there; and that strike lasted but seven days, when the men returned in a body under the conditions which had previously existed.

The method here employed may be called utopian, but the results prove it to be practical. At the same time the two incidents cited illustrate the difficulties which the manufacturer encounters in establishing a better social understanding with the workingman. The man who sells labor, as a rule, misunderstands his employer quite as often as the manufacturer misunderstands him. He fails to realize that his employer is a human being, endowed with an immortal soul, who has the welfare of his employees at heart; he fears the Greeks bearing gifts, and cannot understand that the man who buys labor may act from an altruistic motive. He often assumes the same attitude toward his employer which he fancies that his employer holds toward him, and he makes the meanest, the most selfish motives the basis of his trade. In my personal experience, the man who is most thoroughly hated by his employees is the man who has the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of his workingmen most at heart.

I can imagine some will say that, granting all I have claimed for the corporation referred to, nevertheless it employs but a handful of men, and when we attempt to apply the same methods in a great corporation, employing thousands, we face a different problem. Here neither the manager, the superintendent, nor the overseers can know personally each man in his employ. This is indeed true; but the manager can claim from all the men in his employ the same loyalty, the same devotion, which the great general commands from his troops. There is in Fall River a man who employs as many thousand operatives as the corporation we have referred to employs hundreds; yet with him the same conditions obtain, and the explanation is the one I have suggested,

— this man possesses the essential qualities of a great general.

If the factory be a small one, giving work to a hundred men, the manager may know each personally; but if it be a large one, so that such personal acquaintance is impracticable, he may know them as a general knows his army, — he may inspire them, if he be a great man, with his own spirit. But, says the doubtful one, this off-scouring of the world, these men akin only to brutes, will not respond to leadership. Said Emerson, "What a force was coiled up in the skull of Napoleon! Of the sixty thousand men making his army at Eylau, it seems some thirty thousand were thieves and burglars. The men whom in peaceful communities we hold with iron at their legs, in prisons, under the muskets of sentinels, — this man dealt with hand to hand, dragged them to their duty, and won his victories by their bayonets." Do you believe, after the victory, those thirty thousand men thought as thieves and burglars or needed to be held in irons? And again, bowed as low by the weight of centuries as the pessimist would have us believe these men to be, still are they men capable of infinite development, animated with the mighty impulse which compels the race to rise from worst to better, from better to best.

The relation of the man of business to the thousands in his employ is in a measure comparable with the relation which existed in another time between the feudal lord and his retainers. The retainers served their master in the great game of war; to-day the workingman serves his master in the great game of business; but with this difference — loyalty was the ideal of service in the one; in hatred does the other serve. To accomplish the highest results in the commercial régime, loyalty must be engendered in the soul of the operative. This cannot be accomplished in a day, it must be the result of slow but certain growth based on a recognition of the common humanity of the man who buys and the man who sells

labor. The feudal lord and his retainers understood one another because they fought in the same cause, faced side by side the same physical peril, used the same weapons. At the end of the battle master and man sought the gift of sleep in the same camp. They were comrades. It is not so to-day; the master fights for power, the man for his daily bread; the master fights with his mind, the man with his body; one sleeps in restless misery in his mansion, the other sleeps in discontent in his tenement.

Thus far we have approached our subject from a comprehensive point of view, treating it, I fear, in a manner more academic than practical. Let us now take a purely practical standpoint and look at some of the facts concerning a great strike in the textile world, which for five months prostrated an industry representing a capitalization of fifty million dollars, condemned to idleness twenty-seven thousand operatives, and filled with misery and discontent a city of one hundred and twenty thousand persons.

The strike was brought on by a cut-down in wages of twelve and one half per cent. At the time, the manufacturers were at their wits' end in an attempt to operate the factories without a loss of profit in competition with Southern mills, which then enjoyed a temporary advantage in cheapness of labor, then, as now, unorganized. It is due to the secretaries of the textile unions to say that they opposed a strike, as the conditions pointed to certain victory for the manufacturers. In the excitement of the moment, hatred, resentment, prejudice, prevailed, and the unions voted to quit work unless the old schedule of wages was restored. The condition was impossible, the manufacturers justly made no concession, and the long strike ensued.

A suggestive fact should here be noted: — the labor leaders opposed the strike, the sentiment of the majority of workers was against resistance, for but twenty-five hundred out of twenty-seven thousand operatives voted at the meetings of

the unions; yet a handful of enthusiasts, self-willed, unmindful of the common welfare, brought about by their votes a calamity from the evil results of which, after nearly two years, neither the corporations nor the operatives have recovered.

The question may rightly be asked, how did it happen, when the strike did not meet with the approval of the labor leaders and was unpopular with the mass of the workers, that it endured through so many months of bitter hardship? Why did men and women whose better judgment rebelled against an unavailing strike accept its conditions and make no concerted effort to terminate it? There are many reasons, but the main motive, I believe, was an unreasoning loyalty to the unions as embodying the ideal of the rights of the workingman. The authorities at Washington may declare what we deem an unrighteous war; but when the drum beats and the call comes for volunteers, we are ready to offer our lives in the service of our country, — the individual sacrifices himself to the common cause. The strike was declared by a small majority of votes cast by twenty-five hundred men and women assembled at the meetings of the unions; yet twenty-seven thousand acquiesced in the result.

This fact illustrates the power of the unions both for good and evil, and enforces the value of that ideal of loyalty to which I have alluded. The power of labor unions rests in the loyalty not only of the members, but of all working people, to the ideal which underlies the unions — the dignity of labor — the sacredness of the day's work. The fact that every workingman may not realize that he is loyal to an ideal, does not alter the fact — he is loyal, and his loyalty underlies his every act. This loyalty gives a power to the unions which cannot be computed in terms of the commercial world; it is the motive, however, animating a force which the commercial world must recognize and direct with judgment.

The power of unions is unlimited and may be used to the physical, mental, and moral advancement of the workingman, or it may be directed to his destruction; it may serve the advancement of mankind, or it may retard the increasing purpose of the ages. The need of labor unions, as the need of a nation, is for intelligent leadership. The power is there, — who shall direct it? Steam existed countless ages before Watts, electricity before Marconi flashed his first message through miles of unresisting space; yet ages of men and women watched the steam pouring from countless teapots, and rubbed amber for an evening's amusement, before the master came to make these forces the willing servants of mankind.

Allow me to intrude myself to the extent of presenting my personal impressions of the great strike in question, first explaining my individual relation to the employers and employees. In a small way I am directly an employer of labor, — the machine-shops to which I give my daily attention employ perhaps two hundred hands; the cotton factories in the management of which I am indirectly associated, several thousand. From a purely commercial standpoint, then, my bias should have been toward the welfare of the manufacturers. For fifteen years, however, I have been associated with St. John's parish, composed of Lancashire working people and their American children. My association with them has been as intimate as my association with the manufacturers; perhaps more intimate because the less highly organized the social development, the greater the possibility of intimate relations. I have had the honor of officiating as best man at a wedding of an employee, of serving, in the absence of a clergyman, at the burial of a workingman's child, of holding the hand of a laborer in his last hour of life; and if I have any message relating to the labor problem, it is this, — the values of life are relative, and be the man born to wealth or poverty, his instincts and emotions are the same.

The great strike was declared; labor faced capital in open battle; market conditions proclaimed that the cause of labor was lost; capital would suffer greatly, but in the end would be victorious because in this instance its cause was just. Twenty-seven thousand men and women were out on a strike; this number included the people of all nations, — English and French, Irish, Portuguese, Italians, Poles, and Jews; men and women whom the smug and comfortable term the off-scouring of Europe. You might have expected a demonstration of force from this army; but when at daylight the engines turned over in the deserted factories, and the few workers, either without loyalty to an ideal or possessed with keener vision than their fellows, answered the summons of the bells, beyond a few broken windows, there were no evidences of violence. Later in the day the streets of the city presented no unusual sights, except that they were more crowded, as on a holiday. Men and women, who under normal conditions would have been standing by their machines increasing the wealth of a nation, stood gazing into shop windows enjoying a leisure unknown for years. Here and there little groups gathered about one more earnest than his fellows, who harangued a listless audience concerning the rights of man. At nightfall the crowd dispersed and a stranger could have found no evidences that a great battle was being waged in the city.

In a few days mass-meetings were held in the theatre, at which speeches were made by men conspicuous in the labor movement, urging the workers to be true to the cause, — but still no violence. The workers were self-contained, confident of victory. Only once was there an occurrence suggesting public disorder. This happened after weeks of resistance, when the hardships of the battle had become well-nigh unendurable. At the close of a mass-meeting a weaver, braver than his fellows, spoke the truth, his motive being the common good. He had the intelligence to understand the situation, the

vision to see that the existing conditions pointed to certain defeat for the labor cause; he had the courage of his convictions and spoke his mind. In a moment the meeting was in an uproar and a mob followed the man of convictions through the main street. The man was rescued by the police and the crowd dispersed. The next day he returned to his looms and a few followed him. To-day his name is a name of reproach in the City of the Dinner-Pail; but his little service to the cause of labor will live always.

While the workers were holding mass-meetings, striving by every ingenuity to maintain a lost cause, the representatives of capital were immersed in the endeavor to start the factories, to supplant in a thousand homes want with plenty, despair with hope. They fancied the workingman to be their enemy, they fought selfishly as did their opponents; but in this instance they fought in the cause of right. Physical suffering was the lot of the laborer, — cold, hunger, pain. Mental stress was the lot of the manufacturer, — the determination to achieve, regardless of bodily comforts, the terror of defeated hope, defeated ambition. Recognition of one fundamental fact would have relieved in a moment all this bodily suffering and mental stress, — the fact that whatever conditions benefit capital must benefit labor as well, and that any measure which, adopted, would be of lasting benefit to the one, must of necessity be of permanent advantage to the other. The forces of labor and the forces of capital waged a fierce battle, yet their interests were identical. Each side suffered hardships, springing from a common cause; the battle fought by capital, rightly analyzed, was not against labor, but against market conditions, and the battle of labor was against the same conditions. If, instead of contending with one another, these two forces had united in the common cause, untold suffering might have been avoided.

In the end a conference was arranged to be held at the State House, the governor of the commonwealth acting within certain limits as arbitrator. The governor was a manufacturer and a large employer of labor, who, in spite of the fact, was elected to his high office by the enthusiastic support of the labor vote. He exemplified in his relation to his employees an ideal previously suggested. He could not know personally each man and woman in his employ; but his spirit of fair play animated his workers as the spirit of a great general animates his army, and they were ready with their enthusiasm, when the opportunity came, to place him in a position of influence and opportunity. They had for him that loyalty which should exist on the part of all working people toward their employers, and he inspired their loyalty only because his humane attitude toward them compelled their devotion.

The conference was held in the State House and the strike was ended. The solution was a simple matter. The margin between the cost of the amount of cotton required to make a cut of cloth and the market price of the same cut of cloth under the old schedule of wages was to be taken as a basis, and wages in the future were to be computed on that basis; a four per cent advance, representing the margin then existing, was to be made at once, and wages were to vary weekly with the fluctuations of the market. No plan could be devised of greater advantage to the man who bought and the man who sold labor; each would share alike in the advance or depression of market conditions. A few days after the conference, smoke again poured from the factory chimneys, the whirr of the spindles and the ceaseless clatter of shuttles were again joyful sounds within the factory walls; at the bell hour the army of the dinner-pail again responded to roll-call, — the long strike was ended.

HYACINTHE AND HONORINE

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

I

UNDER Le Berceau, upon her own terraced hill of vine and olive, lies the little mountain village of Castellar, nigh Menton. In the midst extends an open space about an elm; to the south and north stand houses, and their fretted stucco of many faint and blended colors, their green and blue shutters, dark windows, and mellow roofs mingle in a color harmony as proper to its environment of hills and orchards and crags as the nest of the bird to the lichen bough, or the coat of the sand-colored lion to his lair. A street opens out of the Place de la Mairie, and here shadows merge deliciously, and the little windows aloft stare into each other's eyes. Sunshine breaks through and burns where some scarlet or yellow rag flutters from a casement. Dark stairways wind on either side. Sometimes they ascend and sometimes abruptly fall through arch on arch, until at the end, under low, dim halos of darkness, light and leaves appear, and the silver-gray of the eternal olives shines wanly and whispers like rain. The street seems marked with sharp parallel lines that drop abruptly from tiles to cobblestones. The walls are broken, and the plaster has fallen in patches upon which seeds have found foothold. Peltitory-of-the-wall prospers in every niche and breaks the lines of the buildings with bosses and traceries of dull green. Silence reigns here, and faint, evil scents haunt the gloom; but the end of the street lies open, shines full of light, and abounds with life and sound. A fountain spouts one glittering thread into a stone basin at this point, and the water purrs gently with a pleasant sound. Above the trough archways leap and carry sunshine across

great shadows; between the houses Le Berceau's enormous bulk slopes upward and springs out of the terraced hills in planes of snow-capped stone. The sky is very blue, and far beneath rolls out, like watered silk, the sea.

Beside the fountain of Castellar there ascended a hot and pleasant smell of roasting coffee. Here sat a woman at her door, and cooked the fragrant berries, until their scent saturated the air and passers-by sniffed approval. The fire in a little brazier spluttered, and upon it Laure Vilhon twisted a metal globe that contained the coffee. She was a woman of sixty, with a brown face, firm mouth, and small black eyes that shone out from under a wrinkled forehead. She wore a white cap on her head and a purple shawl wrapped about her. The shawl made a beautiful patch of light at the end of the dark alley, and its color, modified into the gentler hue of remote mountains, was repeated mistily where the earth loomed and the hills rose far off through the screen of the trees.

The church clock rang out the hour, and Madame Vilhon rose from her stool, stamped her foot, and showed annoyance and impatience.

"It is too bad — lazy, worthless thing! If he come not instantly, I will refuse him the work and give it to another," she said, in a high-pitched, unpleasing voice.

No visible person heard the remark, but it had fallen on small, quick ears. Honorine Vilhon came out of the house to answer her mother.

"He will surely come. It is far from Grimaldi, and he has to carry his brushes and paints."

Madame Vilhon regarded her child without sympathy, yet Honorine softened most eyes that gazed upon her frail and

flowerlike charms. She was very slight, and the beauty of her lips and eyes both haunted and saddened. Every-day folk said she must be delicate; understanding spirits admired and mourned; for the soul that looked out of this girl's dainty, thin body was a hungry and a melancholy soul, a soul that dumbly asked and craved, a sort of soul that seldom finds a mate, yet cannot live happily without one. Honorine wore black, and her hair, uncovered, rose in a dark aureole upon her head. In the midst was a tortoise-shell comb, silver-fretted.

"He is here!" she cried suddenly; and as she spoke a man hastened down the street.

Hyacinthe Corbetta had come that he might renew a legend set forth on the wall of Laure Vilhon's home. Time had defaced the information, and it became necessary to remind the world that here was a grocer's shop.

"Bonjour! Bonjour, madame; bonjour, mademoiselle! I am late — I am always late; but you must forgive me. Last night I did not sleep for thinking of the best colors; and just at daylight I thought of them. They came with the sun out of the sea. Then I went to sleep. I shall paint in scarlet, like the pomegranate flower, and in black, — deep, shining black, like your eyes, Madame Vilhon!"

"A lot of fuss about nothing! I want none of your flourishes and nonsense, — just big letters, like it was before, that you can see from the end of the street; and be quick about it, too."

Laure rose from her stool, shook the charcoal from her brazier into the gutter, and then entered the house, while the man prepared his colors and set about retracing certain letters upon the wall. Honorine stood and talked to him. Her face had changed since his arrival. The furtive sadness was gone; her sallow skin had flushed; she looked healthier, and her eyes shone. A curious likeness existed between Hyacinthe and the girl. He was half an Italian, and lived with his father

at the village of Grimaldi over the border. Feebleness of disposition and love of beauty were his characteristics. He had a handsome face, with moist, mournful eyes. His beard was dressed into two little points that separated like the prongs of a hayfork, and he was very careful of it. Honorine called him an artist, and he claimed that proud name for himself. But few granted it to him. His business was painting of signs and the little wooden memorials of the dead. Sometimes he painted pictures, also. He had a great, untutored zest for color; but he could not draw, and futile sentimentality marked his efforts. Only his Italian mother had liked them, and he buried three of his best pictures in her coffin when she died.

If ever by blissful chance kindred souls were thrown together, it was when Hyacinthe found Honorine. Like the twin shoots of a bryony, they were built by nature to wind together and struggle on life's brief journey, locked, linked, supported in each other's arms.

Honorine loved the weak man with her whole heart, and thought him strong. He made sad little rhymes for her, and read them aloud. In secret they sat sometimes with their long, brown fingers laced together, and sighed tenderly at their beautiful world. He was very ill-informed, but he loved to talk, and she loved to listen. She believed in him, and nobody else did.

"Is the mother out of earshot?" he asked presently, under his breath.

Honorine nodded.

He proceeded with his work, and black letters began to stare crudely upon the rich tones of the wall.

"How horrid it looks!" he said; "but when I have lifted it up with scarlet behind you will like it better."

"It is the things, not the words I hate," she answered. "To live with the smell of food in the nostrils; the eternal scent of oil and wine, and tobacco and dried fish!"

"When you talk so, you want a holiday. To-morrow at the old tryst under Le

Berceau? Say yes; say yes; and I will make a rhyme out of the noise of the men in the trees. They are hard at work now, knocking down the olives. Every tree rustles as though a giant *sauterelle* sat in it and made merry music."

"What a poet you are! My mother goes to Menton to-morrow, and I must be in the shop."

"On Friday, then?"

"Very well; on Friday."

Hyacinthe soon made an end of his work when Honorine left him. Presently the full advertisement —

COMESTIBLES, VINS ET TABAC,

thrown up with scarlet paint, flamed upon the wall, and Madame Villon was invited to come out of the house and criticise.

She nodded ungraciously.

"You can read it," she said. "Give Corbetta a drink of wine, Honorine, and let him go."

After he had eaten and drunk, set some tall arundo stems before the fresh paint, to keep off passers-by, and whispered the word "Friday" to Honorine, Hyacinthe departed. He did not sing until out of earshot of Castellar; but as soon as he found himself on a mountain track, alone, Hyacinthe lifted up a fine voice and caroled a Neapolitan love song with many an operatic gesture and sentimental shake.

II

Hyacinthe and Honorine were mountain children both, and best they loved to meet on the high ground where olive and lemon yielded to a hardier vegetation: where the juniper flourished; where the oak and the Aleppo pine prospered, and lavender and lentiscus spread a fragrant mantle upon the middle slopes of the hills. Hither climbed Honorine to the familiar meeting-place, and sat with her back against a little empty sheep-fold that stood perched above the pine woods.

Dawn feasted on this scene, and twilight lingeringly left it. Far beneath, in gentle undulations like gray smoke, the

olive orchards spread, and the lemons made a brighter green in the glades where they grew; but the terraces of the vine were still naked, and stretched bare in patches and streaks amid the evergreen trees. Winding roads threaded the orchards and forests; a red roof sometimes stood beside them above white walls; and the air bathed everything with sunny mist and softened detail, so that this vision of minor hills melted into itself. Though far nearer, it appeared less distinct and clear-cut of outline than the mountains, that sprang and towered and jutted jaggedly in peaks and turrets of scorched stone above it to the sky.

Honorine's sharp eyes could count the windows of Castellar far below, where the hamlet clustered at the apex of a cone of green. Then she turned to the shimmering sea, outspread like cloth of gold, and watched the wake of a steamer, and thought of those that traveled in the ship. Menton shrank to its just proportions and significance, thus seen. At least, so thought the girl. The town dazed and bewildered her when she sought it, passed through the streets and pleasure gardens, heard the blare of the music and the babble of strange languages. But from this uplifted spot, where she sat enthroned in myrtle and wild thyme, the place assumed an aspect very agreeable to her mind. Its stress and tribulation were hidden by distance; its noise was still; she could think of all the sorrow there without sighing; she could look at the cemetery — Menton's crown of human graves — and feel that those tombs all scooped out of yellow sand were properly placed upon the very forehead of the town, since death is the end of grief and joy alike, and the inevitable terminus and goal of every earthly road.

"Hyacinthe," said she, as he appeared and flung himself beside her, "here in this mountain nest I am like God, and look down at all things, and judge all, and forgive all. When God's eye falls upon Menton, He must see the poor little graves first; so He forgives."

"When you say these mournful things I feel — I feel; — but remember what I have told you. You must look up at the mountains, not down upon the graves. A grave is a small thing; a mountain is a big one. I get my beautiful thoughts from the blue shadows that fall off the shoulders of the hills after noon. See how they sweep along! — like a king passing, and his purple fluttering after him."

"And the sea is bigger still," she answered, "bigger still and more wonderful to me. In sunshine or mistral, when she shows her teeth, it is all one. When she is smooth I know she will be cruel again; and when she is wicked I say, 'to-morrow — to-morrow she will go to sleep and smile like a baby.'"

"All ours — all this great earth," he said, "our very own to the last ray of sunlight."

"And love and contentment with it?"

"No," he answered. "Love — not contentment. Not contentment while there is love and we are apart. What is all the world to me if you are not in my arms?"

Honorine was silent, and he spoke again.

"Why does your mother not like me?"

"Because you are a man. She hates them all. She was very unhappy. My father did not love her much."

"No, — one can easily understand why he died young."

"When I am up here, I am brave, and I say, 'to-night she shall know.' Then I go down the hill again, and the fire in my mother's eyes soon withers up my poor heart, and I run before her like a mouse."

"Shall I come and tell her?"

"That would be to kill the last hope."

"Then do you. Carnival begins next week. You must ask to go with me, and tell her that we mean to be married."

"She will rage horribly. I cannot think what awful fury would fall upon her."

"I am going in black, with orange stars splashed about me, and an orange mask. It will be a wonderful dress. My fat cousin, Giacinta, has made it for me."

"I had it on my lips to say that we were engaged when you went away last week; but I am a coward, Hyacinthe. I am horribly frightened of my mother."

"And an orange hat with a black ball at the top. If I could but think of a dress for you!"

"I should love to wear it; only my mother would not let me go. She has no room for laughter or happiness in her days."

"Happiness is the poetry of life. Your mother is all prose to her flat, ugly feet, and I hate her."

"You must not hate her."

"I love her for bringing you into the world. I forgive everything else for that. But we shall have to run away, Honorine. It will end so."

She liked to hear him hint at such an adventure, but knew, as well as he knew himself, that Hyacinthe could no more run away with her than he could run away with the last granite pinnacle of Le Berceau.

"Brave lover!" she said.

"All the same, I wish you would tell your mother. You never know how a woman will take the matter of love."

"You never know; but if you are a woman yourself, you always feel how she will. But she shall hear to-night."

"Tell her that I am a man of iron, and will take no denial. Tell her that I shall fall into a terrible rage if I am denied. And pray about it with all your might. Break the news to your mother at six o'clock, and when you are telling her, think of me on my knees in our little church at Grimaldi. I will pray as I have never prayed before."

She nodded through tears.

"And you like the thought of my black and orange?"

She nodded again, and spoke.

"It will stand for death and gold, — the things that will part us; because I shall die if I may not marry you, and it is because you are so poor that my mother will say no."

"An artist is never poor."

"And never rich; but I promise that I will speak to-night at six o'clock."

They made love then, and built castles higher than the clouds. He would some day paint such pictures as the world had seldom seen; she would inspire them, her spirit would make his painted seas bluer than the sapphire, and set his mountains and valleys and forests throbbing with the very pulse of nature and of life.

At last, after futile farewells, which only found them again and again in each other's arms, Honorine set bravely off, ran down into the pine woods, and vanished. He sang to her while she went; then, when he knew that she was beyond sound of his voice, he ceased and turned along the hill terraces and passed eastward to Grimaldi.

Two hours later he knelt and prayed with his whole soul, and endured an ecstasy of devotion. But at Castellar, in the shop that smelt of *comestibles* mingled, Honorine, having confessed the truth, stared terrified at her parent's wrath, and presently fled before it.

"That thing! That half-baked, fork-bearded Italian! Go to the lunatic asylum for your husband! I would rather see you buried than married to Corbetta. Never — never — never mention his name again. If I catch him here, I will beat him!"

"Oh, Mother of God, soften her woman's heart; make it young again; teach her to remember the first kiss of her husband, so that she may understand and be kind to Honorine," implored Hyacinthe. He prayed till he moved himself to tears; then he rose hopefully and went to his cottage.

III

Three days later Laure Vilhon saddled her mule and solemnly rode by a rocky path to Grimaldi. She arrived in time to meet Hyacinthe just setting forth for Carnival. He wore the black and orange, and walked up and down for a while in the tiny street, that his neighbors might admire him before he started for Menton.

"Come into the house and drop this foolery for a few minutes," said Laure. "Take off your mask and listen to me. If I see you in Castellar again, I shall set the men upon you."

"On me — on me! What have I done? Never have I hurt man, woman, or child. I am a harmless artist, Madame Vilhon. I am only busy with beautiful things."

"You are busy with my daughter, and that is why I am angry."

"Well, she is a beautiful thing, is she not?"

"You to dare! I have spoken, and the matter is ended. Honorine understands that you cannot marry her, because, first, you are as poor as a cricket, and because also you are an Italian."

"You are very cruel to say these things to me."

"I am a sensible woman. Do what your father wants you to do, and marry your cousin Giacinta."

"Giacinta has no soul, Laure Vilhon."

"So much the better for you — if it was so. A poor wife wants a strong body and patience — not soul."

"She is as round and as strong and as hard as a donkey."

"A very good girl, and her sense may help to balance your nonsense. Now I promise you that Honorine is not for you — never. If she marries you, she will have not a penny. Therefore give her up for good. Here is your money for painting my sign. And here is a note for a hundred francs. I will give you that note if you will be a good man and promise faithfully to make no more love to Honorine."

"I implore you to let me marry Honorine, madame!"

"I am a stone in the matter. It is enough that I will never consent."

"You have told her so?"

"I have."

"Does she resign herself to fate, madame?"

"She is obedient. She will not marry anybody, I hope. It is a vile state for a woman."

"An artist ought to be married."

"Will you take these hundred francs? You can forget this passing disappointment in the joy of making a good picture. Women are all alike, and one's as good or bad as another."

"You will never change?"

"Never!"

The sound of a brass band came up from below faintly.

"They have started from the fountain. I shall have to run to overtake them. My heart will break."

She held out the note, and he took it.

"My life is ruined, but I have my art," he said. Then he leaped up, caught his hat and mask, and prepared to hurry down through the olive terraces to the road beneath.

Chance, however, changed his enterprise. Among the trees a woman crouched, and she was picking up the purple olive-fruit with both hands as fast as she could do so.

Hyacinthe recognized his cousin, and she stood up and clapped her hands to see her work of black and orange flashing through the shadows and flaming as the sun touched it.

"You have come that I may see you before you go. How good of you! Who would have been so kind as that but you?" she asked.

Hyacinthe did not undeceive her. He stood before her, and looked at her with new eyes. Until that day she had been as a sister; now he regarded her as a possible wife, and the point of view was so novel that he felt quite shy.

Giacinta was a broad and deep-bosomed woman, with round cheeks, a pretty nose, and a big, laughing mouth. She was never angry, never weary, never unduly elated or cast down. She had a fine physical presence, and lacked much imagination.

"You are a very kind and nice girl, Giacinta," said Hyacinthe. "I have come to you to pity me. Madame Vilhon has been here, and she will not let me marry her daughter. She is made of iron."

"The French do not care for us to

marry their daughters, or their sons either. Besides, you are dreadfully poor, Hyacinthe. If you were rich, Madame Vilhon might have felt differently."

"My heart, of course, is broken. I have only my art. I am going to paint a great picture. It will be painted with my life's blood. And Honorine will suffer, too. I know that."

He sat down and began to pick up the olives and put them into her basket.

"Don't!" she said. "I don't like to see you. It is woman's work."

"An artist is man, woman, and child, rolled up in one skin."

"Then he does n't want a wife and children so much as other men, perhaps?"

"More — more. He must have them. They are necessary to him — part of his education. Come and sit here and let me hold your hand, Giacinta. How shall I live without her — Honorine?"

"There are other women."

"What do you think of me, Giacinta?"

"You are a wonderful man, Hyacinthe. I look up to you, and am proud to be your relation."

"I am wonderful, as you say, but an artist never knows how wonderful he is."

"Your pictures are so splendid! They dazzle people with their brightness."

"I believe they are splendid, Giacinta."

"You know very well they are, Hyacinthe."

"I cannot tell. A butterfly never sees its own wings. Yet I'm glad you like my pictures. You may have a sleeping soul, Giacinta."

"We all have souls, Hyacinthe."

"Yes, but the immortal spark is often no more than a red-hot cinder that never breaks into flame. Your soul smoulders; it is nothing. Honorine's spirit burnt with a clear and radiant light."

"I am not clever — only a lump of a girl. I have no ideas like Honorine."

"I knew something was going to happen to me to-day," he said gloomily. "There was a thunderstorm last night. Le Berceau cradled the lightning. Poets are born at such moments. Giacinta, I

can only bring you a broken heart, but such as it is — Will you marry me, Giacinta? I am not a common man. I may be rather a bore sometimes when I am rapt in thoughts. But such as I am” —

“You are far, far too good for me, Hyacinthe. Such a thing is better than any dream I ever dreamt. But I might help in the house, and take care of your money, and feed you well.”

“My money will not give you much anxiety, Giacinta.” He kissed her and stroked her plump shoulder, and noticed that there existed much more of Giacinta to put his arm round than there was of Honarine. He was rather glad that Giacinta wept at this sudden and amazing fortune.

“I cannot forget her — I never shall. Our souls burned into one beautiful pure blaze as often as we met,” he said. “But she will only be a memory, Giacinta — a poem — the smell of flowers — the moon on the sea — you understand.”

“I only understand you want to marry me, Hyacinthe. I don’t want to understand anything else.”

“I will not go to the Carnival. I will come home with you and talk to your mother. I may make some verses to-night. I feel them coming. Your lips are good, Giacinta.”

“It is too much happiness. It has got into my head like wine,” she said. “I am quite drunk.”

“Take it calmly, Giacinta, as I do. Don’t cry, my poor girl. These are times when it is good to live. But they soon pass by. Happiness does n’t last like misery. We shall be old and aching in a few years. To-morrow is always a failure. Still — there is to-day. I must tell Honarine myself. Nobody else shall tell her. Lent is a very proper time. We shall mingle our tears. You cannot understand all this, because you are not an artist; but you must try to understand presently. I should like to kill Laure Vilhon slowly with torments.”

“If you love me, it is enough for me, Hyacinthe.”

“I hope it always will be, dear Giacinta. Your eyes are like the olive berries that are bright and have had their bloom rubbed off. But the bloom will not be rubbed off our love. Whatever happens, I shall continue to love you — so long as you love me.”

“And that will be always,” she said.

IV

Twice Hyacinthe tried to see Honarine, and failed to do so. Then, upon the last day of Carnival, he donned his black and orange once more, and took Giacinta to the procession and confetti battle. She tortured him by appearing in a light green domino trimmed with dark purple. It was exceedingly ugly, and spoiled his pleasure. As soon as possible he made her return home with friends from Grimaldi, and himself sought the wine-shops. He sang and drank and played games all night; and dawn found him in Garavan Bay, still singing. A whim now took him to seek the familiar tryst above the Aleppo pines.

“I can climb higher than the olives or lemons can climb,” he said to himself, and laughed at the thought. He passed up beside the cemetery, and nodded to the tombs that peeped over the walls.

“Good-morning, good-morning to you all!” he said. “But don’t wake up — you are better as you are. The Last Day has not come yet. I wish it had!”

Dawn rested upon the hills, and the olive orchards blushed with the soft and rosy gray of a dove’s bosom. As Hyacinthe climbed upward the trees thinned about sharp bluffs and sandy scapes that broke and jutted through the green. There was a waving and whispering of the giant reed where waters ran. Already the unnumbered rivulets that stole out of the hills to the sea shone with a purple stain; for the wheels of the olive mills were rolling busily. Oaks, with russet foliage still clinging hung here against the cliff faces; the ravines deepened, and pines began to fledge the great wings of

the mountains. Panting now, Hyacinthe struggled on; then he reached the empty sheepcote and saw the morning radiance of remote snows. Completely exhausted, he crept into the hut, flung himself down, and almost instantly fell into sleep.

Three hours later, Honorine found him there, and they met again. Some instinct brought her, for in her heart had awakened an assurance that he would come. She had endured much since their last meeting. Laure's description of her conversation with the sign-painter was merely true, but Honorine refused to believe it. She had now given him up, but she wanted to tell him so and hear him comfort her. Sometimes she thought that he was playing a part and would tell her of a romantic plot presently to bring them together forever. Of Giacinta she had heard nothing. She was thinner than ever now, and her face seemed to be all eyes.

Honorine stood and watched Hyacinthe asleep. Then she plucked mastic and lavender to make him a pillow, for he slept uneasily. She guessed at his weariness, and waited an hour before she woke him. When the man came to his senses and sat up, he saw her and uttered a cry of joy. He was going to embrace her; then memory suddenly arrested him.

"I must not — it would be wicked; I am going to marry my cousin, Giacinta Corbetta."

She gasped and drew away from him.

"Is it news to you? What could I do? Don't look at me so, Honorine. Do you think that you are the only one who has suffered? I am in hell."

"My mother" —

"*Janicot*¹ fly away with your mother! She has crushed two hearts — like the press crushes the olives. All that was good in me is killed. I shall do nothing now but just live till I die — like a pig."

"I had dreamed dreams — I had half hoped you might" —

"An artist cannot do such things. I am not a brigand. I am thin and weak of body, — all spirit and soul. I cannot

¹ *Janicot*, the devil.

take you from her and speed away into the mountains. Such tricks belong to plays on the stage. They want capital. Even artists cannot live like birds, on berries. And I am going to marry Giacinta. I will not fight a coarse woman like your mother. This is the most terrible Ash Wednesday of my life. If it were not that I am what I am, I should leap off a precipice and kill myself. Then they would find my black and orange all spattered with red."

"I cannot live any more, Hyacinthe. You were made for me. I cannot live without you. I shall be a vine without a trellis."

"I know how you feel. I have grown old thinking about you and your grief. I may yet kill myself. There is only one thing that stands between me and death."

"Giacinta?"

"No. Giacinta is a good enough girl, — a very useful, skillful thing, and warm-hearted and kind, and most religious. She has cushions all round — like a billiard table. But I live for one picture: a masterpiece, Honorine!"

"My price, Hyacinthe, — the hundred francs you took? I fainted away when I heard it."

"And well you might, Honorine. I have never understood my own action. The soul is a great mystery, even to itself. Something said, 'Take it; you must paint — it is your destiny.' So I took it. The picture will be painted with my life's blood, — and perhaps yours, too, Honorine, — with the very colors of our united souls."

"I may see it some day. What is it?"

"A figure — a single figure."

"Mine, Hyacinthe?"

"No, Honorine. As a matter of fact, it is mine, — mine in my black and orange. Giacinta lent me her looking-glass. I have painted my own eyes very wonderfully. I am standing looking out of the picture — thinking of you. If the right people see it, some notice will be taken."

"You were never very good at figures, Hyacinthe."

"I have succeeded this time. I shall always feel kindly to this Carnival, since it has produced my masterpiece. And now I must go home and get out of my black and orange for the last time. It is so sad, Honorine, to do anything for the last time."

"Everything we do is done for the last time, Hyacinthe."

"No, no — we eat breakfast; we say our prayers."

"Each for the last time. Each breakfast is one less; each prayer is one fewer. Every time that you kissed me, there was one less kiss for me. If I had known that the last was the last" —

"How horribly sad; you break my heart; you kill me anew. Oh, if I was different, — but then you would not love me. After all, there is heaven coming, Honorine. It is only a question of years. We shall kiss forever then."

"No, we shall not, Hyacinthe. There is no kissing in heaven. Only men and women understand that. Angels are cold, sexless things, — like pretty caterpillars. It is wrong to say that butterflies are a picture of the soul. They know how to love. Souls are caterpillars that never turn into anything else."

"Giacinta never says things like that, and never will."

"I must see Giacinta, Hyacinthe. I ought to hate her; I ought to hunger to stab her and kill her. But I am like you, — I cannot hate anybody, or fight anybody. My heart pants to struggle for you and win you; my lonely soul yearns for you; but" —

"We must do what we must, Honorine. It will very likely kill us both; but we must go on."

"You have got your pictures; I have got nothing."

He did not answer.

Beside them where they sat grew a trailing branch of rough smilax with scarlet berries. Now the man picked it and wove a wreath of it.

"There — that is my fate — a crown of thorns," he said.

"Give it to me rather. The thorns are mine; the loveliness and the red berries shall be yours. I will try to live still. I have thoughts. I must see Giacinta. She shall be my friend, not my enemy. My heart was strong to love; but it is weak to hate."

"We are not haters. If I was a hater, it would be a grander thing. But I only hate your mother."

A little longer with fine futility they prattled; then, upon the understanding that they must often meet in pure friendship, they prepared to part.

"If we had been two little mice," said Honorine, "we should have been happy; but now we shall never know how happy live things can be."

"Only how miserable they can be," answered Hyacinthe.

Then he went homeward, and she watched the loosely built, grotesque figure swing away until his orange and black were swallowed up amid the tawny colors of the terraces below. Still she could not believe that he had really gone out of her life, and had given her up for a hundred francs.

V

Honorine reclined in the sun and waited for Giacinta. Hyacinthe, with some fear, arranged that they should meet by the olive mill under Grimaldi, and here Laure Vilhon's daughter sat on a day in February. She was silent and motionless as the lizards that basked upon the wall beside her. Over the terraces hung sprays loaded with ripe lemons. The sun warmed them and they made a delicate pale golden light against the deep shadows that spread beneath the trees. At the points of the branches sprouted little purple buds, where a feast of flowers would soon open again. White pigeons fluttered in the glittering haze of the olive-trees, and close at hand a water-wheel turned slowly. Here great honey-colored mounds of crushed olive stones dried in the sun, and from the side of the mill spouted a wine-red stream that sank away

amid wild flowers and vanished down the hillside.

Giacinta came shyly and nervously, and Honorine rose and kissed her.

They talked long together until the Italian girl gained confidence. Then she expressed her gratitude.

"You are very wonderful. I thought you would never forgive me for taking him away," she said.

"You did not take him away from me, Giacinta. My mother took him away. You must understand. He cannot marry me because God has not willed it and has not made him to be a savage lover. He cannot fight and do desperate things. He is an artist. There is no room in his beautiful life for plots and quarrels and intrigues. He is a flower that must open according to nature, and make his own color and scent, and be lovely and ripen sweet fruit."

"He is too good for me — I know that," confessed Giacinta.

"He is; but you must not be afraid. Let the great thought of being his wife make you very wise and brave. He has no time to be wise and brave, so you must be that for him. You must learn how to please him, and be very gentle with him, and never interfere if he is silent and full of thoughts. If you destroy an artist's thoughts, it may be worse than shattering a beautiful vase or destroying a picture. You break something that can never be mended, perhaps."

"Yes; he told me that. I try not to anger him, but it is not always easy, because I am a very simple girl and don't understand. We go to Monte Bellinda sometimes to make our holidays."

Honorine nodded. She knew that Hyacinthe would never take Giacinta to the old trysts. They were sacred to her.

"And we looked into the huge scene spread out there, — mountains, forests, and farms, and the Roya River just peeping behind the hills. Far away under the sky was the snow scattered all along, and Hyacinthe said to me, 'What is that like, Giacinta?' And I said, 'Like washing

spread out to dry.' He was very angry then. He leapt up and cried out harsh words, and stamped his foot in a great passion, and said that a mule would have had a prettier thought. Then he told me that if I had said such a vile thing three weeks ago, he would not have married me. And at last he went off and cried out, 'I will not see you again to-day! I will leave you to weep for that!' But I did not weep. I only thought that it will be difficult sometimes when we marry."

Honorine was much interested.

"That is very like him. I hear him speaking. He told me once that we can judge people by their power of making likenesses. Some people who have lovely hearts make lovely likenesses; and people with coarse hearts make coarse likenesses; and artists find likenesses that make you draw your breath with a sudden gasp and stare and wonder, because they are so perfect."

"It *was* like washing, all the same; but I'm a very homely girl, who has never been taught anything; and I never had great thoughts, or any other thoughts, except how to keep myself honest and not too hungry."

"You will soon learn from Hyacinthe."

"Yes; he is never tired of teaching me. He is very patient as a rule. How I wish I had something to bring him, — some money or some little bit of ground! I am so poor. I have nothing, — even my clothes are wretched. I long to be married; then I can give him myself. I am a fine girl out of my rags."

"You have no beautiful things to put on?"

"None. But I have a soft skin, and good teeth and black eyes."

Honorine nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," she said. "You are a very fine girl, and your eyes are very bright, and your skin is soft. But you must look pretty for him. That is very important with an artist like Hyacinthe. He must have only beautiful things about him. Your feet are spoiled by your shoes."

Giacinta looked uneasy.

"I have some better things for feast days; but they are not very much better," she confessed.

"You must look pretty for him. It can easily be done. No ugly girl can be made pretty; but a pretty girl can be made prettier. I will make you some pretty things. It will be good for me to do it. Meet me here again next week on Sunday."

"Why should you love me? You are worth a thousand girls like me. You are lovely and clever both; your eyes blaze. I should like to give him up to you, for you deserve him better than I do."

"No, he will not come back. He loves you and you must fight for him, and make him a good wife, and be both gentle and strong for him. Come on Sunday, then. How dark you are; there is down on your lip—as if a tiny stain of wine had dried there."

"My lips are red; but my hair is not as thick as yours, and it has no lovely blue at the edge of the plait where the sun falls, like yours, Honorine."

"I wish I could give you mine, Giacinta. It is no use to me now. But you shall be pretty and perfect for him, all the same. You are rounder than I am. It is good to be round. Now go and let me think a little by myself."

"I will bless you as long as I live, Honorine Vilhon."

"Nay, bless me as long as I live, Giacinta, and pray for my soul afterwards. That will be better."

The Italian girl climbed homeward and Honorine sat on with her eyes upon the Mediterranean. In shape like a Cupid's bow, the blue sea beat deliciously upon Menton's shores, and out of it rose the glittering town. Upward the houses scattered and shone singly out of the green, like pearls upon a field of chrysoprase. The bright foliage of the orange and the aigrettes of shore-loving palms fretted the streets; church towers arose and faint bells murmured from them. Above, to the blue pallor of heaven, towered the mountains, and mighty

shadows already rested upon their northern faces as the sun sank westerly in a golden haze toward the Esterels.

"She must have a nightgown with pink bows upon it," thought Honorine.

VI

Unknown to her mother, Honorine saw much of Giacinta, and was as skillful as a lover in making clever excuses for meeting with her. The French girl took a lively interest in Hyacinthe's bride and wrought many pretty things in secret for her. But at times her feeble spirit rebelled, and she suffered burning tortures through sleepless nights.

Hyacinthe finished his masterpiece and took it to Menton. There certain art-dealers gazed coldly upon it and refused even to exhibit the painting in their windows; so the artist took his rejected work back to Grimaldi and said that he was glad, after all, that it had not left Italy. Once he thought of giving it to Honorine, who had seen it in private on the mountains. But when the time came to bring the picture to her, Hyacinthe found that he could not part from it.

The day for the marriage was decided, and Honorine's mother had accepted an invitation to be present with her daughter.

But upon the night before the wedding evil chance put a period to the existence of Laure Vilhon. One moment she was a woman of sixty—tough, busy, bustling, prosperous. Then she turned out of the Place de la Mairie upon a flight of dark steps, where small doors opened and archways yawned. While descending, her iron-shod shoe slipped upon half a lemon, and she fell down eight stone steps and broke her neck. They brought the rags and bones to Honorine; and then they wept and wailed for her, because she could neither weep nor wail for herself.

Upon the following morning she had already arranged to meet Hyacinthe at the old tryst by the sheepcote, and scarcely mistress of herself when the next day

dawned, she rose, left neighbors to tend the candles that stood and burnt where lay her mother's corpse, and went up into the hills alone.

But Hyacinthe found much to do on the day before his nuptials. He did not forget his appointment, but he did not keep it.

"I shall see her at the wedding tomorrow," he remembered, "and it will be good for her to dwell to-day in the hills."

So Honorine kept vigil with her thoughts, and for once the woman in her cried and wrestled mightily. Here was life offered at last. The obstacle had been removed in time. Her mother had vanished. Nothing stood between her and her twin soul any longer. She waited and believed that each movement on the hillside was Hyacinthe coming to her. At last she determined to go on to Grimaldi; and then the memory of Giacinta made her stay. But she felt no fear or remorse concerning Giacinta.

"I need not reproach myself with dreams of her," reflected Honorine. "I have been a loving and a true friend. Now it is different. Giacinta many men might love and understand; none will ever love or understand me but Hyacinthe. And yet — and yet. To think that I send her back to loneliness and black bread and dandelions — and no love. For her — for any woman — to lose him — I know what that means. Shall another suffer as I have suffered?"

Purple night rolled up out of the sea while she struggled with herself. The stars shone in heaven, and the fireflies danced among the lemon trees on earth. She grew very faint and hungry. There was a cottage where a goatherd lived not very far away, and Honorine went and begged for bread and fruit and a drink of milk there. Then, refreshed by these things, she returned to the shepcote.

Her mother's death hardly touched her, excepting in the light of its immense significance as another name for liberty. She remembered that the news of it

could not have reached Grimaldi, and again she determined to go there. She argued that it was only just to Hyacinthe that he should know. Hers was the power to make or mar his life. Then she told herself that Giacinta might, after all, serve him better than she could. She thought of the future and of her money. She pictured herself again and again as a friend to both. She saw herself teaching their children to read and pray. She spent her francs for them and was their good angel. Then her blood cried out against that frosty picture. She was no angel, but a woman created to make a man happy — fashioned, above all other women, to make this man happy. And she was free for him; her future depended upon him; without him now there was nothing to live for but a grocer's shop. Giacinta's future depended upon no union with Hyacinthe. A dozen fine fellows would be proud to marry her. And Giacinta loved Honorine so well, that she would give up Hyacinthe to her without a murmur. She had offered to do so. Giacinta had even feared sometimes that she would not be wholly happy with Hyacinthe. Very likely that impression was justified.

Honorine began to suspect that the earthly happiness of three people depended entirely upon her action.

Night hid her frenzy and spread a mantle of dew upon the hills. Until dawn she could do nothing, for the way to Grimaldi was difficult under darkness. She trembled to be doing while yet the mood held. Her infirmity of disposition was not hidden from her. The fight between natural longing of heart and natural feebleness of spirit raged under darkness. She lay where Hyacinthe had lain after the Carnival. The mastic and rosemary that he had pulled to make a couch were long since dead, but they crackled fragrantly beneath her as she tossed and turned.

Honorine could not sleep. She was physically cold, and her head ached with much battle and torment and turmoil of

thought. At earliest dawn she found herself moving toward Grimaldi. Then, after a fierce fight, she turned her back upon it and went down swiftly into the pine woods homeward. But her feet lagged; she went slower; she stood still. When the sun rose he found her on her knees praying with many tears to be guided rightly. No answering message throbbed into her heart; but she sat and looked long to heaven for it and waited very patiently. Then nature spoke, and wholesome, sane, and sweet desire fired Honorine to fight again. As a bird for her mate, as the bud for the rain, as the hart for the water-brook, she longed.

Now she struggled steadily toward Grimaldi, and the thin sweetness of a little bell already pulsed up where a twinkle of white wall and red roof peeped over the olives. Hot, trembling, and weary, she stopped again. Her heart shouted to her to hasten and stand at the door; her soul said, "Too late; you cannot part them now."

At that moment Honorine's spiritual essence rose strong in the hour of physical weakness; she shrunk away among the olive-trees and peeped and watched a little company of bright-clad folk creep into the church. Then the bell stopped. Eternity rolled by, yet she knew that only a few moments had passed. She leaped up and hurried into the sunny place before the church door. A tortoise-shell cat sat all alone there. It chattered and snapped at the flies that came and settled upon it. Down in the woods a donkey brayed.

Honorine went to the door, lifted her hand to the latch, stood a moment, then reeled like a woman suddenly caught in the wind, and fainted away.

Hyacinthe came out first with Giacinta on his arm, and found her there. In a moment he released himself from his wife and knelt down and shouted for water. The wedding party crowded round about and expressed pity and concern. But soon Honorine recovered and stood up among them. She saw Giacinta wearing the pretty things that she had made; and

she took her to her breast and kissed her.

"What is it? What has happened? We waited until we dared not wait longer. Where is madame?" asked Hyacinthe.

"She is dead, — my mother is dead."

"Dead — Laure Vilhon dead!"

He screamed the words, and gripped Honorine's arm so hard that she saw the mark at night.

"She fell down the steps and killed herself yesterday."

The man stared slowly round and round him. Then his gaze fell upon Honorine. Nobody spoke, but Giacinta made an inarticulate sound and pulled Hyacinthe's sleeve. Suddenly and passionately he cursed the world, and the sky, and the things behind the sky. He swore and gesticulated for a full minute; then he gave his arm to Giacinta and hastened away, stumbling over the unéven pavement of the street. The folk chattered and waved their hands and shook their heads. The relations of the bride and bridegroom followed them, while others stopped and ministered to Honorine.

Later in the day, before the evening feast and revel, Hyacinthe borrowed a mule and a saddle and took Honorine home. Her mother's sister had arrived from Sospel, and Hyacinthe soon left the girl with her aunt and returned to his wife.

At the bridge of St. Louis he stood and looked into the gulf below and thought of leaping down. But soon he hurried on again.

"Art is above God in future," he said to himself.

VII

Summer's fire and glare scorched the hills again, and the thousand growing things that nature has blessed with hairy leaves and down and silver-white foliage, fought once more for life against the terrific heat. By day they lingered and languished and parched; by night they drank the dew and so made shift to live.

Honorine Vilhon still dwelt at Castel-

lar, and her old aunt came to live with her and tend the shop and watch her niece slowly pass out of life. Like a flower, she faded gradually, and her days narrowed to the thought of Hyacinthe and his home.

Often the sign-writer and his wife came to see her; sometimes, when she felt strong enough, she rode to see them. Giacinta made a very good partner, and her husband had sense to perceive it.

The fact that he was to be a father in springtime interested him enormously. He felt in his heart that he was the sort of man who must produce works of genius in some shape, if only in the shape of offspring.

Honorine's heart centred upon the coming child also. She was to be its godmother. Passion died in her as her fire of life waned away. She could think of Hyacinthe now without any quickening of pulse. He always kissed her when they met, and he knew as well as she did that she must presently pass from him.

There came a day when spring rain had cooled the air suddenly. Rain upon an olive-tree alters the color of the young wood that bears the leaves and fruit. Each twig takes a tone of delicate amber and adds a new and fleeting loveliness of contrast to the gray-green foliage, until sunshine dries all again.

From his cottage door Hyacinthe noted this circumstance, and smiled approval upon himself for such observation.

"Nobody else in Italy has ever seen that, perhaps," he thought.

Suddenly his wife's voice called him. There was fear and pain in it. He rushed indoors to find Giacinta bent and shivering. Her hand was pressed into her side.

"It has come," she said.

The man hurried out and bawled with all his might down the street.

"My wife, good people, — anybody — everybody! Run for her mother and for the doctor as quick as you can! Fly — fly instantly!"

A few lazy loafers, sunning themselves after the rain, rose up to do his bidding;

then Hyacinthe returned indoors and piled great ruddy fir-cones upon the hearth. Upon these he placed wood, but the mass would not kindle and the iron screen to draw it into a blaze stuck fast and refused to act. There was nothing in the room to serve his purpose and he stared about him wildly and used strong words.

Giacinta shivered and rocked and moaned to the Virgin. Suddenly he saw his masterpiece and dragged it down off the wall. The crude irony of the circumstance much impressed him as he drew up the fire with his picture.

"I had thought to make a furore of a different sort with this," he said to Giacinta. "But you are going to bring my child into the world. It is important. Some day this may be told again in history."

Next morning Hyacinthe sent a friend to Castellar with the intelligence that all was well, and that Honorine would be the godmother of a fine baby called Honorine.

The boy who took the good news returned with bad. Honorine Vilhon had become much worse suddenly, and it was feared that she could not live. But Hyacinthe visited her thrice more before she died, and she heard all about the baby though she never saw it.

The end came by night, and next day Hyacinthe was sitting by his wife when the news arrived. They wept together, and she mourned bitterly until he feared for her. Then when she grew calmer, he went into the hills, and Giacinta cried alone and talked gently to her child. The little thing woke and wailed, and she lifted it to her flowing breast.

"Hush, tiny Honorine; you must be as good as your godmother, who has gone back to God. Happy little Honorine, to have a godmother to watch and love you in heaven. A guardian angel and godmother both."

Hyacinthe rambled hither and thither. Then he came home to his workshop and drew out one of the boards he often

painted for the graves of the humbler dead. Honorine would have a white stone cross presently: she was rich; but this might do for the present.

He worked very carefully, and told her name, and how that she was nineteen, and the day whereon she died. Then he wrote *Priez pour elle*; and there was still space. So he added *Regrets eternels*. Next he took his best gold and painted the semblance of tears that had fallen here and there irregularly.

Habit ruled his mind as he made an end. He always called for Honorine to judge the things he fashioned. Now, for-

getting, he found himself considering what she would think of this.

Presently, as night darkened, he went out into a lonely place above the cliffs. The moon arose from behind Italy, and Sirius ascended out of the sea. Beneath there rolled great waves, that murmured as they bent to the contour of the land and advanced upon the shore in silvery semicircles of light and foam.

The glitter of the water made Hyacinthe think of his golden tears. He sighed and wondered at himself that he could weep no more. Then he went home to his wife and his baby.

THE MOON OF GOLDENROD

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

In the Moon of Goldenrod,
All the land with languor fills.
Dreamily the cricket chirrs;
Drowsily the locust whirrs;
Ceaselessly the katydid,
In the dusky branches hid,
All the night long shrills and shrills,
In the Moon of Goldenrod.

In the Moon of Goldenrod,
Every grass-blade on the lawns
Bears its cobweb streamer fine,
Shimmering in the hazy shine;
Fairy hammocks, spider-spun,
Lightly swaying in the sun,
Dewdrop-jeweled, grace the dawns
Of the Moon of Goldenrod.

In the Moon of Goldenrod,
Orchard branches, laden all,
Droop to touch the orchard grass,
And the harvest winds that pass
Pluck the fruits that mellow there,
Purple plum and yellow pear,
Fling them to the lap of Fall,
In the Moon of Goldenrod.

In the Moon of Goldenrod,
Palely blue the asters blow;
Here and there, amid the green
Of the sumac-thicket seen,
Autumn's crimson banner tells
That the Summer's citadels
Weaken to their overthrow,
In the Moon of Goldenrod.

Ah, the Moon of Goldenrod!
Butterflies go drifting by
On their gorgeous-painted wings,
Lovely, idle, aimless things;
Careless they that Summer goes;
Heedless of impending snows;
Lovers of To-day — as I,
In the Moon of Goldenrod!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHERNER SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

BY "NICHOLAS WORTH"

IX

THE "SCRUB" PARTY

DURING the winter that I taught at the university many things had happened in the state. The country folk had become dissatisfied with the management of the political bosses. A farmers' movement, which had had for its purpose the then impossible task of improving the farmers' condition, had been diverted into a political movement. There was a blind feeling, which grew stronger under formulation and agitation, that the Colonels and the town lawyers who were dominant in politics were in some way to blame for the hard times. Without clear reasoning, but instinctively, the country folk were beginning to rise.

One incident of the legislative session gave an interesting glimpse of the popular mood. Professor Billy, who never yet put

his hand to a plough and turned back, again came bravely forward with his plan to establish a free state college for women. The committees expected to pigeonhole the bill, as they had done before. But the forces in favor of the plan had received noteworthy reinforcement. A public hearing was so loudly demanded of the committee that a day was set when the committeemen would hear discussion of it. The committee room was overcrowded before the hour. More and more people came, women as well as men. The majority of the members of the legislature were there.

The committee was obliged to conduct its hearing in the House of Representatives. First a Colonel spoke against the measure. Then a leader of the new Farmers' party spoke in favor of it. Next came a woman, a country school-teacher, whose earnestness made a profound impression. "The lonely and, neglected

women of our remote counties," she said, — "what does the state do for them? What has it ever done for them?"

I heard her speech. It was a strange sight to see a woman speak there at all; but for that reason it was the more impressive. And I have never heard a more pathetic appeal. It stirred many men to tears.

Professor Billy's ruddy, manly, huge cheeks were damp when he arose. With a thunder of indignation he turned on the suave lawyer who had declared that any girl who wished to be educated could now go to some of the "female seminaries;" and he had the eloquence of a prophet.

"Here is the proof of your error, — your hindering and cruel error, your stifling and deadly mistake, — proof of the suffocating lie that the young women of the commonwealth have a fair chance." He read figures of the illiteracy of women in the counties where he had traveled. "Are we sunk so low that we deny the very beginnings of civilization to our women, — we, who boast of our chivalry? Consider these country girls of whom I have told you. Are they not comely? Are they not capable? Yet we leave every one of them to become the mother of ignorant children, who in turn will have ignorant children.

"I appeal to the state, to every man and woman in it, in their behalf; and, when every man and woman hears their appeal, the horrid lie that we have cherished can no longer prevail. Too poor to educate these young women? We are too poor to neglect them. Neglect of them has made us poor; and it is a measure and a badge of the poverty of our thought, of our sympathy, of human brotherhood, of our civilization."

The school was won.

A governor was to be elected in the fall, and the Farmers' party had gained courage. They threatened to make an alliance with the Republicans; and the dominant politicians became anxious. If the coalition should find good leaders, it would have a fair chance of success. Into

the midst of this unusual political stir I awoke from my academic dream. It was really a social revolt against the Confederate Colonels and the Daughters, but it was never expressed in social terms. I became more and more interested, — at first as a spectator. But a man cannot long be a mere spectator in a general struggle.

The Democratic "ring" learned no wisdom. They made cut-and-dried nominations of the most objectionable sort. There were quick rumblings of dissent. The Farmers had waked up. But they were not willing to become Republicans. That meant something disreputable to them.

About that time there was a meeting of the Sunrise Club to congratulate Professor Billy on his election as the president of the new college for women that was to be built immediately. The half-dozen of us went to the rendezvous in a congratulatory mood. We had no other thought than to make a hero of Professor Billy that night, and to pledge him our help.

But the talk turned on the political situation, and one man's thought fired another's. By midnight we had written a call for an educational convention; and the people were asked to send delegates to consider what was the wisest course to pursue with reference to the building up of schools for the whole people.

The dissatisfied were waiting for a rallying cry, — any rallying cry. There was a surprising response, in spite of the ridicule that most of the newspapers heaped on the call. We were obliged to make a definite programme, — to make a "slate," in fact; and we made it. We were unwilling to "bolt" the Democratic party; but we were determined to make an educational protest. When the little convention assembled, it was a hard task to prevent the aroused and indignant countrymen from putting forth a long declaration of belligerent "principles." No doubt they were right, and we were cowardly. But they were at last satisfied with demanding some economic nonsense

for the farmers, and we were satisfied with demanding the election of a man as Superintendent of Public Instruction who favored free education for all the people.

Professor Billy was the man to nominate — clearly. He had been born for this very part. He could win. He could bring things to pass after he had won; he was the natural leader. But he was inflexible. He was now a servant of the state — the president of a state institution which he had called into existence after years of hard work. If he should give up this task, it would fail, even yet. The upshot was that, after a deal of talk, I was selected as the candidate to be presented to the convention; and the convention nominated me.

I felt dazed and uncertain. The educational platform of this protesting party, which was at once nicknamed the "Scrub," was a sound one. But the rest of the platform was nonsense. It was the countrymen's ignorant protest against the townsmen, expressed in economic fallacies. I contented myself with the part of the platform that concerned me; and, although I still had grave doubts of the wisdom of the movement, I accepted the nomination. The purpose — my purpose — was clear and right. The education of all the people and the establishment of an agricultural and mechanical school, — for these measures I was willing to stand in any company and to fight any battle. The plan to lend public money to farmers who should store their cotton as security, — that was a crazy notion; yet probably more men would vote for me because of this project than because of any interest in schools. In doing the rough work of a democracy we cannot choose our tools.

And there was no other tool than this rump party. The Republican leaders were wholly disreputable. They kept their organization for the sole purpose of trading (for profit) in Federal offices. A Republican leader would secure the appointment of a postmaster — for a part of the postmaster's salary. Delegates

(most of them negroes) would go to national conventions to sell their votes. There was no hope of a party with such leaders or such followers. The party of the Colonels and the Daughters was better than that.

But the Republican state convention met the next week; and, after nominating Republicans for every other office, they endorsed me as the candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction. I did not formally accept the nomination. I said simply that I was an independent candidate for an office that had nothing to do with national party doctrines; that I stood for a clear-cut plan of building up our own people, and that I should be glad to receive the votes of men of any party. But I was regarded as the candidate of the "Scrubs" and of the Republicans. This brought a certain social penalty. I had been cast out of good political society, and the Colonels and the Daughters were confirmed in their opinion that I was a "traitor to our people." My political conduct had justified my dismissal from the university. My brother said that I was right and brave, but foolish. I had thrown away all my chances in the future, academic or political. "You will do good, be beaten, and finally, I am afraid, will have to leave the state to find a career."

My youthful dream had been to "serve my country." But the chance had come to me not by my planning, but by the very kicks of fortune. I had been kicked by my enemies into the position in which I found myself. But, beside my friends of the Sunrise Club, especially Professor Billy and my brother, I had now found another counselor.

It is impossible to explain the complex life of the South at this time; and I know not what incidents to select to illustrate it. But at least this story inside my own story must be told.

Ten years before, in the turbulent times in Virginia, a man of many accomplishments, who had served as a Confederate soldier and come out of the war with

one leg, had bravely taken up his profession as a lawyer, which he had been about to enter upon when the war began. He had then just married a lady in Philadelphia, and both families were reasonably wealthy. The young wife lived through the suspense and the excitement of the war; but when peace came both she and her husband, though still young in years, were old. He decided that his duty was to take up his career where war had interrupted it, — not to change the plan of his life at all. They had two children, a boy of four and a girl who was born on the very day that General Lee surrendered to General Grant. This baby — they named her Lee — came with the coming of peace and of poverty.

Helped by his wife's kinspeople, this heroic man — for he had stern stuff in him — fitted up his home comfortably. (It had been turned into a hospital for a year.) He began life again bravely. The struggle of the next few years was just beginning to show hope of a modest living, when his wound began to give him trouble. Bad surgery made it worse; and within a year it resulted in his death.

His wife, now cared for by her kinspeople, went to Philadelphia; but so strange and strong is the comradeship of sorrow that she never felt at home there. In the course of time she inherited a small fortune and returned to Virginia; for she wished her children to be educated there, — this in loyalty to their father. Such a wearing loyalty — for life was as hard as it was sorrowfully sweet — made her gray; and after a few more years she died.

So far there had been tragedy enough. But the bitterest tragedy was just beginning. The boy was at college. There he must remain. The girl was put to school near by. These two came very close together in their orphaned sorrow. He fell under the influence of one of the few really thorough scholars in the South; and this man's influence turned him to an academic career. He must go to one of the German universities to complete his linguistic studies. His serious academic

purpose was shared and caught by his sister, and she was sent to one of the best colleges for women "in the North."

Both came back to Virginia to decide where they should live. He was offered an appointment in the faculty of the university where I taught history; and I found him there, struggling between loyalty and freedom.

His sister had taught for a year in a school for girls in Philadelphia. "But why," she asked, "should I teach girls in Philadelphia? There are thousands of women who can do that as well as I. But in the South, where there is a pathetic need of teachers, none can do it so well as we who were born here."

In this mood she came to visit her brother. He felt suppressed, smothered, yet eager to clear the atmosphere; and they found such support in each other's companionship that she spent most of the year with him. Could they ever work to complete freedom of thought and speech and action in that atmosphere? Or must they go away? Which was their first duty, — their duty to themselves and their own growth, or their duty to "the South"?

Many a man and woman of their generation led that same life of exhausting self-examination and debate. Some went away, and were never quite happy, feeling that they had shirked a duty. Some remained, and lost their intellectual ambitions in the surrounding inertia. Some rebelled and sacrificed themselves. The majority compromised their ambitions with the homely good qualities of Southern life, and lived at peace with their neighbors. For to them that are of it there has always been a charm in Southern life, a charm that those who are not born to it probably never understand. It is "home." The call of duty to build up this home was the strongest impulse that could be felt by any Southern man or woman of that generation.

Thus it happened that I came to know Miss Lee Talcott. She was a part of the revolt in which I was now engaged; and she became my best counselor.

"With all my heart I congratulate you, us all, and the State," she had telegraphed me as soon as she heard of my nomination; and afterwards she had said: "Fight it out. Win? We are sure to win. Have you not said a thousand times that you believe that the people's instincts are right, that some day they will push their way upward? This is the day. They have needed leadership. They now have a leader. All that we have longed for is coming to pass."

X

A WOBBLING PLANET

Well, the contest promptly began. In a land that never tires of oratory, and where all men are orators, leadership must be won by public speaking. I spent four months making speeches. I went to every part of the State. Sometimes I made three speeches a day, six days a week. How I enjoyed it! You may say what you will, there are few sensations more pleasant than the sensation of delivering an earnest and apparently a convincing speech; nor is there any other instrument of persuasion so direct or so powerful. Those who think that the day of the orator is past know nothing of our democracy, and live far from the people.

My disappointment was great, during the early days of the summer, to discover that most of my audiences were negroes. I was regarded by them as the nominee of their party; and the Democratic leaders had sent out requests to discourage the whites from hearing me. "Let him train with radicals and niggers, — that's where he belongs." I was waited upon by negro delegations and asked what I proposed to do "for the race."

Now I had no false sentiment about the negro. I am sure of that. It seemed to me that the "problem" was far less difficult than it had been represented. Here was a mass of ignorant folk. O God! if they had never been brought here! Their unwilling coming was the cause of all our woes. It was the one structural

error made by the fathers when they laid the wide arches of our freedom. But our duty seemed to me plain. They are here. They must be trained to usefulness.

"You, too," I said to them, "must have agricultural and trade schools; and I will do my best to provide them for you. The public schools for your children must be made as good and as practical as possible. The public-school money must be spent fairly on your schools, spent in proportion to the children of school age, without regard to race."

This was no new doctrine. Many a Colonel had said the same thing to many an audience of negroes before. But there was this difference: the Colonels had not meant what they said; I meant it every word, and everybody knew that I meant it. The Democratic press and the Democratic speakers at once let loose a flood of personal abuse. "The nigger professor" they called me, "with a plan to educate the blacks and put them above the whites." Everywhere these formulas were repeated — "to put the blacks above the whites;" "to put the bottom rail on top;" "to subvert Anglo-Saxon civilization." One caricature represented me teaching history to a class of negro boys. It was labeled, "What our university would become." Another represented me as building a fence. As the bottom rail I had put down a white man, a one-armed Confederate veteran; and the top rail was a grinning negro.

Nevertheless, in spite of this ridicule and of bitter misrepresentations, the white country people did not forget that I stood for the education of their neglected sons and daughters. Some of them thought, too, that I would in some way bring about the building of public warehouses where they could receive cash for their cotton. Whatever their reasons were, they came in increasing numbers to hear my speeches. During the last month, my campaign was beginning to have effect. Frequent predictions were made that I should be elected; and the Democratic managers became alarmed.

One day there appeared this inquiry in one of the religious weekly papers, published at the capital, in the form of a letter from a distant town:—

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR:

“There is a rumor here that one of the nigger-loving candidates on the state ticket has put into practice already his social equality creed. Give us the facts.”

The editor published the note under this headline:—

“TO WHOM DOES THIS REFER?”

The letter and the headline were copied the next day in the daily paper, and for three or four successive days. Then an editorial appeared saying that the inquiry ought to be followed further. That was all.

But by this time all the Democratic papers in the state had published paragraphs about it; and gossip had been very active. Almost every man in the state had learned the story which had been set going, by word of mouth, from the Democratic headquarters. It was this:—

Colonel Doak, the chairman of the Democratic committee, had said in his drawing way to his fellows, “Gentlemen, we’ve got to look after this young Worth — Niggerlas Worth. Old Johnson whom we are runnin’ against him is more’n half fool an’ he ain’t holdin’ up his en’ o’ the campaign. Reckon it’s about time we were fixin’ Niggerlas.”

“What can we do?” they asked.

“I haven’t spent much thought on it,” said the Colonel. “But I’ll throw out an idea and see if you catch it. His grandfather’s old place, you know, is just out of town here a few miles. Now they tell me that there’s a mighty likely yaller woman there who has a still yallerer baby; and young Niggerlas has been known to spend the night there — the night there in the house with niggers, mind you. An’ if you want to work up the public feelin’ a little more, you can get a tassel to the story. The last night he stayed there, they tell

me, he quarreled with the woman and beat her over the head so that her beauty is gone. My authority for this part of the story is Pompey, the barber. Pompey says this is what the niggers in Egypt say.”

“Oh, Colonel!” protested one member of the committee, “I don’t think we want to bring the campaign down to this level. Do spare us this.”

“And get beat?” replied Colonel Doak. “What are we here for, to conduct a lady-like campaign, or to win?”

The committee discouraged it. But the Colonel became more and more alarmed; and mysterious letters of inquiry about the candidate who had the habit of spending nights in negro houses appeared more often in the newspapers. At last the Colonel gave the word. He had a long conference with Captain Locke, the editor of the principal paper. The story was to be written as hearsay. I was not to be directly accused; but I was to be called on to explain the rumor.

The editor and the Colonel worked on the story for a day or two; and at last they had it in proof sheets to their satisfaction. “It’ll put all the women against him,” said the Colonel, “and no man can win in the state with that handicap.”

I then knew nothing of all this. But a rumor of the campaign bomb that was about to be exploded spread through political circles. It reached Professor Billy. Instantly—for he acted while other men took time to think—he telegraphed Captain Locke to hold that story till he could see him; and he took the first train to the capital. He told the editor that he knew it to be a lie.

“We’ll merely print a rumor. He can defend himself, if he has a defense.”

“But such a lie as this always sticks.”

Professor Billy was not content with his interview with the editor. He drove to the Old Place and saw Uncle Ephraim. He told the old man the whole story.

“Dey lie ’bout Mars’ Nick,” he said. “Dat young Tom Warren what used to come here to shoot—he’s de daddy o’ dat chile.”

Professor Billy drove back to the city and just at night found Tom Warren.

"Warren," he said, "I've an unpleasant story to tell you. The *News* in the morning will accuse Nick Worth of being the father of the child of a woman who lives at his grandfather's place. You, and you alone, can stop the story."

Tom paced the floor and said, "O God! Billy, Nick Worth always fought fair — did n't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, this is n't fair. Come with me."

They went to see Captain Locke.

"Captain," said Tom, "I am told that you will accuse Nick Worth of the pater-nity of a colored child."

"I shall not accuse him. I shall simply publish the rumor."

"The lie, you mean."

"He can defend himself. Besides, why make such a fuss about it? I'll tell you, gentlemen," the captain went on after a moment's pause, "we're too squeamish in this campaign. We deserve to get beaten. I care nothing about Worth's living with niggers or doing what he pleases. What's that to me? But I'm here to win this campaign; and what's the nigger for but to make campaign use of? Why do you come to inquire about this?"

"Because it's a lie."

"Prove it."

"I will prove it. I will stand up and swear that I am the father of that child, and clear Worth. Now if you wish to deal *me* this blow, I suppose I can't help it. That's all I have to say."

Tom fought fair. As soon as I heard this story, I went to him and told him so. The story was never published.

When I next saw Professor Billy he had a new epigram. "A gentleman is a man who fights fair."

The election day came and I was elected. Nobody had any doubt of that. But riots at the polls were provoked in several negro counties; the count of the ballots was confused; they were thrown

out; and some of the boxes were destroyed. My opponent took the office.

Some months afterwards when I met Colonel Doak, he was in a very good humor. "Worth," said he, "I'm afraid our boys ran you pretty hard on that nigger business. Don't take it to heart. Now you're beat, stay in the fold. Nobody cares a damn about the nigger — except for campaign purposes. But you can't ever buck against the Anglo-Saxon — see? That'll down the Radicals every time. You'd better come back to the party where you belong. This is the advice of an old campaigner."

"The nigger," said the Colonel on another occasion, — "I'm sorry for him. The Democrat in the South uses him to hold on to his political power, and the Republican in the North uses him for the same purpose. He is used to fire the heart of the North and to fire the heart of the South; and he never gets paid for being a bogey."

When all the wrangle about the ballots had passed and the election that had been won had been snatched from us, I was at the home of my friend and of his sister, now my betrothed.

"What's the use?" we asked one another. "We won it and we have nothing but the humiliation of having been cheated. The suffrage is a fraud as long as such a thing can happen." Armed revolution, if that were possible, seemed the only remedy for wrongs like these.

We decided, on that despondent evening — all three of us — to go away — to seek careers (it was not yet too late) in the West. There was no hope if the very ballot-boxes were stolen. We would at once set about making inquiries and plan quietly to go away. I was weary — wearier than I had ever been, weary for the first time with despair. A man can fight and be beaten and fight again with good courage, if he keep hope. But when all hope is gone, he cannot fight on. For my part, I had done my duty. I would now give it up.

Yet, at that very time, the cotton bolls

were white. Ill as men cultivated it, ill as they picked and packed and sent it to mill or market, its bolls were opening in the autumn sunlight, white with a harvest richer than any other land can yield. And the little river that turned our mills flowed on. These two forces of nature — the maturing of the cotton and the flow of the falling water — meant more than the changing game of politics and the crime of stealing ballot-boxes.

It soon came to me that my brother, after an outburst of indignation, thought little of the whole adventure of my political summer. That was a mere episode. It had come; it had passed; it had failed. The mill never failed — its activity was incessant. The demand for cotton cloth would never cease. Here was the difference between a babbling battle of effort and slander and the productive work of a man who had to do with a fundamental task of civilization.

It came to me, too, that Professor Billy had not had an interruption in the building of his college for women. He had planned the buildings; he had seen them rise; he had selected his faculty; he had made ready for the coming of the young women for whom he had worked and talked all these years; and there they were — hundreds of them, — glad, as he had said they would be, to be taught. He, too, had gone down deep — far beneath the babble of a campaign — and had laid the foundation of permanently useful work. These men were doing the real work of the commonwealth, and they felt no discouragement. I had, at best, been talking. I seemed to have done nothing.

It was the coming back to the soil, — the soil that would forever grow cotton, — and to the people, the women of the country, who would ever look upward for help and who would through endless generations become the mothers of children, — it was the coming back to these that restored a right view of the problem. But, so far, my efforts to serve my country still found my country without apparent

wish for my service. The world, true as it swung on its axis, still wobbled under my feet.

XI

WITH AGAMEMNON BY THE SEA

But I was tired, and there was no reason why I should not rest. I needed to go away for a time. Old Uncle Ephraim sent me word that he was "mighty poo'ly." Aunt Martha had died this fall. I must go and see the old man, perhaps for the last time. I found him feeble, but still "game." He kept his spirits well. He talked of "ol' Marser." He reminded me that I was the head of the family and that I ought to marry. When I told him that I should soon do so, he said reverently, "May de good Lord save me to see de young missus!"

Nor did *he* seem to lay much stress on my defeat. He did not clearly understand how I had been cheated. He knew simply that I had not won. "Did n' Mars' Henry Clay git beat sometimes?" he asked. Such illustrious companionship in defeat ought to take the sting away. The trouble with me was, I reflected that night as I went to bed again in the old parlor, that I had n't a cotton mill, nor a school for women, nor an old man's wisdom; and I fell to sleep thinking of Professor Billy's definition of a gentleman. Tom Warren fought fair. But was he playing fair with his own child? When the old man should die, what would become of this "family"?

The next morning the thought came to me to go to the seashore at Valtona, and to take Uncle Ephraim with me on a vacation. Valtona was a quiet place of pine forest that sloped down to the sea, in an adjacent state. There was a hotel there and about it in the forest a number of huts called cottages. The well-to-do old ladies and gentlemen of these states went there for a peaceful period before they died.

The old man was willing to go. He had never seen the ocean. He had never been on so long a journey. The idea quite

took possession of me — to go off on a vacation with Uncle Ephraim. He asked many profound questions while he was getting ready. That afternoon we drove to the city and in another day we were at Valtona.

"How I gwine ter live dar?" Uncle Ephraim had asked.

"You are my servant, Uncle Ephraim."

"'Cose I is. Dat 's what I allers been, Mars' Nick, and de servant o' your pa afore you and o' *his* pa afore him. But dat ain't er answerin' my question. I means what sort o' place dey got fer ol' niggers lak me ter sleep?"

"Uncle Ephraim, I 'm going to tell you now. You are going to sleep in the room next to my room. A waiter is going to bring your meals to you, and I am going to wait on you myself. I am bringing you down here to rest. When you feel like it, you can go out and walk under the pines; or you and I will go and look at the ocean. We 'll have nothing to do. *You* 'll have nothing to do. They shall wait on you as they wait on any other old gentleman, and you shall have what you want, and do as you please."

"Now dat 'll be a fine come-off," said the old man, "a ol' broke-down nigger and his young marster a-waitin' on him. Mars' Nick, you 'se gittin' frolicsome, you is — thinking 'bout dat young missus, I be bound."

"But, don't you forget, you 've got to be my old servant — my venerable family servant."

"I ain't gwine to forgit nothin'," said the old man with a chuckle.

I engaged a cottage, one in a row. On the left and on the right were old men and old ladies, come to get the early winter air, still soft and full of the resin and of the sea. There were two rooms, — one for me, one for the old man; and I explained that my venerable family servant would perhaps not be able to go out the next day. His meals must be brought to him.

I made him stay in bed the next morn-

ing till I went to breakfast. But, when I came back, he was up. An officious negro boy presently brought his breakfast. The old man looked at him and said, "You ain't use' to waitin' on ol' niggers, is yer?" When the boy had gone, he said, "Dat 's a town nigger, all starch' up — no 'count."

I spread the table and put the breakfast on it and served him, much to his amusement. He regarded it as a great joke, but it gave him pleasure to humor me. "Mars' Nick, you sho' is frolicsome."

The old times — the old times — over and over again he told me of my grandfather — of his marriage, of his adventures, of good fortune and bad. Old Ephraim had never seen the problem of which he was a part. Again I saw how my own activity was only superficial.

But another pleasure awaited me at Valtona. Professor Murphy, my old teacher in Greek, now growing old, was there. I had not seen him since I had left college. He hardly knew that I had been engaged in a great campaign. He made a passing and jocular allusion to it one day; but we habitually talked of more serious things. Of course we came back to our Greek authors. He had a Homer with him. I found, to my great delight, that with a little practice I could read it.

I told Uncle Ephraim the story of the Iliad. I saw that parts of it were confused in his mind with stories that he had heard of the civil war. But most of it he regarded as an invention of my own. Professor Murphy had not seen the old man, till one day I walked with Uncle Ephraim to the professor's cottage. Both were old, gray, and venerable. Both had seen and suffered much. The professor was the more learned, of course, but Ephraim was the wiser. Both were gentle now — both gentlemen too. Finer manners no men ever had.

"Professor Murphy," said I, bowing low, "I introduce to you mighty Agamemnon."

"Yo' humble sarvant, sah," said Ephraim.

"I am glad to welcome your shade to these shades," gravely answered the professor. Ephraim bowed low, very low, as if he were performing a religious ceremony, and said nothing.

"Now, professor," said I, "I propose that you make a plan here in the sand with your cane of the windy plain of Troy, of the seacoast, and of the city; and Agamemnon will tell us whether we have a correct notion of that mighty struggle."

Well, we played there half the day — these two old men and I; and Uncle Ephraim remarked as we came away, "Mars' Nick, you sho' is frolicsome to-day. But what's dat ar 'Memnon you tell de gem'man I was? You ought n't ter mislead a ol' man lak dat. You know I 'se allers been a Baptis'."

I think that nobody now complained that I was "practicing social equality." The campaign had passed. Besides, we were in another state. But I wondered whether a correspondent of Captain Locke's paper might not amuse himself or herself by writing a letter about me. And sure enough, this very thing happened. But the letter was a surprise and a joy. I was discovered after a turbulent and misdirected and fortunately unsuccessful campaign — so the letter ran — in this quiet place, in the company of my old teacher, the learned and venerable Professor Murphy; and Professor Murphy and I were spending our time reading the Greek authors! Then followed half a column of feminine eulogy of the scholarship of the Southern Gentleman. In his relaxation, he did not go to Saratoga or Newport and lead a frivolous life, but sought quiet, and communed with the eternal youths of the ancient world. Then came another half column in praise of my own scholarly habits. Not a word about Agamemnon or old Ephraim or our living in the same house.

I feared these Greeks, bringing gifts. But that was because I had for a moment forgotten the oratorical habit of mind — of either sex. It was only a pretty piece of newspaper oratory in praise of the

Southern people and their scholarly habits!

This insincerity of the oratorical mind — I do not know whether it, too, be a product of slavery — this it is that makes me hopeless. The newspaper opposition to me during the campaign was not sincere. It was professional. Everybody knew that I had never thought for a moment of proposing or of practicing "the social equality of the races;" yet men (thousands of men) voted against me and thousands of women regarded me as a sort of social ogre, because these oratorical phrases about "social equality," "white supremacy," the "bottom rail on top" and the like, were repeated thousands of times. As soon as I was defeated, by fair means or foul, my "social equality" was no longer subversive of society, even though, perhaps, I was not quite forgiven. And now a casual remark, made no doubt by Professor Murphy, about our reading Homer, provoked an equally insincere eulogy of me for accomplishments that I did not have. A month ago I was a vile enemy of social order. Now I was a scholarly ornament of society!

And it became plainer and plainer to me that there was nothing real in the oratorical zone of Southern life. The real things were these pines and the sea, these two old men, my brother's work and the cotton fields, Professor Billy and his college for girls, — a college that was to be outside the oratorical zone of life.

Weeks passed. Uncle Ephraim was becoming stronger, and I was becoming wiser. One day a letter came that made me wiser still, and sadder too, — and yet glad. My cousin Margaret was soon to marry the young clergyman of eloquent prayers for the Daughters. He had lately been chosen as bishop coadjutor. Nothing could be more fit. He was of the level of the Daughters and the Daughters were his flock. I wrote them both a congratulatory letter, wondering whether good Dr. Denson saw far enough beyond the cases of individual suffering that he gave his life to relieving, to understand the soft

decline that awaited his family; for he was a very real man.

I was vain enough to say to my old philosopher, "Uncle Ephraim, I once came near marrying a young lady who was too soft."

"'Fore God, Mars' Nick, 't ain't de bony ones you likes best, is it?"

And another letter came that was wholly sad. Why was so much news from home sent by letter that might have been told me? Was I drifting away from my own people, so that they preferred to write to me rather than to talk to me? This letter was from my sister, giving her final decision to go to China as a missionary.

Again the ancient trail of the Negro! But for slavery and its moral blight, lingering long after, she might have been happily married to a man who, whatever his shortcomings, was a gentleman, for he always fought fair. Now she was banished, by her conscience and her piety, from a woman's right life to a career that was to me infinitely sad because it was futile, and she had been brought to it by the theologically oratorical view of living. My protest had come too late; but I would at least go home.

Agamemnon and I left the good professor, who was not growing stronger. We left him to die, and we came back to the real world, — I to make my decision whither I should go, and old Ephraim to spend a little while longer above ground at the Old Place, now become very lonesome even to him.

XII

IN THE ORATORICAL ZONE

I spent one day in the city, and every one I met spoke about my scholarly diversion. You might have thought that I was a distinguished Hellenist in a community where scholarship gave one supreme distinction. The unreality of the whole incident saddened me, not only because of the oratorical absurdity of the praise, but also because not a man who spoke to me

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could read a word of Greek or cared a fig that he could n't. Yet for some strange reason the silly newspaper letter about me had become the talk of the whole town.

Though I had made up my mind to emigrate, I could not easily decide whither. It seemed to me necessary to escape this overwhelming unreality — the oratorical insincerity that met me at every turn. Yet I had no profession. I was not a teacher. I was not a public servant. I was fitted for — what? That was the real puzzle. Suppose I should go to some community where things were what they seemed, what should I do?

While I was pondering my own deficiencies as well as the deficiencies of the community, several surprising things happened. The whole Democratic state ticket had been declared elected; but a majority of the Legislature had been won by the "Scrubs" and the Republicans. In many counties the countrymen who wanted governmental cotton warehouses and better schools for their children had elected men of their own kind to the Legislature. We were to have a rump, "scrub" Legislature. What on earth would it do? It could not build cotton warehouses. But would it build schools? My brother laughed and said: "It does n't matter much. They can't do worse than the regulars have done."

I wrote to Professor Billy: "Now, are you willing to take your chances with this crew?" His answer was an unhesitating "Yes, I'm satisfied and hopeful."

But the Legislature was a tame surprise in comparison with a letter that I read in the *News*, Captain Thorne's paper, over this long signature, "Let us be True to the South." This letter was provoked by the death of an important American consular officer in Greece, a Southern man. The writer went on to say that, of course, no Democrat could hope to receive the appointment to succeed the dead man; that a Southern man ought to have it; that our State had a most distinguished Greek scholar who would per-

haps be acceptable to the Republican administration at Washington, and so on and so on. My name was not called in the letter, but the writer used the same silly phrases that I had heard ever since I came home from Valtona. The next day the editor formally nominated me. In a few days came a letter from Professor Murphy, advising me to seek the appointment and saying that he had written to both United States senators from my state. One of them was then in Washington. The next surprise was a telegram from him saying that he had made an appointment with the President for me.

In a dazed mood I went to Washington. I discovered that within a week I had been recommended to the vacant place by the Republican leaders of the state and by both Democratic senators, the like of which had never happened before. I could not explain it. The senators' cordiality was as fluent as their abuse of me had been a few months before.

I was a novice in politics; and it was not till I had gone to bed after I had found out all these surprising things that a rational explanation of them occurred to me. I had myself been living in a rhetorical atmosphere. These political gentlemen, of course, wished me to leave my country for — their own good. This was a pleasant way to give me a political vacation. Yet this view of their sudden fondness for me seemed absurd, for I was not dangerous: I was going away of my own will. But they did not know that.

My perplexity increased until I got up from bed and wrote two telegrams — one to Miss Talcott and the other to Professor Billy. I asked their advice, and I requested immediate answers, for I should see the President at noon the next day.

The telegrams were no sooner gone than I wished that I had not sent them. To go to Greece — with her. Why should I spurn such a gift of the gods as this, even if it came from men who imagined that they were punishing me? Why should I care for their motives? Why should I not read Greek literature in fact,

in days of happiness by the Ægean itself? And I was tired — infinitely and endlessly tired of the insincerity of the life about me. I could yet become a scholar; and, many as are the ways in which man has found joy in a world that is tolerable despite disappointments, in none has he found a keener joy than in living with the great Greeks. And to go with her!

I rang the bell for a boy. "Yes, sir," he said, "dem telegrams done gone long ago."

"No matter," I said as I fell asleep with a double dream of happiness, "I'll go, whatever they say."

But I awoke in doubt. Go away of my own accord, I might. But was it not cowardly to be driven by one's enemies? Might I not save the state yet?

Lee's answer came first: — "Greece is a glorious dream. But more glorious is your duty at home. Refuse."

And Professor Billy: "I wrote you yesterday by no means go away now. Never do what the enemy wishes. Besides, we need you. A thousand times, No."

It was an odd brief interview that I had with the President; for, of course, the appointment had to be kept. The senator was disappointed and angry. He asked me, with an oath, what *he* could say to the President in such a predicament. It was plain that he thought that I had made a fool of him, and perhaps I had. I tried to explain to him that I had been obliged, since I had seen him the day before, to change my plans.

He told the President, in an awkward way, that I had received "important business information that very morning" which made my "presence at home imperative for the next year." He went on with his pompous lie: "Mr. Worth belongs, Mr. President, to one of our most important manufacturing families, a family of large interests." I recovered my breath, made a lame apology (the senator had already withdrawn what he called my application), and we came away. It was very awkward. I felt guilty of a sort of discourtesy. For a moment, I wished

again to change my mind. But the senator's glib lie (to which he never alluded afterwards) came into my mind, and I felt that I had done wisely by not doing what he wished, no matter what that might be. With another apology I left him, to continue to be, as Colonel Doak afterwards expressed it, "an ungrateful fool in spite of forgiving friends."

Gradually my vision became clearer. If I had accepted a consular appointment, I should have been regarded as having committed myself to the local Republican machine; and that I was not willing to do.

All the while I was obliged to observe the successful career of my brother. He did not bother himself about politics or learning. For the river ever ran, and every year the cotton ripened and was gathered for his spindles and looms. The river and the white fields made a world as real as my world of futile effort had been artificial. But that was his career, not mine; that was his happy temperament, not mine. The more unfortunate all this was for me. But I was sometimes cheered and sometimes amused by the real deference that he paid me, as if he would say by his manner, "You can fight and win a great battle for us all. I only spin and weave and make money to be spent for higher things." And all the while he (and perhaps he only) was safely anchored to definite usefulness. For Cotton was king, and was every year taking a more surely royal place in the world. And the South had a practical monopoly of it.

XIII

IN IGNORANCE OF OURSELVES

My own pitiful indecision — was it the result of a misdirected education, of heredity, of temperament, or of the times? — for men, when they cannot curse other things, have always cursed the times they lived in. Was it, in fact, not a part of the Southern miseducation? Had I not been guilty myself of acting a sort of "oratorical" part? A teacher, twice

dismissed; a political rider — for a fall; an undecided "applicant" for an office which I would not have; and now what? But for the cotton and the river and my brother, how should I even have had a modest living?

But there *was* a great task for somebody to do. I knew that, clouded as my vision was. I had had glimpses of it everywhere, — in my early school experience, in my short college experience, in my "bishop's" work, — surely I was clear-sighted then, — and again in my political effort. But it was hard to formulate, — this high duty, — in terms of my own activity, when there was nothing to do.

Light came in the end. After I was married (for why should I miss or postpone this happiness, which was certain? and we were married and went to live in the little university village) — after I was married, that very winter, I took up the task of writing a short history of the state; and I at once began to make almost startling discoveries.

First, I found out that I knew nothing about the history of the state. Secondly, I found out that nobody else knew more than I did. Traditions had long been accepted as facts. The condition of society "before the war" was thought, even by men whose lives ran back into that period, to be very different from what it really was. A few phrases about "cavaliers" and "great planters" had made a picture in the popular mind that, so far as this state was concerned, was wholly untrue. The prevalent notion of the civil war, fostered by the Daughters, was erroneous. The real character even of General Lee was misrepresented. His name was worshiped; but his opinions were misunderstood and had been curiously distorted.

What I discovered was that the people did not know their own history; that they had accepted certain oft-repeated expressions about it as facts; and that the practical denial of free discussion of certain subjects had deadened research and even curiosity to know the truth. Yet the

story of the state and of the people was as interesting as the story of the people in any other part of the Union.

Then it was that I saw clearly. I was sure that, if I could write this story forcibly and well, they would read it. I should again bring the people to themselves; for slavery, by forbidding free inquiry and free discussion on certain subjects, had deadened intellectual inquiry into all great subjects. All the other harm that slavery had done was as nothing compared with this intellectual harm. The loss of men, the loss of property, the stagnation of industry — all these could and would be repaired or replaced by time. But a free intellectual life, and only this, could bring us into our real heritage and break down the bars that still separated us from our kinspeople in the Northern States. The oratorical habit of mind, the false basis of opinion, the traditions that had taken the place of facts — in a word dead men's hands — must be put aside if we would once look straight even into the simple story of our state life. I went about this task with a joy that I praise Heaven for.

Meantime many interesting things were happening in the little circle of acquaintances that the reader has made in this narrative.

Old Ephraim had died and he was buried in the garden by his old master. The Old Place was much on my mind. The land was poor. Generations of unscientific culture had left it almost a waste. The house was gone to decay. Strange Negroes lived in the cabins, and in the neighborhood there were few white people. My brother and I bought the groves, the fields, and the forests near by, as well as the old homestead. We had the "old" house torn down, and the "new" house, which also was dilapidated, rebuilt; my grandmother's garden was put in order, the graves were cared for, the grove of oaks cleaned up, the cabins removed. The old cotton-press, which had been built after a model familiar to the Pharaohs, we allowed to stand. We would

save ourselves the reproach of permitting the family homestead to go to decay. The estate could hardly become more than a shooting place for quail; but we could at least think of it without reproach.

The only member of Uncle Ephraim's family left — for "Doc" was never heard of again — was Jane, the very light mulatto whom Aunt Martha had in a way adopted. She was a daughter of an acquaintance of Aunt Martha's, who had lived on a plantation adjacent to the Old Place, and she came to Aunt Martha and "took up" in the first wandering days of freedom. Jane went to the city — to "Egypt" as the negro portion of the town was called. There her little daughter could attend school, she said.

Professor Billy's college for women, in one hastily constructed, hideous brick building, opened its doors to a still larger attendance. Never was there a less attractive place to train young women, as it appeared in the newly broken, almost treeless ground outside the village of Centralia. It had been built there for two reasons — the town had given the site and a few thousand dollars, and it was near the centre of the state. There were five members of the faculty. In their enthusiasm for their work — they were fired with an apostolic zeal — the repulsive barren newness of the house, of the rooms, of the flimsy furniture, was forgotten.

Two hundred young women appeared. There was no possible way to keep more than one hundred of them. But there was no difference between "possible" and "impossible" in Professor Billy's mind. The little bedrooms had been meant each to accommodate two girls. Professor Billy at once bought fifty more beds and put four girls in every room. Still another hundred applied during the next few weeks. They were sent home; but their applications were used to advantage. The Scrub Legislature soon assembled. It turned out that almost every country member of it had sent his daugh-

ter or his niece or his granddaughter to Professor Billy's college. An appropriation, therefore, was easily passed to put up another building and to increase the faculty.

The Scrub Legislature did more than that. It demanded better public schools and changed the tax laws so as to double the sum that had been spent on public education. The people were rising. We had won a great victory toward their awakening. The beginning had come.

Professor Billy wished me to take a place on his faculty, — "any place you please." I was more eager than he. The pathetic earnestness of these ill-prepared young women — thousands of them would soon come — presented the most interesting aspect of the problem of building up the neglected people of this rural state. But twice I had run foul of

the Mighty Dead, and it seemed wise at least to wait.

Moreover, the conviction was already clear that perfect freedom of opinion and of speech could not yet be used by any man who held a public post. Since I was fortunate enough to have a modest income from the mill, was it not my duty to use this financial independence to maintain my intellectual independence, — in a word, to carry out my plan of writing the history of the state, and to tell the whole truth without fear? It so seemed to me. Thus we worked the winter through in the quiet life of the little university village, — the very scene of my dismissal. I had lost no friends at the university itself. In fact, I had the gratification to know that both the faculty and the students wished very much that I were again at work with them.

(To be continued.)

THREE AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY

BY MAY SINCLAIR

WHERE are the spiritual descendants of Walt Whitman? A younger poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson, tells us that

We do not read him very much to-day,
His piercing and eternal cadence rings
Too pure for us — too powerfully pure,
Too lovingly triumphant and too large:
But there are some that hear him, and they
 know
That he shall sing to-morrow for all men,
And that all time shall listen.

And yet that to-morrow seems to be farther off than ever. The generation has passed that proclaimed Whitman the forerunner of a new poetic age, the age of democracy, of individuality, and individuality's charming freedom from restraints, the age of "ME imperturb." To escape tradition; to clear the mind of cant, the

cant of iambics; to cast off the tinkling golden fetters of rhyme; to cast off clothing and wallow naked and unashamed in the open sunshine, as did Whitman in the primeval woods he loved; to escape modernity; to find a soul of beauty in things hideous; to put aside the hampering obligation to select which is laid upon artists for their sins; and to welcome with open arms everything that exists, simply because it exists, extracting from the baldest prose the divine essence of poetry, — this was the way broken open by the Master. What Whitman hath cleansed, that call thou not common.

If ever a man had a message to the youth of his country that man was Whitman. If America was ever to bring forth American poets, of that temper they were

to be. First of all, they were to create a new form for the new spirit; new rhythms and no rhymes.

But to substitute harmony for melody, to find the cadence which should be the cadence of his own soul, and of none other, was a task of infinite difficulty, even for Whitman with his colossal spirit, — a spirit like his own continent, un-circumscribed, multitudinous, immense. Over and over again he falls from grace and slides with a sweet facility into the abhorred iambic. Some people have maintained that it is only through these lapses into the ancient consecrated ways that Whitman's verse attains poetic dignity. His own cry was: "No more rhymes, no more old rhythms."

Think what such a gospel must have meant to the young aspirant who heard it for the first time! The blessed relief of it! Never again in your life to have to think of a rhyme to God. And yet to be a poet, a great poet. And never to have to bother about your subject, but to plunge your arms elbow deep into the bran-pie of the universe, and whatever you drew you drew a prize, for you could make a poem out of it. For the poetry was there, staring you quite rudely in the face till you recognized it, here, there, everywhere. There was no top or bottom to that subject; whichever end it chose to sit on, it was always right side up. Never in the history of literature was such a rich prospect offered to the tyro on such easy terms. No renunciation required of him, unless it were to abandon his absurd affectation of idealism. What in Heaven's name had the ideal done for him that he should trouble his head about it? Let him open his eyes and he would find the Real waiting for him, — a young person with no nonsense about her, absolutely devoid of flirtatious intention, and unspoiled by the demoralizing adoration of the other poets. A trifle plain, perhaps, but dowered with the wealth of a thousand multi-millionaires, a spouse fruitful in possibilities diviner than herself. And all this as yet unwedded opulence his for the asking. The

connection insured to him a unique position in the universe.

How is it then that Walt Whitman has no following among the young poets of America to-day? — that with one accord they have flung up their gorgeous prospects and gone back to the old allegiance and the old fetters? The young American poets of to-day are, as far as form goes, anything but revolutionary; they are the born aristocrats of literature, careful of form, and fastidious to a fault in their choice of language. So far from being "Sansculottes," they are most particular about the arrangement of their draperies, many of them preferring the classic mode to any other. They refuse to be hail fellow well met with every subject, and are aware of the imperishable value of selection.

Three young poets stand out among them: William Vaughn Moody, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Ridgely Torrence. They are all three rich in imagination, but Mr. Moody is distinguished by his mastery of technique; Mr. Robinson by his psychological vision, his powerful human quality; Mr. Torrence by his immense, if as yet somewhat indefinite, promise. The three are so different in kind that it would have been hard to find any standard of comparison but for this happy idea of Walt Whitman. They are alike in their difference from him, in their care for the things he scorned, their scorn of his indiscriminate ransacking of creation. They find that, after all, existence needs a deal of editing. For existence is not life, any more than fact is truth. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all they ever knew or that they care to know. They are one, too, in their detachment, — an attitude remarkable in poets like Mr. Moody and Mr. Torrence, so plastic to the lyric impulse. They have avoided personal pathos, and in all their works you will not find the slightest suggestion of the imperturb and indestructible ME. How different from Walt Whitman! Walt Whitman made himself a vessel for the living joy of the universe,

and you felt that the vessel was the really solid and important item; that the universe was less than the colossal spirit that contained it. These three are the pure and unapparent mediums of the soul of things. They may depend on this impersonality of theirs to lift them out of the ranks of those sublime egoists, the minor poets.

Of the three Mr. Moody has accomplished most; he has published one volume of Poems, and two lyrical dramas. It is an interesting question how far such a poet is a national product. The poet is born not made, but he is not always spiritually born in his own country. Mr. Moody has written one great national poem, the "Ode in Time of Hesitation;" it reveals him as the austere lover of his country, passionately critical of her behavior and her mood. For the rest he is an exile in New York, hungering for the beautiful and spiritual lands. He seems the hero of his own "Jetsam," —

"beauty's votarist,
Long recreant, often foiled and led astray,
But resolute at last to seek her there
Where most she does abide."

His poems are

"That flower of mystical yearning song:
Sad as a hermit thrush, as a lark
Uplifted, glad and strong."

He has gone on his own "Golden Journey" —

Through the pale scattered asphodels,
Down mote-hung dusk of olive dells,
To where the ancient basins throw
Fleet threads of blue and trembling zones
Of gold upon the temple stones.
There noon keeps just a twilight trace;
'Twixt love and hate and death and birth,
No man may choose; nor sobs nor mirth
May enter in that haunted place,
All day the fountain sphynx lets drip
Slow drops of silence from her lip.

His ballad "The Ride Back" is of the Old World in color and in form; it has the gorgeous glamour of mediæval legend:—

When he rode past the pallid lake,
The withered yellow stems of flags
Stood breast-high for his horse to break;

Lewd as the palsied lips of hags,
The petals in the moon did shake.

When he came by the mountain wall,
The snow upon the heights looked down
And said, "The sight is pitiful.
The nostrils of his steed are brown
With frozen blood; and he will fall."

The Knight comes out "in a better place:"

Right on the panting charger swung
Through the bright depths of quiet grass;
The knight's lips moved as if they sung,
And through the peace there came to pass
The flattery of lute and tongue.

From the mid-flowering of the mead
There swelled a sob of minstrelsy,
Faint sabbats and the dreamy reed,
And plaintive lips of maids thereby,
And songs blown out like thistle seed.

Forth from her maidens came the bride,
And as his loosened rein fell slack
He muttered, "In their throats they lied
Who said that I should ne'er win back
To kiss her lips before I died."

Mr. Moody has the cosmic imagination, the spiritual vision to which all solid-seeming things become transparent and transitory. The poem "Gloucester Moors" is typical of this attitude. He stays but a moment to mark the flight of sea-gull and scarlet tanager, and the fishing boats coming back to Gloucester town. He is held by the spectacle of the round world sailing through space.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

No poet has ever united so sustained

a vision of vague immensities with so vivid and poignant a sense of concrete things. Take the same poem, where he dashes off a broad landscape in nine lines, and in nine lines paints a minute and delicate foreground:—

A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the gray moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

His quality is opulence, a certain gorgeousness that is never barbaric, owing to his power of classic restraint. His sweetness is crystal, never luscious or impure. He has "ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes" for imagery and vocabulary, — a vocabulary not always quite so pure. He should have shunned such strange words as "bataillous," "vesperine," "energetic," "margent," "blooth," and "windelstrae." His faults are the faults of youth, as his strength is the strength of manhood. There is a passage in the long blank-verse poem "Jetsam" which lifts it to a place beside "Alastor" and the "Lines on Tintern Abbey." (The poet sees the Moon as the symbol of Divine Beauty):
O, who will shield me from her? Who will
place

A veil between me and the fierce in-throng
Of her inexorable benediction?
See, I have loved her well and been with her!
Through tragic twilights when the stricken sea
Groveled with fear; or when she made her
throne
In imminent cities built of gorgeous winds
And paved with lightnings; or when the sober-
ing stars
Would lead her home 'mid wealth of plundered
May

Along the violet slopes of evensong.
Of all the sights that starred the dreamy year,
For me one sight stood peerless and apart:
Bright rivers tacit; low hills prone and dumb;
Forests that hushed their tiniest voice to hear;
Skies for the unutterable advent robed
In purple like the opening iris buds;
And by some lone expectant pool, one tree
Whose gray boughs shivered with excess of
awe,—

As with preluding gush of amber light,
And herald trumpets softly lifted through,
Across the palpitant horizon marge
Crocus-filleted came the singing moon.
Out of her changing lights I wove my youth
A place to dwell in, sweet and spiritual,
And all the bitter years of my exile
My heart has called afar off unto her.
Lo, after many days love finds its own!
The futile adorations, the waste tears,
The hymns that fluttered low in the false dawn,
She has uptreasured as a lover's gifts;
They are the mystic garment that she wears
Against the bridal, and the crocus flowers
She twined her brow with at the going forth;
They are the burden of the song she made
In coming through the quiet fields of space,
And breathe between her passion-parted lips
Calling me out along the flowering road
Which summers through the dimness of the
sea.

In one sense Mr. Moody's genius is not dramatic, not impersonal; he sees all things, all persons, suffused with his own imagination, as in that powerful dramatic poem "The Troubling of the Waters." In this the imagination is superb, the psychology audacious and on the whole overstrained. And yet we get the sharp vibrating human note in this poem and in one other, "The Daguerreotype," in which imagination and emotion are fused. In all the others we listen waiting for the *cri du cœur*, which is drowned by the music of an over-full orchestra.

But the highest place must be given to his lyrical dramas, *The Fire-Bringer* and *The Masque of Judgment*, two of a trilogy of which the last member has not yet appeared. *The Fire-Bringer* is the more classic in form and spirit, the *Masque of Judgment* is neo-classic, with a modern exuberance, a tumultuous splendor of things pagan and spiritual. In both dramas Mr. Moody riots in old religions

and in magnificent new metaphysics of his own. He deals with ideas as the Titans dealt with Ossa and Pelion. He begins, in *The Fire-Bringer*, with the destruction by Zeus of the men of the brazen age, and the re peopling of the world by Deucalion and Pyrrha. It is a world where good and evil, as such, do not exist, where men and women are non-moral, a world that triumphs in the coming of the younger gods, the Trinity — Dionysus, Eros, Apollo (Mr. Moody follows the trend of the idea, rather than of strict tradition). He ends, in *The Masque of Judgment*, with the defeat of human passion and will by the implacable divinity of pure spirit. But the Last Judgment is the Second Passion of God. It is the tragedy of pure spirit that, in destroying evil, it has destroyed good with it. The defeat of "unredeemed" humanity leads on the triumph of the Worm, the

darkest creature of God's shaping thought,
Shamefullest born, in that unsacred hour
When, pining for the pools of ancient sloth,
His soul repenteth Him that he had made
Man, and had put that passion out to use!

It would be impossible within the limits of a single article to give an adequate idea of the great qualities of Mr. Moody's verse. It is at its greatest in these lyrical dramas. He has found, like Mr. Swinburne, his masters in the Greek tragedians. The comparison is obvious, but no poet since Shelley has united such masterly metrical plasticity, such exuberance of sensuous imagery with so vast a sweep of metaphysical imagination. *The Fire-Bringer* naturally suggests comparison with *Prometheus Unbound*; but, where Shelley's imagination soars forever in the colorless and radiant air, Mr. Moody's has a profound fellowship with flesh and blood. His style is stately, a pageantry of phrases, embroidery upon purple. Shelley himself had not a more unerring sense of the grand air imparted to blank verse by well-placed and sonorous geographical names (a secret that Shelley learnt from Milton, and Milton from Euripides). We get such lines as

"Past the walls
Rhipean, and the Arimaspiæ caves,
I sought the far hyperborean day" —

"By Indian Nysa and the Edonian fount
Of Hæmus long I lurked" —

"Wends to the sacred old Uranian field."

But it is in his Choruses that Mr. Moody has achieved his highest triumph. His apparent audacities of rhythm presuppose an intimate acquaintance with the spirit and the structure of Greek verse. Take the Chorus of Young Women from the last Act of *The Fire-Bringer* : —

Ere our mothers gave us birth,
Or in the morning of the earth
The high gods walked with the daughters and
found them fair,
Ere ever the hills were piled or the seas were
spread,
His arm was over our necks, my sisters, his
breath was under our hair!
Their spirits withered and died who then
Found not the thing that his whisper said,
But we are the living, the chosen of life, who
found it and found it again.
Where, walking secret in the flame,
Unbearably the Titan came,
Eros, Eros, yet we knew thee,
Yet we saw and cried unto thee!
Where thy face amid exceeding day more ex-
cellently shone,
There our still hearts laughed upon thee, thou
divine despaired-of one!
Though o'er and o'er our eyes and ears the
heavy hair was wound,
Yet we saw thee, yet we heard thy pinions
beat!
Though our fore-arms hid our faces and our
brows were on the ground,
Yet, O Eros, we declare
That with flutes and timbrels meet,
Whirling garments, drunken feet,
With tears and throes our souls arose and
danced before thee there!

It is clear that Mr. Moody's most honored master is Euripides. He has the Euripidean color and mobility, the Euripidean sweetness, the Euripidean pathos. He has also some of the defects of his master's qualities, — the Euripidean reiteration, effective enough till it becomes a trick, the Euripidean weakness born of

too great facility, the Euripidean over-emphasis:—

"But oh how sweetest and how most burning it is
To drink of the wine of thy lightsome chalices."

It is a pity that there should be any fault in the last Chorus which ends this magnificent drama, and a thousand pities that Mr. Moody should have permitted himself the lapse of such lines as these:—

"She stands
With startled eyes and outstretched hands,
Looking where other suns rise over other lands,
And rends the lonely skies with her prophetic scream."

Here the strength which should have marked the close of so great a drama is striven for by the mechanical device of an increase of two beats in each successive line, culminating in an Alexandrine. At the best an Alexandrine is a dangerous thing; it has dragged many a noble ode to perdition.

But these are details. Mr. Moody is not only a poet but a philosopher; and his philosophy, so far from hanging a weight on his imagination, has given it wings. We can only vaguely guess what form the third drama in his trilogy will take. The puzzle is: given two numbers of a trilogy, to find the third. Possibly there is a hint in two poems, "Good Friday Night," and "Second Coming,"—a hint that the Christ has

"yet more to say that men
Have heard not and must hear;"

and the dramas of birth and of destruction may be followed by the drama of regeneration.

In all this where does the American come in? Mr. Moody suggests, inevitably, comparison with the poets of the Old World rather than with the kindred of his blood. And yet, perhaps, no country but his own could have produced him. America is the continent of unredeemed material immensities. And Mr. Moody is the poet of reaction and revolt; of reaction against the tendencies of his time, of

revolt against the dominion of material immensities.

But he is not only the poet of reaction and revolt; he is the poet of reconciliation and reconstruction. He looks for the day when nature and spirit, divided now and in torment through their separation, shall be one. "How long," he asks,—

How long, old builder Time, wilt bide
Till at thy thrilling word
Life's crimson pride shall have to bride
The spirit's white accord,
Within that gate of good estate
Which thou must build us soon or late,
Hoar workman of the Lord.

For this most spiritual of poets the veil of separation is rent asunder. He knows that spirit does not maintain its purity by mere divorce from Nature; but that Nature herself participates in that divine act of transubstantiation by which the wine and bread of earth are made wine and bread of heaven. It is the same divine thing which is housed in the flesh and shrined in the spirit of man, and the process of the world is the process of its unfolding. This poet's message to his country is that she should set about the rebuilding and cleansing of the earthly temple. He sees her sometimes as the nation where brute force is omnipotent; but he believes in brute force tamed and "chained to labor." It is "the Brute" that "must bring the good time on:"—

"He must make the temples clean for the gods
to come again."

Mr. Robinson is a poet of another world and another spirit. His poems fall into three groups: lyrics,—including ballads and old ballad forms,—character sketches, and psychological dramas, poems dramatic in everything except form. It is, in fact, difficult to name these dramas that cannot be played, these songs that cannot possibly be sung. But the point of view is dramatic, the emotion lyric. In his songs (since songs they must be called) he has reduced simplicity to its last expression. Take this one, "The House on the Hill:"—

They are all gone away,
The house is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray
The winds blow bleak and shrill :
They are all gone away.

Nor is there one to-day
To speak them good or ill :
There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray
Around that sunken sill ?
They are all gone away,

And our poor fancy-play
For them is wasted skill :
There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill :
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say.

Or "Cortège:" —

Four o'clock this afternoon,
Fifteen hundred miles away :
So it goes, the crazy tune,
So it pounds and hums all day.

Four o'clock this afternoon,
Earth will hide them far away :
Best they go to go so soon,
Best for them the grave to-day.

Had she gone but half so soon,
Half the world had passed away,
Four o'clock this afternoon,
Best for them they go to-day.

Four o'clock this afternoon
Love will hide them deep, they say ;
Love that made the grave so soon,
Fifteen hundred miles away.

Four o'clock this afternoon —
Ah, but they go slow to-day :
Slow to suit my crazy tune,
Past the need of all we say.

Best it came to come so soon,
Best for them they go to-day :
Four o'clock this afternoon,
Fifteen hundred miles away.

He has given us characters drawn to
the life in the fourteen lines of a son-
net: —

Withal a meagre man was Aaron Stark, —
Cursed and unkempt, shrewd, shrivelled, and
morose.

A miser was he, with a miser's nose,
And eyes like little dollars in the dark.
His thin, pinched mouth was nothing but a
mark,
And when he spoke there came like sullen
blows
Through scattered fangs a few snarled words
and close,
As if a cur were chary of its bark.

Glad for the murmur of his hard renown,
Year after year he shambled through the
town, —

A loveless exile moving with a staff ;
And oftentimes there crept into his ears
A sound of alien pity, touched with tears, —
And then (and only then) did Aaron laugh.

He tells a story in four stanzas: —
Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him :
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked ;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
" Good-morning," and he glittered when he
walked.

And he was rich, — yes, richer than a king, —
And admirably schooled in every grace :
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the
bread ;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

In some of his shorter poems ("Sainte-
Nitouche," and "As a World would
have It") he has pressed allusiveness and
simplicity to the verge of vagueness. In
his longer psychological dramas — for
they are dramas in all save form — he is
a little too analytically diffuse. In all he
has rendered human thought and human
emotion with a force and delicacy which
proves him a master of this form. For
imaginative insight, subtlety, and emo-
tional volume, "The Night Before" may
stand beside Browning's "A Soul's Trag-
edy" and Meredith's "Modern Love;"

and "The Book of Annandale" will stand alone, though in a lower place, in its burning analysis of the conflict between scruple and desire. Quotation would give no idea of the spirit of this poem. It is woven all of one piece, and its strength lies in its profound human quality rather than in the force of single passages. Mr. Robinson has few purple patches; he works solidly and sombrely, often in gray on gray.

He has the great gift of spiritual imagination, and an unerring skill in disentangling the slender threads of thought and motive and emotion. All these qualities are conspicuous in the long blank-verse poem "Captain Craig," which gives its title to Mr. Robinson's first volume, published in 1903. At a first glance there is little charm about this severely undecorated poem, written in unmusical and often monotonous blank verse, shot with darts of intellectual brilliance, but unrelieved by any sensuous coloring. The charm grows in the reading. "Captain Craig" is a philosophy of life, taught through the humorous lips of a social derelict, a beggared Socrates, disreputable as the world counts reputation. It is a drama of the Unapparent, revealing the divine soul hidden in the starved body of that "sequestered parasite;" a soul that had the courage to be itself, abiding in its dream, facing the world as a superb failure: —

He had lived his life,
And he had shared with all of humankind
Inveterate leave to fashion of himself,
By some resplendent metamorphosis,
Whatever he was not.

He finds, at last, his audience: —

The Captain had one chair;
And on the bottom of it, like a king,
For longer time than I dare chronicle,
Sat with an ancient ease and eulogized
His opportunity. My friends got out,
Like brokers out of Arcady; but I —
Maybe for fascination of the thing,
Or maybe for the larger humor of it —
Stayed listening, unwearied and unstung.

The Captain's religion is a protest against the sin of "accidia." He, ragged,

old, and starved, challenges his friends to have courage and to rejoice in the sun: —

"There is no servitude so fraudulent
As of a sun-shut mind."

He tells a story of a man he once knew; his fellow in failure, who dreamed that he was Æschylus, reborn

To clutch, combine, compensate, and adjust
The plunging and unfathomable chorus
Wherein we catch, like a bacchanale through thunder,

The chanting of the new Eumenides,
Implacable, renaissant, farcical,
Triumphant, and American. He did it,
But he did it in a dream. When he awoke
One phrase of it remained; one verse of it
Went singing through the remnant of his life
Like a bag-pipe through a mad-house. — He died young,

And the more I ponder the small history
That I have gleaned of him by scattered roads,
The more do I rejoice that he died young.
That measure would have chased him all his days,

Defeated him, deposed him, wasted him,
And shrewdly ruined him — though in that ruin

There would have lived, as always it has lived,
In ruin as in failure, the supreme
Fulfillment unexpressed, the rhythm of God
That beats unheard through songs of shattered men

Who dream but cannot sound it. — He declined,
From all that I have ever learned of him,
With absolute good-humor. No complaint,
No groaning at the burden which is light,
No brain-waste of impatience — "Never mind,"
He whispered, "for I might have written Odes."

This poem is now a challenge to the fight of faith in the unseen, now a sequence of austere moralizings, now a blaze of epigrams, and again it drops into the plainest prose. Here and there are concrete touches that paint the man: —

I stood before him and held out my hand,
He took it, pressed it; and I felt again
The sick soft closing on it. He would not
Let go, but lay there, looking up to me
With eyes that had a sheen of water on them
And a faint wet spark within them. So he clung,

Tenaciously, with fingers icy warm,
And eyes too full to keep the sheen unbroken.
I looked at him. The fingers closed hard once,
And then fell down. — I should have left him then.

Captain Craig is portrayed in all the shining paraphernalia of the inner life. His sustained flight of philosophy is broken by scraps of literary reminiscence, scriptural and classic, fragments, as it were, of gold or marble, showing in what quarries his brilliant youth once dug. There is an immense pathos in the closing scene. The Captain, having made so good a fight, desired to be buried with military honors, and requested that trombones should be played at his funeral, as a tribute to the triumph and majesty of the inner life. The day comes, —

A windy, dreary day with a cold white shine
That only gummed the tumbled frozen ruts
We tramped upon. The road was hard and long,

But we had what we knew to comfort us,
And we had the large humor of the thing
To make it advantageous; for men stopped
And eyed us on that road from time to time,
And on that road the children followed us;
And all along that road the Tilbury Band
Blared indiscreetly the Dead March in Saul.

The message of this poet is: Be true to the truth that lies nearest to you; true to God, if you have found him; true to man; true to yourself; true, if you know no better truth, to your primal instincts; but at any cost, be true. "Captain Craig" is one prolonged and glorious wantoning and wallowing in truth.

What Mr. Robinson's work will be in the future it is as yet impossible to say. What he has done speaks for itself. His genius has no sense of action, brutal and direct; but he has it in him to write a great human drama, a drama of the soul from which all action proceeds and to which its results return.

Nobody who comes fresh from *El Dorado* and "The Lesser Children" (a poem published in *The Atlantic Monthly*) can say that Mr. Ridgely Torrence has not achieved, and achieved excellently; but he has not yet found himself and his place in literature. He has as yet put forth little. His first published work, *The House of the Hundred Lights* (his *Rubáiyát*), a slender volume of quatrains written in frank imitation

of Omar Khayyám, has no note of his originality, but displays a certain aptitude in assimilating style. Each verse has the neatness of an epigram: —

Yes, he that wove the skein of Stars
and poured out all the seas that are
Is Wheel and Spinner and the Flax,
and Boat and Steersman and the Star.

What! doubt the Master Workman's hand
because my fleshly ills increase?
No; for there still remains one chance
that I am not His Masterpiece.

Though man or angel judge my life
and read it like an open scroll,
And weigh my heart, I have a judge
more just than any — my own soul.

Mr. Torrence has definitely essayed the poetic drama. His *El Dorado* has much in it besides the mere facile exuberance of youth; there is color and vision and the sweep of action. The characters are nobly planned, and there is one fine tragic figure, Perth, the prisoner released after thirty years in a dungeon. He desires to recapture his lost youth, as the adventurer Coronado desires to capture the Seven Cities of Gold. Over the whole drama there is the golden light and rosy mist of youth; it is the drama of youth and of youth's disillusionment. There is a fine scene where Coronado and his host come within sight of the enchanted cities: —

Perth. The veil seems slowly to withdraw.

Cor. I see it!

A Voice. What?

Cor. (To Perth) Look — far down!

Perth. The mist seems coloured there.

Cor. It glows! It is no mist! Can you not see

The gem which is the mother of all dawn?

Perth. There is some gleam.

Cor. It waits one moment yet
Before it thunders upon our blinded sight!

(To Soldiers) Choose what you will, O you
whose blood has bought it!

Out of all that which waits our famished eyes!
Bright, barren sands of gold, which shall be
fertile!

Jewels that welter like great fallen suns!
The living heat that smoulders in deep rubies,
The endless April of cool emeralds
And chrysoprase within whose heart the sky

Kisses the sea! The sullen mystery
Of opals holding captive sunsets past!
And diamonds fashioned from the frozen souls
Of lilies once alive!

The structure of the verse is sonorous and correct; there is the promise of that gift of phrasing which Mr. Torrence has developed so admirably in "The Lesser Children:"—

"And now, in that far edge, as though a seed
Were sown, there is a hint of budding grey,
A bud not wholly innocent of night
And yet a colour."

"And now
With sleep and all old dreams and visions
dead
Day takes all Heaven's citadels."

"Never the moon nor any drifting star
Brought you so hallowed and white."

El Dorado has the charm of youth; it has also the amiable faults of youth, youth's fluency, youth's feverishness, youth's audacity. The effect of the drama is, on the whole, spectacular rather than orchestral; it leaves an impression of clever grouping, of the vast movements of masses on a splendid background. But the psychology is mainly a thing of general terms. The characters conceal their souls under a wreath of imagery, under phrases that are like flung flowers, till we long for the simple half-articulate utterance of human passion. The ravings of Perth, conceived with absolute truth, are not conveyed in the language of genuine delirium. This falsification through fancy is the snare that Poetic Drama lays for her votaries. Their temptation is to be too "poetic," and it is Mr. Torrence's special danger, for the worst enemy of his imagination is his fancy. It is always lying in wait for him in those weaker moments when imagination fails.

Mr. Torrence was greatly daring when he chose for his next essay the ode. The structure of the ode makes more exhausting demands upon the poet than any other form. It absolutely requires a long and sustained flight of imagination; it is the superior test of metrical plasticity.

Mr. Torrence was daring, too, in choosing for his ode ("The Lesser Children") so slight a subject as the slaughter of the birds. But he has grasped his subject with so superb a sweep of imagination that it becomes great in his hands. His verse beats with the palpitating life of the winged and lyric creatures of the woods and of the air:—

What saw I then, what heard?
Multitudes, multitudes, under the moon they
stirred!

The weaker brothers of our earthly breed;
Watchmen of whom our safety takes no heed;
Swift helpers of the wind that sowed the seed
Before the first field was or any fruit;
Warriors against the bivouac of the weed;
Earth's earliest ploughmen for the tender root,
All came about my head and at my feet
A thousand, thousand sweet,
With starry eyes not even raised to plead;
Bewildered, driven, hiding, fluttering, mute!

And I beheld and saw them one by one
Pass and become as nothing in the night.
Clothed on with red they were who once were
white;

Drooping, who once led armies to the sun,
Of whom the lowly grass now topped the
flight:

In scarlet faint who once were brave in brown;
Climbers and builders of the silent town,
Creeper and burrowers all in crimson dye,
Winged mysteries of song that from the sky
Once dashed long music down.

Who has not seen in the high gulf of light
What, lower, was a bird, but now
Is moored and altered quite
Into an island of unshaded joy?
To whom the mate below upon the bough
Shouts once and brings him from his high
employ.

Yet speeding he forgot not of the cloud
Where he from glory sprang and burned
aloud.

But took a little of the day,
A little of the coloured sky,
And of the joy that would not stay
He wove a song that cannot die.

O little lovers,
If you would still have nests beneath the sun
Gather your broods about you and depart,
Before the stony forward-pressing faces
Into the lands bereft of any sound;
The solemn and compassionate desert places.

There are signs in this poem of the chastening and purging of the poet's imagination by the critical spirit, a spirit that here and there hangs a weight upon the mounting lyric. There are moments when imagination and emotion are not fused at white heat, moments when Mr. Torrence deliberates and is lost, wavers and strives to recover himself by snatching at some straw of a conceit. But the flaws are slight and few. The influence of the critical spirit has worked wholly for good. Mr. Torrence has exchanged his youthful infatuation with the first fair phrase for the unrelenting pursuit of the ideally fit.

Once more, it is hard to say how far these young poets of America are American. The influence of the Old World is felt in the very fibre of their verse; their music is broken by echoes and airs from the music of the Old World's masters. They are standing at the parting of the ways, listening to the voices of the old and new, uncertain of themselves for very youth. Sometimes the spirit of Swinburne breathes in Mr. Moody and the spirit of Browning in Mr. Robinson. Swinburne is a good master for a man who has strong intellectual stuff in him; his influence makes for music. This cannot be said of Browning.

But Mr. Robinson is outliving this influence, if influence it be. In his ballads,

in the lyrics which are the most personal utterance we have yet had from him, his verse flows pure, with no alien strain. His style is putting out the sharp vital shoot, taking on its own sober personal color. Its one fault is a trick (the peril of all style-makers in their crystallizing stage) of repetition, as he fondly practices the new-made sequence, the new-found cadence. He is still waiting for the generative impulse which will break up these sequences and cadences into other combinations, other and more living forms.

Mr. Torrence, having left Omar Khayyám far behind him, is inspired by no spirit but his own, and he is forming, a little too deliberately, a style of his own. With all his reverence for old traditions, he is in his own way an iconoclast, a breaker of revered metrical forms. The old rhythms, made malleable by the touch of many masters, become yet more plastic in his hands. He is happy if he can find a new *cæsura*; he delights in the rippling of the old smooth measure, in feet that patter in delicate triplets to one beat. He loves to wed words according to their spiritual affinities, regardless of custom and of law. There is no doubt that he has before him a brilliant future. He works in the spirit which great art inexorably demands, the spirit of reverence and of sacrificial patience. But because his art is precious, let him beware of preciousness.

THE SOUL OF PARIS

BY VERNER Z. REED

IN looking down upon any great city one is impressed with the truth of Belloc's belief that cities have souls. He comes to realize that each city has an individuality peculiar to itself, — an identity, a spirit, and an attitude of mind belonging to itself alone. This is not only true of cities, it is true of nations; and if we look deeply into the characteristics of any of the nations we know, or of those whose tales are preserved in true histories, we find the soul that dominated the nation. Cities, too, are like men and nations in other ways; they have their periods of ascension, of maturity, and of decay; their seedtimes and their harvests; their youth and their old age.

Of the ancient cities, — for it has an age of almost twenty centuries, — Paris seems to be the phoenix, the one city that has the power of rising young and virile from its own dead ashes. It is not sunken in sleep, as Florence; it is not dying, as Venice; it has not fallen into playing with masks in which itself does not believe, as Rome; it is not suffering from arrested spiritual and mental development, as London; it has not resigned itself to the stupor of sensuality, as Tunis, but it has kept pace with the march of the centuries, it has itself often led the march, and it stands to-day, despite its hoary age and its ancient traditions, as the most modern city in the modern world, as the newest city in the new century. And its thought is new and modern, and its philosophy — drawn from the old — becomes new again in modern applications. It scans well the pages of history, so that, knowing the pitfalls that have been, it can avoid those to be. It scans well the future, and moves forward with great caution, — but it always moves.

Nevertheless, it is not the past nor the

future that Paris loves best. It knows that the past has gone, and that the future is not yet; and without grieving for the one or fearing the advent of the other, it enjoys to the full the priceless Now. It enjoys it tranquilly, sanely, and soberly, and in many ways. To develop in all ways is to be able to enjoy all things; so love, money, art, science, philosophy, literature, nature, beauty, and work are all revered by this wise city, which believes that each in its proper place is good.

Paris itself, as a whole, as an entity, has an indescribable fascination for its own people and for travelers as well. Whole libraries have been written of it, but the story of Paris has never been told, because no one knows or has known its story. Whatever one seeks in the world, Paris contains. Whatever men have done in the world, the effect, or expression, is in Paris. And so in attempting to view this wonder among cities it will be found to reward being studied in its inner nature, as well as from the bird's-eye view of the lover of panoramas, — and that, too, will repay the effort it costs.

If one stands upon any of the heights about Paris and gazes down upon it, he sees one of the most fascinating pictures that are spread upon the face of the earth, — a great city stretching away in orderly proportions almost to the limit of vision, marked here and there by the great architectural monuments the ages have bequeathed to it, and lying busy and alert under the light mists that its multitudinous lives cause ever to hang over it, humming with its noises of toiling or playing millions, — as instinct with life as though it itself were human, as beautiful itself as any of the countless treasures of art it contains. The view of Paris is

unique among the views in the world, as it itself is unique among the cities of the world. Why need we pore over the archæologists' tales of the dead cities of Asia Minor, of Egypt, or of Mauritania? Great Babylon or storied Thebes was never so great as Paris is. Herculaneum would not have made an *arrondissement* in Paris, and Pompeii and Timgad united would not have made it a suburb. It is worth while to study Paris both from within and from without, in its body and in its soul. We may find that all the giants did not live in the older days, and that the ancients did not know all the wonders of the world.

Victor Hugo liked to gaze upon Paris from the towers of old Notre Dame, and to send his imagination back to the time when it was a Gothic city, inclosed within walls, and forming what he believed to be "a homogeneous city, — an architectural and historical production of the Middle Ages, — a chronicle in stone." He grieved for Gothic Paris and offered us picturesque but squalid Vitré as a consolation. But we require no consolation, for the world and humanity outgrew the Middle Ages, and why should Paris have been expected to lag behind? Belloc loves Paris best as seen from the historic Hill of Valerian; and it seems to have been the Parises of St. Genevieve and of St. Louis that he deemed the best; but the destroying ages that demolished the Paris of the saints have builded a better Paris, and one more deserving of love.

Paris is well seen from the Eiffel Tower, — not the least of the advantages being that then one does not need to see the unlovely tower itself. From St. Cloud one sees the city over its great wood, — its magnificent garden built for pleasure-seekers and which seems to border a pleasure city. But from St. Germain-en-Laye the farther view is more in keeping with the real soul of the great city, — the soul that began to unfold two thousand years ago, and is still unfolding. One sees the city across the green valley of the winding Seine as he sees its history across

the dim outlines of twenty vanished centuries. The view is bounded by heights on either side; it extends, crossing and recrossing the tortuous river, on over tree-embowered villages, past old Valerian, — and there, shimmering on the horizon like a mirage, crowned with its dome-crested hill of Montmartre, shines Paris, — a great white city, a great white vision floating in the translucent atmosphere. From this point one does not see all of the city; indeed only a small part of it is within view; but one sees enough. The picture that lies before one is softened by the distance until it seems perfect; and the same distance hides all the city's crudenesses and imperfections as the centuries that have gone hide the cruelties of its history. The harsher shades are all toned down, and one seems to be looking upon a city that is perfect, that is finished. And that great indistinct picture is Paris, — Paris the ancient, Paris the new, Paris the superstitious, Paris the free-minded, Paris the player, Paris the toiler, Paris the philosopher, Paris the mad, Paris the saint, Paris the beast! For Paris has been — and is — all of these things, and more.

As one approaches this "great human sea" he comes upon busy suburbs, dominated by tall chimneys belching forth forever the smoke that is emitted by busy factories, and which emblemize the busy iron age that Paris, with the rest of the world, has entered upon. And beyond the factories, rising like a beacon, the new and unlovely basilica lifts its high head, as though to proclaim that the spirit of the Middle Ages also lives and remains a part of the great city's life. And, as the approach becomes nearer, one may look upon the Louvre, treasury of the best and most beautiful work that the hands of men have wrought since the beginning of history; he may see the outlines of the great colleges from which, since the time of ill-starred Abélard, the essence of human thought has gone forth to leaven the minds of men. And as one passes through the city he may gaze upon crumbling old Notre Dame, mother of

French Gothic churches, and one of the most imposing and beautiful structures that men have reared since the chisels fell from the hands of the old Greek builders. One may go on, and look upon the beautiful and the unsightly churches as well; upon the Tower of St. Jacques whose beauty has outlasted generations and dynasties; upon the great galleries and museums; upon the few remains of the old civilizations and old architectures, at the great schools and laboratories, the stately homes of the government, the splendid system of boulevards and avenues and parks that have served to bring the country into the city and to make of Paris the airiest and roomiest city in the world, then at the statues and sculptures which are the stone poems bequeathed to the city by the passing ages, at the monuments which have been raised to do honor to the city's great sons, — and yet one has not seen Paris. He has seen but its framework, the outlines of its great monuments of history and of accomplishment, the shells of its great institutions, — but a part of the body that holds its great soul. For Paris, above all cities, has a soul. It, above all cities, is an entity, and individual. It is a city, but it is more than a city: it is a true microcosm. It is essentially French, but it is more than French. It is the great World City, more cosmopolitan than ever was Rome, great in more diversified ways than any city has ever been, and more beautiful than any other city that men have yet reared upon the earth, — for the Lost City of Is, its only rival in beauty, is but a myth. It is Paris the unique, Paris the intellectual capital of the Western world, Paris the greatest city in existence.

But that last statement will be challenged, for the pride of more than one great metropolis is concerned. Let us examine slightly a few other cities. London is very great, ponderous in its mighty bulk, mighty with its millions of humans and of gold pieces, the capital and metropolis of the English people. But after all, it is but an English city; it is English

in its every feature, and English in its soul. It is bound by the same inflexible laws of caste that are choking the people whose capital it is; it is fettered by the same iron traditions that at first upbuilt and are now smothering its nation; and above all it is forbidding, and gloomy, and unlovely, and its treasures of architecture and its lovely places are not enough in number to offset the sombreness of its dreary miles upon miles of dreary red brick houses inhabited by dreary people who live out their dreary lives under its leaden and dreary skies. Yet under its grim exterior it hides a genial nature, and to those who know the way to its heart it is a city to love. But all the time, if one will enjoy London, he must close his eyes to the human misery that hedges him about in almost every quarter, to the human wrecks that litter its streets, and to the great gloomy districts — populous cities in themselves — where only poverty and vice and ignorance and misery have their abodes.

New York is a great city, a very great city indeed, standing as it does as the flower of a new civilization, the work of a new race. It has an undaunted soul, strong arms, great riches in its coffers, and high aspirations for its future. But the new race that builded it had, in times that are yet recent, to hew down the forests, and blaze new trails in trackless lands, and conquer wildernesses, and reclaim deserts, and establish new institutions, and light new beacon fires to guide the steps of men. New York and the nation of which it is the metropolis have been too busy, and are too young, to have equaled ancient Paris in the race for superiority. And it was not long ago that it could also have been said that America was too poor to enter the competition. It is now a nation grown rich, a nation rejoicing in its newly achieved wealth and power. But the memory of its days of poverty still abides with it, and the utilitarianism born of that poverty — of those old prime needs for houses to live in and food to eat — is still visible in its body

and in its soul. As the metropolis of a great new nation — a nation so great that it does not know its own strength, so rich that the tale of its wealth is like an Eastern fairy tale — New York may in time also become a great World City. If it does there will be two, for eternal Paris will continue. But even now New York, in being the greatest city of the Americans, has achieved enough glory for a city whose site was the camping-ground of savages when Paris was hoary with age.

Berlin is a great German city, but it is nothing more. It is the tongue and the hand of Germany, — hardly its brain and heart, — but its influence is not great beyond the German Empire. It is in all things German, and a little provincial in being only North German, — staid, rather stolid, not so beautiful as it is substantial, not so cultured as it is rich, still bound by tradition, dreaming of war, and knowing more of science than of art, more of utility than of beauty. It is ambitious, very well content with itself, and progressive after its own fashion. Vienna is typically Austrian, which is to say South German. It does not even typify the various races whose capital it is. It is the fit seat of a feudal empire that has endured after the close of the epoch to which it belonged. It is held in lines of caste, which are gilded by gentility and culture, but which are none the less potent to limit its progress and stifle its advancement. It enjoys itself in pleasing manners of gayety that have come down from an older age; it is finished, accomplished, refined, — and it is decaying and giving way in the world, according to the inevitable law, to more progressive rivals. It has not the adaptability nor the philosophy of Paris; it continues more Catholic than Rome, more conservative than Brittany, more feudal than remotest Silesia. It does not change as the world and the times change, and its chief interest is that it remains as a living embodiment of a civilization that in other lands has died. It is a greater

sister to Toledo and Venice, but it is in no sense a great World City. And so, after viewing the cities, it might be said that he who does not dwell in Paris is a village dweller.

It is Paris alone of the ancient cities that has kept step with the march of the ages. It retains some of the walls and towers of the ancient architectures that existed coeval with its ancient systems, yet it has gone from their epochs as it has gone from the systems they contained. And the monuments that stand from the older ages serve as reminders to the great city of the glories it has achieved, of the evils it has endured and conquered, of the sins it has done, and of the penances it has done for its sins. For Paris has sinned mightily, and it has done mighty penance. It might be likened to a great man, marvelous in ability, incredible in strength both of sinew and spirit, who is yet erratic and sometimes uncontrolled, who inherits from the past not only the polish of all education and refinement, but also old savage strains of barbarity that sometimes rise above his erudition and philosophy and cause him to return to the savagery in which his race was born. Paris has risen like a demon; it has reveled in blood like a fiend; it has gyrated in madness like a maniac. And yet even in its madresses and its excesses it has been ever dominated by the great soul that sits enthroned within it, and that has always been potent to extract good from the evils it has done. It has risen in blind rage, but when it has done so an evil throne has been overturned or an iniquitous system has been removed from among the shackles that bind humanity. Upon the ashes of its evils it has always builded new structures of good. Except the invention of printing and the discovery of America, the French Revolution has been the most potent event for human advancement of which history tells; and its madresses and its mighty beneficent after-results are typical of the fierceness and the wisdom of Paris.

Certain esoteric schools believe that

the destiny and progress of the world is guided by certain good and wise beings called Mahatmas, who, from silent places of peace, send forth the thoughts and inspirations that cause humanity's progress. If one might draw a comparison from this belief, he might say that below the great Soul of Paris there exists and functions a band of lesser spirits who guide and direct the individual things that the great city stands for, — as progress, freedom, science, art, and literature. And in order to come closer to the soul that guides all, it may be well to observe what these lesser divinities of the city are accomplishing. The Spirit of Architecture in Paris, in times past, wrote as beautiful messages in stone as have been given to humanity since the decadence of Greece. It builded in the forms of Rome as well as did Rome itself. It inspired the Crusaders to carry the pointed arch of the Arabs home from the wars, and from that arch it created an architecture in which could be expressed all the passions of the human soul. It joined with Italy and produced the Renaissance. And then it slept. And it sleeps to-day, and in its seat sits a false Spirit of Architecture, that is cold, and hollow, and untrue, and arrogant, and pitiful, and wholly unlovely. The Eiffel Tower is one of its fruits, — a thing of strength and might, but with no softness in its soul, no grace in its spirit, and no beauty on its face. The Grand Palace is another of its fruits, — and is a fit emblem of brazen self-assertion, of mock gentility, and of the flaunting of vulgar riches in the abashed face of Taste; it is worse than the Trocadero only in that it lays claim to being better. The new Hôtel de Ville of Tours emanated from the false spirit that has usurped this throne in Paris, — and it, like the cold and soulless basilica of Montmartre, is so hideous as to be sinful. Archæologists have grieved because they could find no traces of the private homes of Egypt. If they were as unlovely as the new villas that are springing up, like excrescences, in the suburbs of Paris, fate was kind to

hide all trace and memory of them. All this makes one incline to Hugo's belief that books have killed architecture, as they are cheaper and easier mediums through which souls can express their passions. But in times past the Spirit of Architecture in Paris has slumbered through generations only to awaken refreshed and go forward to the accomplishment of truer and more beautiful things; and in time it may cast off the false forms that are created in its name and again build in truth and beauty. For a really rich mankind needs both books and architecture.

To make again the esoteric comparison, one might say that the Spirit of Painting is drunk. It is sending forth myriads of ill-formed things that can be the product only of a jaundiced eye and a hand unsteady from debauchery. And like any drunken thing, it takes itself most seriously. It produces weak things in discordant colors, paltry things without beauty of soul, trivial things without meaning or value, and then it blames the age because its work is not hailed as the emanation and product of genius. Painting in Paris has become puerile, and almost imbecile. But this now drunken Spirit of Painting was very sober and very sane through generations, and even in not olden times it inspired the eyes and hands of Greuze, and then of Millet and Diaz and Rousseau and Corot. It nodded and dozed before Puvis de Chavannes had learned all the message it tried to speak to him in sobriety; it was able to deliver its message almost intact to Lhermitte, — and then it maundered off into the drunken jargon that has been accepted as the code and the creed of almost all of those who came after.

And so with all who sit in the thrones of the artistic section of this brotherhood; all slumber, or are mad, or have sunk into dotage, or are drunken. A very little good sculpture is done, — more literary, if such an expression may be used, than artistic; and wholly impotent to stand against the armies of mediocre things that

rise up, like dragon's teeth, to contend the ground with it. The lustres and harmonies that once dwelt there have escaped from the tapestries that are now woven; the geometrical lines of the great iron tower have also invaded the potter's wheel; Boule is almost a forgotten name, and is wholly a forgotten influence; and since Hugo and Renan — and with the exception of Maeterlinck — the Spirit of Letters has for the most of the time sulked in its tent. But such vagaries and lapses have occurred before, yet have always been followed by periods of renewed excellence. And there are earnest things still at work in Paris, — earnest and potent members of its Inner Brotherhood who are still striving and bringing forth. The Spirit of Science sleeps not nor rests. It works with patience, and it produces progress and aids evolution. All the sciences are progressive in Paris, from the humanitarian science of the physicians to the sciences that penetrate the heavens and the molecules. Philosophy — also awake and alert — guides the hand of Science, and gives it counsels, so it offers to the world only what it can demonstrate and prove. And the spirits of the more homely and more necessary arts of Government, Commerce, Finance, and Industry, — and it must still be added, War, — are alert, keen, progressive, and successful.

And over all of these things there reigns that mystic, intangible Soul of Paris, that soul that permeates the great city and its people and its nation, that soul which has expressed itself in the people's history, literature, art, science, and progress. And if we are able to approach closely to this soul, and to discern what is the inmost thing that dominates it and for which it stands, I believe we shall find that thing to be defined in the words Human Advancement, — the betterment of the condition of mankind. It was Paris that first killed the dragon of feudalism; it was Paris that overturned the despotic and cruel throne that had reared itself upon the quivering hearts of the masses;

it was Paris that first dared to claim for humanity the rights of free thought and free speech, — and Paris was the teacher of Paine and Franklin and Jefferson. And it is from this Soul of Paris that to-day are going forth the words that direct a battle against older servitudes of humanity, — that battle being waged to enforce the edict of "Thou shalt not bind the fetters of dogma and forced belief upon infancy and youth!" Not only is freedom promised and given to men and women, to classes and divisions of society, but it is being claimed for defenseless children, and for generations yet unborn. This Soul of Paris cares not what men believe, and it denies them no freedom of belief or of right action; but it does deny the right of men to deprive the new generations of freedom of belief by arbitrarily fixing their own in the minds of others before maturity. The Soul of Paris has spoken on this matter; and who will predict that its edict will not be obeyed? It may not always be wise in the weapons it chooses for its warfare, or fortunate in the instruments selected to perform its work; but its work will be done, and — to borrow the motto of its antagonist — "The end will justify the means." And in France — the first of the Western nations — it will not be long until men may really and actually search for, and live in accordance with, beliefs that will truthfully harmonize with the dictates of their own consciences, — and not meet with ostracism therefor.

It is from this mythical and yet existent Soul of Paris that much of the progress known in the Western world has emanated. And as we study the mandates it has given forth, and as we analyze the effects that have followed its teachings, we find them to be good, and to stand always for the betterment of the condition of the human race, for the advancement and enlightenment of human society, for the progress of human institutions toward good, and, above all, for the evolution of the individual. And if there may be said to be a text to the inner and most

sacred creed of this Soul of Paris, if there may be said to be one right which above all others it esteems as being founded upon an eternal verity, and which it considers to be its chiefest mission to promulgate and enforce, I think that it would not read, "Be content with the station and the class in which fate has placed you," nor "All men are born free and equal," but that it would be the definition of the goal of all true progress and the aim of all true civilization, and that it would read, "Equality of opportunity shall be free to all." And in this, its inmost word, not yet fully enunciated, it is speaking anew the thought differently spoken but with the same meaning by Plato, by Napoleon, by the founders of the American Republic, — and by philosophy and science.

Will you analyze this promise that the future is uttering through the Soul of Paris? I do not think that its realization would have the definition of anarchy, or of any form of socialism now advocated, but that it is the definition and description of the chiefest birthright of all men. If it is ever realized it will harmonize with the law of the Survival of the Fittest, — and it will not burden the capable with the weak.

And so one turns from his contemplation of the dominating Soul of this great World City with a renewed conviction that humanity is advancing, with a renewed confidence in the saneness of the purpose of things, — with a renewed belief that God's world was made for the world's people and for all of its people.

IN A SANDY GARDEN

BY ARTHUR COLTON

A WHITE squall broke from the eastward, and ripped loose the canvas that had been dropped but not secured. The air was full of spray and slanting rain. The little yacht, no larger than a catboat, drove helplessly on the breakers.

When the firmament comes down with a shout, and the sea rises to meet it, and the sands are hidden by the breakers, on which one's boat drives helplessly, the world looks somewhat less indifferently predestined. It occurred to the solitary navigator that, while life might be a heavy and an unintelligible thing, he did not wish to let it go.

He tied a towline around his waist, plunged into the surf and undertow, came at last to the sands, then shook the water from his eyes, and laughed. The little yacht filled and foundered behind him. It took some hours of labor to work her into the foam beyond the crash of the surf. He keeled, emptied, and heaved her,

on rollers of driftwood and spar, above the tide line.

Past noon, and seaward toward Nantucket the low clouds were driving level, but the sun was now hot overhead. He spread wet properties to dry among the sand dunes, which lay in low menacing line, like forts for defense of the inland country from the sea. The flat yellow beach ran east and west, curbing away from sight. The dunes ran parallel to the beach, and, parallel to the dunes, a forest of evergreens and stunted pines hid behind it whatever habitations there might be on the seaboard. He climbed from dune to dune, looking for signs of them, and came upon a path. It led through scant growths in warm hollows, and he followed it to the wood's edge. There began a straight gravel and sand walk laid neatly with bordering stones. It shimmered and led away into the green gloom. With the glare of the sunlight on the sands, the

woods for some time were in deep twilight to his eyes; but even if the walk had not been visible by its whiteness against the bed of needles, he could still have followed it by the bordering stones and by the feeling of the gravel under his feet. It was wide and straight, such as might be in a tended garden of clipped boxwood borders and trim beds, rather than astray in a forest of wind-stunted pines.

"It looks like a path with intentions," he thought. "I don't mind following one that leads somewhere; this one looks as if it led somewhere. An irresponsible squall blew me at it with some accuracy. That looks like a gate ahead."

Was his, after all, he thought, perhaps only the common experience of a man when his first youth is over? One comes upon a place of negations. Friends have fallen away each to his separate plodding path. The zest of the morning is gone; the eager questions are weary of their no answers; there is little honor that is unstained in the market-place. *Cui bono?* he asks, — grows restless of his restless ways. He goes seeking companionship of sand and sea and firmament, trying to shake off the memory of men furious in the market-place, of women whose delight was in their empty hours, of all his own days behind him half furious and half empty. Sand and sea and firmament there are around, but of life, that unintelligible thing, they offer no interpretation. "What shapest thou in the world?" they seem to say. "It was shaped long ago, huge, indifferent, and predestined." It seems an omen to consider, however idly, if one is storm-driven, and in a wild wind-stunted forest comes on an ordered walk, so laid that one can follow it even with eyes closed, and leading to a visible gate with brick pillars.

He drew nearer the pillared gateway. At that moment he heard a voice calling distantly in the woods aside. He stopped and listened.

"Stephen!" it called.

He turned toward it into the woods, and listened again.

"Stephen!"

The evergreen trunks grew thickly with low branches, and the ground was carpeted deep with their needles. He went on, thinking, "There's another perturbed spirit abroad. It's not calling me."

A young girl sat on the needles under a low pine, where thin threads of sunlight came through. Her face was turned toward him, and her eyes were closed.

"Why, you are not Stephen!" she said.

"I'm just as much at your service."

She hesitated.

"Do you see the gate?"

"I saw one a moment ago."

"Please take my hand."

She stood up; her eyes remained closed; she smiled brightly and explained, —

"You see, I am blind."

They went slowly through the thick woods toward the path.

"Sometimes when I leave the path I forget where it is, and have to wait till they miss me. They've been a long time missing me to-day." She laughed, and added, "Perhaps it wasn't so long, but it seemed so. Once it blew and rained on the trees, then I wondered why they did n't come. How long ago was it when it rained?"

"I've been in the surf and my watch has stopped. It must have been some hours," he said; and thought, "Four or five at least," and wondered.

She spoke again. "You have had trouble, have n't you?"

"My boat went ashore in the squall."

"But you liked that!" she cried. "I don't mean that. It must have been before. There is something in your voice that remembers, but it does n't remember being frightened. It remembers being sad."

They came to the gravel walk while he spoke of the sudden squall that had overcome his careless seamanship, and of the plunge through the surf that had saved the boat.

"I'm so glad you came!" she cried, stopping and stretching out her other hand. "Are n't you glad?"

As to such quaint trustfulness of motion and question, he thought them explained by her misfortune and the experiences that go with it. When chance is cruel, one's fellow men turn kind. But it seemed as well to make haste to give himself an identity.

"My name is Philip Arbiter. I'm a harmless person of no consequence," he said, "whom you don't know."

"Oh, but I think I do!" she said. Then with hesitation, "I think so."

Here they came to the brick gateway. Within was a garden with sandy paths, boxwood borders, neat beds of geraniums, and lilac bushes along the walks. It was full of the scent of lilacs. A large house of warm red brick stood beyond it, and on the porch was an old man with the sunlight on his head, which had fallen forward as he sat sunken in his armchair.

"Do you see any one?" she asked.

"There is some one who seems asleep in a chair on the porch."

"That is my grandfather. Stephen is the gardener and coachman, and all the rest that he can be," she explained. "He must have gone to the village, and Annette has forgotten. She is Stephen's wife, and they take care of us. Grandfather is General Cope, and I'm Lydia Cope. He is very old and not well. We two are all that belong to each other now. We'll let him sleep, poor grandfather, won't we, if you don't mind waiting? Do you, now you know about us? He is so old, he sleeps a great deal."

She led the way accurately to a bench overhung by the wall lilacs, and he sat on the sandy gravel in the sun, and looked at her face, which was healthy with open air, sea wind, and pine woods. Her forehead was low and wide, her hair a quiet brown; her mouth was thin-lipped and delicate, now smiling and now changing swiftly its expression, as if, the eyes being darkened, those shadows of mood and thought that glimmer and flash and sleep in the eyes of the seeing had fled thither with their tremulous confessions and reserves. She seemed eager to talk and listen, happy

with relief from solitude and fear, and with the excitement of a visitor brought by the wind and sea.

"Oh, I knew by your voice that you would be kind, just as I knew you had been sad, and were not Stephen. Stephen's voice is soft but not true, because he is a servant and can't be cross when he wants to, perhaps, poor Stephen! He steps as if some one were watching him, and you step as if you did n't care if there were. One can't tell how Annette steps, because she starches her skirts so noisily. Just after the storm something came toward me in the woods stepping like Stephen, and I called, but it went away. So it could n't have been Stephen. It could n't have been any person. It must have been a dog from the village. You see I have to know things by listening."

Two sounds would seem to be forever abroad in the sandy garden, — where the flowers only grew on the lilac bushes and in the watered and fertilized beds, — two sounds, the beat of the sea on the resonant shore, like the sound of a low drum or the groaning of stringed instruments, and the wind continually in the pines.

The old general still sat motionless with head hung forward. Arbiter looked at him narrowly.

General Cope's had been a familiar name to him in years past. Arbiter tried to remember in what battles of the Civil War the name had appeared, and recalled them dimly. He remembered better some fifteen years back, when he was a boy in his father's house, seeing there one Captain Morris Cope, with his daughter, a little wisp of a child in a black frock. This was just before Captain Cope went to his regiment in the West, and was killed among the mountains. He seemed to remember, too, hearing later that the child had become blind, and that no one else was left of the general's family; but even these things he remembered somewhat dimly.

So that was old General Cope. He seemed very motionless and pale in the glare of the sunlight, some hundreds of

yards away across the geraniums and box-wood. And this was Morris's daughter Lydia, who was saying, —

— "To listen and listen. When you listen so long in the dark, you hear sounds inside of sounds. There are the sea, and the wind in the pines. Sometimes I think that the sea is the sound of all the people in the world complaining, and I pick out the different voices; and then I think the wind is the voices of messengers saying it will be better by and by, and I wonder how it is that the sea is never comforted and the wind never discouraged. Tell me, — your voice sounds as if you remembered — remembered something, — did I hear it once when I could see you? Do you remember?"

"I remember Captain Cope and his little daughter. They came to my father's house, and she rode my big dog in Washington Square. Then they went away. I never saw them but once. You are that little Lydia?"

She drew a breath of relief.

"Yes. Then I was right. But I was wrong about Stephen."

She seemed to puzzle over the last, and fell silent.

"So we are old friends," he said.

"Are n't you glad?"

"Yes. Partly because when we were friends before, it was a time when I was glad of a variety of things, and sure of them."

"I remember your voice, somehow, better than the name. Was I very little?"

"Rather, to remember it at all now."

"It was pleasanter then, and one remembers all one can, when there is n't so much since."

"Pleasanter! Yes, it was pleasanter then;" he went on after some silence, "because now it seems to me that every one is blind in a way, and walks with the feet of the blind, and has only the instincts of the blind to guide him. Sometimes he discovers this, and finds himself all astray in very bewildering woods. He hears mysterious steps that come near and go away without helping him. I think it was

I who was lost in the woods to-day. You discovered that I was foolish enough to be depressed, did n't you? Perhaps, after all, you were leading me when I seemed to be leading you. Would you be glad if that were so?"

"Yes."

"Would you? Why?"

"I don't know. It is n't living to have everything done for you. Does n't to live mean doing things?"

"Doing things! That's what I've been about this long time, doing business, doing pastime, doing everything. I did n't find it so. But where would you lead me, if you undertook it? To listen to old Nature's voices, to feel one's self answering in the same language, to brood and dream, to build a world within and people it with shadows? Is that to live?"

"No."

"What is it, then?"

"I don't know."

"Perhaps General Cope could tell us. He 'had his world as in his time.' In his time men heard oracles and acted too. We're busy enough now, but we don't generally notice it's for nothing in particular. Some people say, 'Turn in on yourself and you'll find what you look for;' and other people say, 'Go out of yourself, and keep busy, and you'll find it.' But if neither is true what shall we do?"

"I don't know."

"Why, we've come by as different roads as possible. We've explored them to the limit, and we are reporting that neither of them is living at all. What do we want?"

"I don't know."

He glanced up, noticing the break in her voice. She seemed to droop, as if under too heavy a weight, and stretched out her hand. The unconscious appeal of the habitual motion moved him to compunction for his half idle talk, the chance overflow of his melancholy, which melancholy was perhaps after all but a passing phase of his period of life, the normal phenomenon of a transition stage. If life was un-

fair to us, we might be fair to each other. The situation was unfair.

In the silence following he turned back again to look at the old general, who seemed to sleep in an odd posture, so sunken, his white head hung forward. Arbiter got to his feet suddenly. A suspicion and a conviction came over him, with two distinct shocks.

"I'm hungry enough for casual piracy," he said. "Are you?"

"We'll find Annette. Oh, feel where the sun is! It must be past noon!"

"Let me do it. Will you wait here?"

"Yes."

He walked quickly up the sandy path to the porch, and there bent over, looked into the fine bowed-down face, lifted the large hand white and bony, and laid it down. He looked about him, and listened, and heard only the vague sounds of the surf, and the wind that blew sea scents into the lilac-scented garden. He saw only the sandy paths, the boxwood and geraniums, and Lydia sitting with closed eyes and folded hands under the hedge of purple lilacs. The general had died in his sleep, it would seem, by the peace on his face, and that many hours since, — some time during the morning. The body was quite cold.

He closed the general's eyelids, and stood looking back and forth between him and Lydia.

"I don't know about this soft-footed Stephen and starched Annette," he thought. He went into the house softly. In the hall was an old standing clock. A stair with carved banisters mounted from the hall. He went on from empty room to empty room of the large quiet house. Parlor, dining-room, and library were immaculate and ordered. The sunlight sifted through their stiff white curtains, hanging motionless, for the windows were closed. A driveway in the shadow of the farther side of the house was still wet with the late rain. The bedrooms were bright and fresh, with open windows. The third floor seemed to have been occupied by Stephen and Annette.

In all the bedrooms were signs of hasty ransacking. Something had been hurriedly searched for. On the driveway were marks of hoof and wheel made since the rain. In the library was a small steel safe. Arbiter pulled on the combination knob. The door came smoothly open, and the drawers were empty.

"Careless of Stephen," he thought, and went exploring in the kitchen. "I wonder if he got enough to pay for expatriation. Annette seems to have been an irreproachable housekeeper."

He pictured them to himself, the prim respectful couple; he fancied this secretive Stephen coming on the porch, respectfully observing the old soldier sleeping his last placid sleep, and being struck with the advantage of the circumstances. He withdraws respectfully, the discreet Stephen, consults with Annette, who comes out and observes for herself, respectfully but starchily. Into the woods by the stone-bordered walk then goes Stephen, soft-footed; sees Lydia forlorn under her dripping pine. "Stephen!" she calls. Tiptoes out again Stephen, and finds Annette busy. Away with them then, whither is no particular matter. To the devil in course of time. *Bon voyage* then, Stephen and Annette! A low-lived world, toward which one had to be blind in order to be innocent, or some hard-fighting soldier in order to die honorably, with the sunlight on a white head. At least something of this kind appeared to have been the case with Stephen and Annette.

Arbiter came out again on the porch, carrying a pitcher and glasses. The sun hung southwestward over the woods. Their shadow fell over the lilac hedge and brick gate, over the geranium beds, and nearly to the steps of the porch. Yellow butterflies fluttered over the geraniums. Lydia sat with her hands folded on her knees, quiet like the lilac blossoms that hung above her head. There were more things hanging over her head than seemed right. When they fell, they would knock the foundations from under her

life, and bring it down with a crash, unless one built something under it first to take the place.

"I suppose that's my business," he thought. Seeing that the squall had blown him at the wood walk with such accuracy, likely it was some gray fate, or the spirits of Lydia's dead friends looking after her still, watching her as they had done in their lives, — Captain Cope, for instance, or the dead general, who in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, had become a restless spirit blown around the pendent, huge, predestined, indifferent world, and so become able to use personal influence with an irresponsible squall blowing over Nantucket; who was quiet and peaceful enough now in the flesh, but in the spirit must be anxious as to what was going to be done about it. What was going to be done about it?

He set the pitcher softly on the gravel, sat down on the steps, and stared down the path which ran undeviating out of the brick gate, and through the woods, to where in due distance it would cease among the sand dunes, where his scattered properties must be well dried by this time, where the little yacht lay side over on the beach, and the sea beat its summoning drum, and seaward the little waves danced on the long swells, and the islands were far away, hazy, and anchored in the rocking sea. There the steamers went by from city to city.

Love, one supposed, might be a plant that would grow if one tended it, like geraniums, watered, and set about with boxwood borders; if one put pine woods between it and reckless sea winds, and insisted on its growing. She was very sweet and gentle, saintly perhaps as people sometimes become who are set apart by misfortune, very full of mysterious instincts, undiscoverable things. One must build around her, first, or else the sea would break over the geranium beds, instead of being but a melancholy sound, an endless and inconclusive debate.

One must choose. Choices were brief, and endless too, like the ridges of water-

sheds, where fallen rains are split, and go splashing away to different eternities. Why, perhaps, not so different. They might all come to one in the end. But they travel different countries the meanwhile. One could n't debate this thing long now. One must put up that bulwark without delay.

"I take it there's only one kind that would do the work," he thought.

He took up the pitcher and went down the sandy path, and came to the lilacs.

"Your Stephen and Annette seem to have gone out, both of them; but I found the pantry and took liberties with it, — one pitcher of milk, some remarkable biscuits, four apples, — very nice liberties. The general — looks as if his dreams were pleasant."

By the sudden change in her face he saw that he had not allowed well for that sensitive ear, to which all voices and sounds were composite and revealing.

"What is it?" she asked quickly. "What has happened?"

"Why, this has happened to me. It comes in the shape of a question. Do you think, if happiness does n't lie either within us or without us, it might lie between us? There are people who say love is a great medicine between men and women, a kind of traveler's *vade mecum* for a journey in the world. They say, too, it's a plant that grows to a wonder, if one tends to it, morning and noon and night. If I lend you my eyes for the rest of time, will you lend me yours? They see where mine don't. If I promise to tend the plant morning and noon and night, will you promise to help? We won't be alone then. We'll have each other whatever happens."

"What do you — But I'm blind! I shall always be blind!"

"If you were n't, you would n't need me. Or would you? Your need is my salvation. That's a cryptic saying. I'll explain by and by. Oh well, by and by will look after itself, I dare say. Just now there's milk in our pitcher and bread in our hands. Are you glad I came?"

"Yes."

"Why, so am I. This road looks as if it led somewhere."

He watched her lips, wondering what undiscovered things were veiled by the single word she had spoken quietly, what

secret altars lay behind the veil, with choirs and smoking censers, a whole religion with its own peculiar faith and ritual.

"You are like one of the Beatitudes, Lydia. Do you know, it's half past four by the clock in the hall."

THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE IN CHINA

BY CHESTER HOLCOMBE

WITH the rising tide of American interest in China, the unsatisfactory condition of our relations with that great and ancient nation, with the general unrest there, which is the inevitable consequence of movements toward a new and modern life, and the local and sporadic outbreaks of violence incident to such unrest, one hears again the old and familiar cry that the missionaries are responsible for at least the larger portion of the varied forms of hostility exhibited toward foreigners. Their persistent and impertinent attempts to force an alien and undesired religion upon the Chinese are, so it is confidently asserted, peculiarly offensive to officials and people alike, a hindrance to trade, and a menace to peaceful relations. The Boxer movement, it is pointed out, was an attempt, vain in result, to throw off the hateful missionary incubus, to rid the Chinese of a body of unwelcome interlopers who defamed their ancient and cherished forms of belief, — which are as good as ours, some will add, — and who sought to supplant them with another, wholly unsuited to their mental and spiritual conformation. The loss of life in that Boxer movement, confined almost wholly to missionaries and native converts, together with several more recent exhibitions of violence in which missionaries alone have suffered, are cited as full evidence of the correctness of this conclusion.

It might be pointed out that the Boxer

uprising was an abortive attempt to drive all foreigners of every class from China, and thus to save the Empire from partition and distribution among the great cormorant Powers of Europe, — which was believed to be the distinct purpose and inevitable result of the continued presence of foreigners there; that, in fact, missionaries formed the only class of alien residents who had no part in the development of such a fear and frenzy; that they suffered most because they alone of all alien classes had established themselves at remote parts of the interior, in close touch with the people, and out of reach of battleship, cruiser, or any other means of defense or place of refuge. In a general raid against all foreigners, the missionary was first attacked because he was first at hand, and, to put it frankly and truthfully, he suffered because he was in or part of bad company; not because he was a missionary, but for the crime, in Chinese eyes, of being a foreigner.

So too, in response to the charge of attempting to force an alien and inappropriate form of belief upon a people well suited to and with their own, it might be said that, in the entire history of missionary effort in China, or in other parts of the Far East, nothing even remotely approaching the exercise of force has been attempted. To talk to persons who choose to listen, to throw wide the doors of chapels where natives who desire may hear the Christian faith explained and urged

upon their attention, to sell at half cost or to give the Bible and Christian literature freely to those who may care to read them, to heal the sick, without cost, who come for medical treatment, to instruct children whose parents are desirous that they should receive education, — surely none or all of these constitute methods or practices to which the word *force* may be applied under any allowable use of the English language. And this, thus briefly summarized, constitutes the entire body of missionary effort in China. To put it in another form, there is no difference between the work of pioneer preachers in the far West, that of laborers or “settlement workers” in the slums of great cities, or of eloquent pastors of wealthy and fashionable churches in the Back Bay district of Boston or Fifth Avenue in New York, and that done by missionaries in China. If the last-named force the acceptance of Christianity upon their hearers, then so do all the others. The work is absolutely identical in character and method, differentiated from the others only by simple forms of presentation in order to reach the more effectively minds wholly unfamiliar with the truths presented. Those who assert that Christianity is wholly unsuited to the Chinese character, that the Chinese will not and cannot become sincere and loyal Christians, are most respectfully referred to the long list of native martyrs, of both sexes and all ages, who readily and gladly gave up their lives in the Boxer movement, rather than abjure the Christian faith.

It might further be added that unselfish men and devoted women, enthusiastic in what appears, to them at least, to be a great cause, who are ready to expatriate themselves and to abandon all their ambitions and their lives to its promotion in foreign lands, have as good a right to carry out their self-sacrificing wishes, to enter China and do their chosen work there by all proper methods, as have their fellow citizens who seek the same Empire in order to win a fortune by dealing in cotton goods, kerosene, silk, tea, or pos-

sibly in opium. They have precisely the same right, no greater and no less, to the protection and sympathetic assistance of their own government as any other class of citizens. To more than this, American missionaries have never made claim.

Beyond these brief and general statements, intended to correct certain widely prevalent misconceptions of fact, and to clear the ground for what is to follow, it is not the purpose of this article to denounce or defend evangelistic work in China or the presence of missionaries there. With the quality of the work done, the doctrines taught, or the agencies employed, this paper has nothing to do. After all, it is a matter of comparatively trifling importance what fellow foreigners may think of missionaries or missionary work on the other side of the world. Their approval or condemnation counts for little. What the Chinese themselves think, what is their attitude and that of their government toward the enterprise, are questions of vastly greater moment. To answer these questions from a purely secular standpoint, to deal with the missionary enterprise as a factor in the modernization of China, to explain the exact attitude and policy of the Imperial government toward it and the causes of friction, constantly growing more rare, between its promoters and Chinese officials and people, these together constitute the motive of this article. Neither conjecture nor hearsay will form the basis of conclusions reached, but facts gained through a long and necessarily close study of the missionary question in China, innumerable discussions, and much practical experience in the adjustment of so-called “missionary cases.”

In any effort to gain a correct understanding of this or other questions which affect our relations with the Chinese, certain characteristics of the race should be kept carefully in mind. They are an intellectual people, and possessed of fully the average amount of shrewd common sense, intermingled with some ancient and crude superstitions, which serve as a

variant. With the single exception of the Emperor, their officials of all grades, from the highest to the lowest, are of and chosen from the people themselves, and local self-government exists there to an extent not seen elsewhere. In China the people are, in fact, masters of the situation, and a spirit of sturdy democracy is everywhere evident. They judge men or nations, much as we do, by what they do rather than what they say. Hence in any given conditions or circumstances, if we infer Chinese feelings or conduct from what our own would be in the same situation, we shall not go far wrong, always, however, bearing the fact in mind that they are more patient than we.

Then it is necessary to keep certain facts of Chinese history in plain sight. The first knowledge which the Chinese had of the Western world, by which is meant Western Europe and America, came through buccaneering expeditions, or piratical attacks, as they would now be called, upon the Chinese coasts by the Dutch, Portuguese, French, and Spaniards. In more modern times, barely seventy years ago in fact, the entering wedge to break open the barred doors of Chinese seclusion was driven home by the military power of Great Britain mainly in order to force a market for Indian opium, of which that Christian government held a monopoly. From that day to this every form of foreign enterprise in China, irrespective of character or nationality, has been tainted with opium and hindered by the hatred, suspicion, and contempt engendered by the eventual success of this monstrous scheme to despoil China in brain, body, and pocket, for the sake of gain to the exchequer of Great Britain. To this must be added more than sixty years of unjust and inexcusable diplomacy, the exploitation of China to suit the rival ambitions and satisfy the ever growing greed of the great European Powers, robberies of its territory upon every border, and a consistent disregard of every claim which the Chinese might put forward to the ownership of their

own territory and the management of their own affairs. Most clearly it must be understood that, not the missionary in the cabin, but the opium and gunpowder in the hold, has fixed the hatred and established a permanent opposition among the Chinese toward all things foreign. Once for all, it must be most emphatically declared that, not Christian propagandism, but most unchristian policies and practices of aggression, dominance, and spoliation upon the part of certain governments of Europe brought about the horrors of the Boxer uprising.

The earlier general treaties between China and foreign governments make no special concessions to any particular class of alien residents within the Empire. They are not recognized as merchants, missionaries, students, or travelers, but provided for *en masse*, as citizens or subjects of the government with which the treaty is negotiated. Our own government is particularly careful upon this point, asking special favors for none, and exerting its efforts, when occasion arises, for its people as American citizens only. It is not permitted even to state the calling or avocation of the bearer of a passport, and though the request has often been made by Chinese officials that this be done in the case of missionaries in order that special protection and assistance be afforded them, it has been necessary to refuse the request as contrary to statute or regulation. The missionary possesses only such privileges, exemptions, and immunities under treaty, as are granted to his fellow alien of every other class and occupation. The right to reside, acquire property, and to pursue his calling at certain specified centres of population, mostly upon the sea-coast, and to travel freely under passport, throughout the interior, covers all to which he is entitled under the official pledge and seal of the Imperial government of China.

Yet, from the inception of what may be termed modern missionary enterprise in China, the missionaries have gone beyond this narrow limit of favor, gone

beyond the treaty ports, until now they can be found in every province and in nearly every large city. Even in many mud-walled villages and rural hamlets missionary families are now to be found quietly and permanently established in homes, in close touch and intimate association with the native residents. This special favor, unobtainable by any other alien class in the Empire, has assuredly not been won either through any exercise of governmental force or diplomatic pressure. It has been slowly gained by the exercise of patience, tact, and discretion upon the part of the missionaries themselves, under the open eyes and with the tacit, though unspoken, consent of the Imperial authorities. In rare cases, missionaries have been driven out of interior points by local hostility; but in no instance has the Peking government demanded their withdrawal, or our own government urged their right of residence there. This successful missionary expansion, as it may be called, speaks volumes for the wisdom and patient zeal of those who have accomplished it. It does more than this. It shows clearly a line of policy and procedure, which has now been consistently followed by the Imperial authorities for more than forty years, and which may here be stated. The Emperor will neither force nor forbid the residence and labors of missionaries at any points beyond the treaty ports. But recognizing and appreciating the self-denying and philanthropic character of missionary effort, he will gladly permit those engaged in it to establish themselves throughout the interior, wherever they may be able to do so with the consent and good will of the people of the locality. It is not known that this well-established line of policy has been formulated and officially communicated to any foreign power. But it has been verbally declared to the writer by members of the Cabinet and other high authorities of the Empire, upon many occasions.

It would not have been surprising if the Chinese authorities, while conceding

so great an advantage to missionaries, should have coupled with it a disclaimer of all responsibility for any mishaps, including mob violence, to which they might be subjected in seeking residence where they had no treaty right to be. But it has done nothing of the sort. It has never, within the knowledge of the writer, attempted to shirk full responsibility for the lives and property of American citizens in any part of the Empire, or to claim that missionaries, in establishing themselves in the interior, ran their own risks, took their lives into their own keeping, and must themselves bear any financial losses which local opposition to their presence might entail upon them. The utmost in the nature of criticism or complaint that can justly be made upon Imperial action in such cases, is that the Peking government would perhaps be more dilatory in making reparation in such a case than in one similar which might occur within the limits of a treaty port; that it appeared to regard the trouble somewhat in the light of a local quarrel between missionaries and populace which should be adjusted by the local authorities. And advice, rather than orders, for punishment of offenders and indemnity for losses, often appeared to be the limit to which the officials at the capital were willing to go. At the same time it must in justice be admitted that if the authorities of the Legation saw fit themselves to take the affair before the local officials, they never failed to secure ample reparation. Can as much be said regarding anti-Chinese mobs in the United States?

Aside from this most practical evidence of the appreciation and favor with which the government of China regards the missionary enterprise, there is a great mass of testimony from individuals high in rank and authority throughout the Empire, all serving to show that this unselfish effort for the good of Chinese humanity has gained for itself an honored place in influential minds once suspicious of or openly hostile to it. Large donations

to mission hospitals and schools from official or wealthy Chinese, a great and rapidly increasing demand for Christian literature and educational works, special and unsolicited courtesy and assistance shown to missionaries, all these indicate that the day of Chinese opposition to missionary work among them has passed, and that, whatever may be the opinion of foreigners either resident in China or in their native lands, China itself, as represented by the leaders of thought and public opinion in it, has recognized and accepted the missionary enterprise as one of the most important and useful factors in the creation and development of new life in that ancient and antique Empire.

Not to mention other evidence to this fact, take one incident of recent occurrence in the good city of Boston. The Chinese Imperial government has recently dispatched two commissions, composed of officials of high rank and a numerous staff, to visit and study various important subjects in America and Europe. When arrangements were being made for the visit of the first of these commissions to Boston, and a long list of points in or near the city which they might wish to see was submitted to them, among the first selected were the offices of the American Board, the parent of all foreign missionary organizations in the United States, and having large interests in that work in China. The selection of this active centre of foreign evangelistic effort was unguided and entirely spontaneous. In their addresses and informal remarks during the visit to those offices, the commissioners expressed in unqualified terms their appreciation and strong approval of the missionary enterprise in China, and their gratitude for what had been and was being done there. "We know who are our friends," said they again and again. Yet neither of the Chinese commissioners was a convert to Christianity, they were under no obligation to visit one of the headquarters of American missionary effort in China, or,

being there, to go beyond polite and non-committal remarks. Hence, and all the more, their declarations must in all fairness be taken as strong official endorsement and approval.

With much the same feelings they expressed their delight at what they saw at Wellesley College, and recognized in it the grander development of what American women were attempting to do for the women of China. Speaking by the way, the treatment of the female sex is the darkest blot upon the civilization of China. A revolt against the earlier practices in this direction has already begun there, and probably nothing in the entire journey of this commission into foreign parts will work such immediate and lasting change for the better, as the visit to Wellesley. To cite one other proof of Chinese official approval of the missionary enterprise: in the later commercial treaties, rendered necessary by the Boxer uprising, foreign missionary organizations are permitted to acquire real estate in all parts of the Empire, and "to erect such suitable buildings as may be required for carrying on their good work." No similar concession has been made to any other class of alien residents. Thus the voluntary and unwritten policy long followed by the Emperor has been formulated and shaped into a solemn engagement and pledge.

To speak quite frankly and to the fact, for many years more unfriendly criticism and complaint of the presence of missionaries and their work in China has been heard from foreigners, either like them alien residents in the Far East, or at home, than from Chinese officials or people. It has even been customary and the fashion with a certain class, which need not be more particularly described, in speaking of the missionary to prefix an offensive and condemnatory adjective to the word. Regarding the opinions and judgments of such with all possible charity, they have been far more fearful of the evil results of all attempts to do good in far Cathay than have the Chinese

themselves. Upon the other hand, in many years of intimate official and friendly intercourse with all classes of Chinese in every part of the Empire, the writer has never heard even one complaint of or objection to the presence of American missionaries in China, or the character of their work. He has heard himself, and all other foreigners of every nationality and calling, cursed in most violent terms for having fastened the opium horror upon the Chinese race, and the suggestion made, in a paroxysm of anger and hate by some human wreck wrought by the drug, that foreigners "would do well to take away that awful curse before they had the impudence to talk to the Chinese about their Jesus." But, aside from crazed and mistaken denunciation, no Chinaman within his hearing has had anything but pleasant words to speak regarding the missionary enterprise, as conducted by Americans, in his land.

In the discussion of particular "missionary cases," as they are called, and by which is meant cases of complaints made by missionaries of interference with them in their work,—interference which sometimes took the form of mob violence,—Chinese officials have complained, in most courteous language, of the indiscreet methods or conduct of particular missionaries. Yet this complaint has never been so strong as the writer would himself have used, and has been invariably coupled with a hearty approval and high appreciation of the work of the missionary body as a whole.

It would be idle to deny or ignore the fact that cases of serious friction between the natives and foreign missionaries have arisen in the past and are still of less frequent occurrence. By far the largest percentage of such most unfortunate conflicts has been caused by the unwise and improper interference of missionaries between their native converts and the Chinese authorities, or by the assumption of civil rank and authority by missionaries. Since, in the sixty years of modern missionary enterprise in China,

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no single charge or complaint of that nature has been made against an American missionary, such causes of trouble need not be discussed here. The conduct of European governments toward China, their greed, aggression, and general attitude of domination, long prejudiced both officials and people against missionaries, who were popularly believed to make use of their professedly philanthropic work only as a cloak, and to be, in fact, spies of their own governments whose aim was the seizure of the Empire and subjugation of its people. But, with greater mutual intelligence and less frequent occasions of misunderstanding, these causes of friction and conflict have, in great measure, disappeared. The true character and great value of the missionary enterprise as a factor in the modernization of China, and in bringing it into line with the great nations of the world, is almost universally recognized and appreciated, at least by those who are being most radically affected by it. And it should be realized and freely admitted that, in a nation where popular opinion and sentiment to an almost unprecedented extent guide and limit governmental policy,—for all the nominally autocratic authority of the Emperor,—the presence of such a force at work quietly among the people, is of the utmost value in the establishment and maintenance of good relations and the development to their full limit of all mutual interests. The missionary has won his way, found his work in China, which, while primarily religious in character, is greatly helpful in all worthy secular affairs. No other foreigner comes in such close and intimate touch with the native as he. And he is the unrecognized and uncommissioned representative of what is best in every phase and department of American life.

In these days of intense commercialism, when trade appears, at least, to have relegated all other concerns and interests to the background, when not only men but governments are bending every energy to the enlargement of existing

fields of commerce and the development of new lines and centres of trade, one most important result, one valuable by-product, as it may be called, of missionary enterprise in China deserves to receive more serious consideration than has hitherto been accorded to it. In it is to be found an agency, unequaled by any other, for the development of our commerce with that vast population. Every missionary is, whether willingly or unwillingly, an agent for the display and recommendation of American fabrics and wares of every conceivable sort. Each missionary home, whether established in great Chinese cities or rural hamlets, serves as an object lesson, an exposition of the practical comfort, convenience, and value of the thousand and one items in the long catalogue of articles which complete the equipment of an American home. Idle curiosity upon the part of the natives grows into personal interest which in turn develops the desire to possess. Did space permit, an overwhelming array of facts and figures could be set forth to prove the inestimable, though unrecognized, value of the missionary as an agent for the development of American

commerce in every part of the globe. The manufacturing and commercial interests in the United States, even though indifferent or actively hostile to the direct purpose of the missionary enterprise, could well afford to bear the entire cost of all American missionary effort in China for the sake of the large increase in trade which results from such effort.

When the government and people of the United States are ready, and determined, to return to a dignified and decent policy in the treatment of the Chinese who are within our borders or may seek to come here; when we realize that now is always the time to apologize for an insult or to right a wrong; when, in short, we resume our earlier attitude and practice of fair play and genuine, helpful friendliness toward the Chinese race and nation, we shall easily secure a renewal of their confidence in us and win back all and more than all that now, thanks to our own folly, appears to have been lost. And the American missionary enterprise in China will play a part in our relations with that great Empire of even greater value in years to come than it has in the past.

THE NOVELS OF THOMAS HARDY

BY MARY MOSS

IN a certain book on Japan the traveler asks his guide why all the little Japanese birds on a telegraph wire face the same way. He even noted it as a characteristic national trait. On learning that they were more comfortable beak to the wind, the author artlessly observes that American birds probably follow the same custom, for the dignity of their tail feathers, only at home such trifles escaped his notice. That man was an accomplished art critic, and to such small purpose had he learned to use his eyes!

Now Thomas Hardy, on the contrary, has so seen and felt the world about him, that whether his particular country be as unfamiliar as the mountains of the moon, whether your range of vision be as urban as my Japanese traveler's, you nevertheless recognize and ratify the truth of every word that Hardy utters. Grass grows on the same impulse, birds mate and nest, cattle ruminate under shade trees, sap rises in the spring, women are of two minds, men act under strange promptings, the mills of the gods grind inscrutably,

whether the scene be laid in "Wessex," Asia, or central Pennsylvania. For this reason, interesting as it may be to investigate Hardy's country as a matter of sentiment and amiable gossip, to the real student of Hardy the facts that Casterbridge is Dorchester, that Loveday's mill can still be pointed out to pilgrims, that Eustacia waited on that barrow, that Bathsheba sold corn in this market-place, should be of the most superficial consequence. Indeed, this local aspect of his work has been dwelt on rather to the damage of larger and deeper appreciation. The quite external fact that his books cover a small geographical field, that he is a trustworthy antiquarian, historian, and naturalist, has somewhat obscured the greater field illumined by his genius. Thus, whimsically, the most universal English writer since Shakespeare is often treated as a limited specialist, because every one of his rare and delightful products comes from the tender, sympathetic cultivation of one small garden plot.

Although he may leave whole sides of life untouched, this in no way detracts from his universal quality, since his appeal is never made to any special class. Superficial people read him for the story, lovers of beauty for delight of the eye and ear, humorists for the quaintness of his comedy; while no thoughtful human being can fail to gain from him flashes of self-knowledge and understanding of the world at large. Not that he, at his best, explains; but when, in descriptions of another's emotions, sensations are found that each of us has tingled with, our own understanding and sympathy are at once enlarged, and we have momentarily responded, be it ever so little, to that universal vibration of life, to know and feel which is the only true knowledge.

Hardy's first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, was published in 1870, when, after coming to London as a country student of ecclesiastical architecture, he had won his spurs by writings on professional subjects.

The plot is enormously complicated, fatiguingly intricate. It is worked out to the smallest point, prepared, dovetailed. Each trifling event leads on to the next, but the machinery obtrudes itself. Such mazes are too complicated; too great demand is made upon the attention; there are too many involutions, too many coincidences; also, in the effort toward brevity, he dates his narrative like a diary, breaking continuity, giving the effect of disjointed scenes. The people talk alike. His young country architect, Owen Grey, Edward Springgrove, Manston the gentlemanly villain, Anne Seavey fresh from the London pavements, and Cytherea Grey, use much the same language. The rustics, of course, speak their own humorous, salty dialect. But even here, in spite of this outward sameness, the characters do not in the least resemble one another.

In Cytherea, Hardy's first girl, we at once have a true Shakespearean heroine. At a stroke he gives the beautiful creature, gentle and spirited, neither clever nor stupid, instinctive, unable to resist love or a lover. Like Trollope's Lily Dale, Cytherea is of one mind, faithful. She is unconventional, without coquetry, imprudent, and — you believe that she is charming.

It is curious that in a first book Hardy's fundamental structure should appear complete; it is almost his formula, what might come after he had at first written unconsciously, then grown aware of his own method, then formalized to baldness. In this he reverses the usual process. To take random instances, Mr. Crawford and Mr. W. E. Norris began with interesting novels, but their later works have become merely examples of how these accomplished gentlemen write, quite ceasing to be stories of live men and women. In *Desperate Remedies*, on the contrary, you see how Hardy got at things, before he gained ease in concealing his processes.

Although his first manuscript (*The Poor Man and the Lady*), by Mr. George Meredith's advice, was suppressed as too

revolutionary for public endurance, his early attitude toward bourgeois and philistine seems rather remote than antagonistic, less conscious revolt than instinctive avoidance. Flaubert's malicious *Dictionnaire des Idées reçues* would not appeal to him; neither irritable nor nervous, he appears simply observant and truthful.

At once you feel a touch new to English fiction. Here is a colorist. Not in the school of Gautier! He is not occupied with the hue of words, or with their harmonies. He makes no jeweled mosaic of cunningly chosen vowels and consonants, no musical alliterations, but rather evokes your visual imagination by the intensity with which he sees, an intensity cleaving its own way to the apt word. In 1870 this young provincial Englishman saw with the eyes of a Monet. Inventing no phrases to announce his discoveries, he seems to arrive by instinct at the purest impressionist vision, joined to an ability to transmit, with the greatest directness, every impression, whether of comedy, external loveliness, or emotion.

While lacking some quality of selection not yet developed, *Desperate Remedies* abounds in treasures of beauty and observation, flung out unheralded, with small stress; and here, in a flash, is one of his elements of greatness. Never do you feel his eye upon the audience. Whatever struggles he may have gone through, they surely were struggles to seize his idea, to realize his vision, never to impress you. Hence, when he is prolix, you pardon it; careless, you ignore it; feeling that only pettiness could stoop to pick up a split infinitive, a needless repetition. In fact, at the beginning, a critic must concede these occasional faults once for all, as facts to be acknowledged and forgotten.

In his next book, published in 1872, Hardy passed from promising amateur to accomplished story-teller. *Under the Greenwood Tree* is as simple as its predecessor was intricate. Plot dwindles to the slightest thread, along which are

strung a series of rural scenes. Dick Dewey, a young "tranter," coming home on Christmas Eve, is invited to join the Waits on their usual rounds. The vicar thanks them from under warm bedclothes, a rich, churlish farmer curses them. They are disappointed at having no response from the new schoolmistress, when her window opens for a second, showing a radiant, gracious young girl.

Between this Fancy Day and Dick, for the ensuing months, a mild courtship goes on. Her father favors the rich farmer, but is easily managed, when Fancy feigns illness. The vicar struggles against a desire to mate below his station, but breaks down and addresses her. Tempted for an hour, she plans throwing Dick over, thinks better of it, and marries her sweetheart. From this trite situation Hardy extracts a minute of enchantment, set among trees and cottages, relieved by the absurd talk of villagers. The drollery of his style banishes dullness, the pervading beauty lifts it above the commonplace. Whether a branch drop across the road, whether it be an atmospheric change, a gliding from dusk to darkness, from autumn to winter, there is the same absolute freshness in seeing and describing. The used phrase does not exist, yet you have no impression of a fastidious, conscious search for originality. "A Rural Painting of the Dutch School" he calls it, ignoring English descendants of the Dutch, although there is hardly a page without its glimpse of Constable or Crome, its spreading oak, a band of villagers, or one bent figure with "no distinctive appearance beyond that of a human being."

Showery skies, darkening woods, rushing little rivers, and comfortable domestic animals are clear in solid English fashion. Food and drink play a hearty part without their material presence ever blemishing the poetry of conception. In Fancy we have the real creation. No fresh charm of young girlhood has ever been more delicately conveyed. Her prettiness, caprice, coquetry, untruthfulness, adaptability, — you see perfectly that she is a little

baggage, but also you know that, being young and vigorous, she will have many babies, and that, being entirely a creature of instinct, she will by these babies be kept out of mischief. By the workings of that very instinct which makes Fancy an unreliable maid, Dick's home will be safe in the hands of Fancy the mother. Hardy strikes his key unerringly, and never leaves it, dealing in cheerfulness, good smells, wholesome sun, warm fires, ringing frost.

Descriptions of appearance, whether of place or people, are so blended with interpretation of character, that in one brief sentence Hardy not only makes you see how Reuben Dewey's cottage looked, but incidentally conveys the genial and social nature of its inhabitants. He has gained power of elimination. What is needful for you to know is made quite plain, but irrelevant detail drops out of sight. When Fancy takes a day off for sweethearting, you are merely told that "for some reason connected with cleaning the school, the children had given them this Friday afternoon for pastime." The earlier Hardy would have complicated his movement by patiently going into the reason. But from this time on he knows exactly when to condense, when to linger. The manner may occasionally be wordy, but superfluous matter has vanished, with the result that in long leisurely books you positively feel as if the author had done your skipping for you. Your pudding is all plums; Wagner has made his own cuts.

Take the first paragraph. It being night, he appeals to the sense which thrives on darkness. You *hear* the symphonic utterance of trees, then a step, a youth whistling, and with a short half page he is in full swing of his story. There is no harking back, no picking up of lost threads. The entire chapter is a model of brevity. By some gift of heaven, the very turn of the words fills you with gay expectancy; yet for all its directness, the wonderful use of analogy sometimes shows that only through knowing other

worlds is Hardy able to see this rustic one so engagingly.

A Pair of Blue Eyes (1873) has often been rated as inferior, possibly from its somewhat trashy title. Yet in it Hardy strikes a far deeper note than in *Under the Greenwood Tree*. There is the poetic rapture of an early love, a neglected, lonely girl and a beautiful youth flowing together as naturally as two drops on a window pane. Had Hardy rested here, he would have pleased those critics who already had him shelved and labeled as a master of poetic *genre*. But instead of stopping, he goes on to show how Elfride Swancourt's love for Stephen Smith develops her into the woman who promptly outgrows her boyish admirer. Inevitably, she then falls prey to the next man who presents himself. Her disturbed emotions seek a goal. That Henry Knight should be a nineteen-carat prig is one of those ironic chances which may lead to tragedy or comedy. That the development should be serious gave fresh offense to the critics who had not grasped the writer's fundamental and realistic treatment of character under his misleadingly romantic manner. Elfride belongs in his category of innocent, unformed girls; but, unlike those of Scott, these young creatures are never in the least conventionalized. Each one shows individual variation. Elfride is as completely an almost rustic lady as Fancy is a lady-like rustic. While Cytherea Grey is born to steadfastness, Elfride only attains it by a process of growth superficially indistinguishable from fickleness. Fancy Day's waverings arise from sheer coquetry, with a tinge of worldly ambition. Fancy might be called a "bright" girl. Cytherea is neither clever nor dull, — that issue does not come in; her point is character. But Elfride, while deficient in character, distinctly possesses intellect. To look below the surface of these easily blushing, delicate-bodied young creatures seems as ruthless as stripping the petals from a flower, — a process of which their author is never guilty. He simply presents them, but if you choose to look deeper,

you will find no inconsistencies, no mistakes.

What a sense he gives of Elfride's bodily presence: "Appearing in her riding habit, as she always did in a change of dress, like a new edition of a delightful volume." And how tender a humor plays about her early troubles, when "All her flowers seemed dull of hue, her pets seemed to look wistfully into her eyes, as if they no longer stood in the same friendly relation to her as formerly. She wore melancholy jewelry, gazed at sunsets, and talked to old men and women."

The humor which points Mr. Swancourt is of quite different flavor: "A firm-standing, perpendicular man whose fall would have been backward in direction, if ever he lost his balance;" a pompous being who put "on his countenance a higher class look than customary, as became a poor gentleman who was going to read a letter from a lord." But this humor never deepens to outright mirth. The minor key may admit of a few discreet modulations, but a note of apprehension dominates every page. The pathetic end comes with appropriate quiet, finding you fully prepared, like Stephen, whose "hopes for the best had been but periodic interruptions of a chronic fear of the worst."

In *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874) the progressive movement is toward a larger scale. It is solidier, more robust; that word applies alike to characters, situation, and treatment.

Gabriel Oak, a young yeoman, sees a handsome girl sitting on top of a cartload of household goods, disputing her toll with the gatekeeper. He pays her toll. Vexed at losing her point with the gatekeeper, she barely thanks him. This gives the broad rusticity of the pair. Gabriel makes her acquaintance through the agency of a milch cow which she visits daily. "By making inquiries he found that the girl's name was Bathsheba Everdene, and that the cow would go dry in seven days. He dreaded the eighth day." The development of the story simply is

that Bathsheba fails to appreciate Oak, experiments with a rich neighbor, Farmer Boldwood, to her own sorrow, and marries for love a faithless Sergeant Troy. She grows more and more to rely upon Oak's disinterested help in all matters of farming; but on her husband's supposed death, half unwillingly commits herself to Boldwood. Troy reappears on the eve of her marriage, and Boldwood, in a fit of madness, shoots him dead. Stripped of its clothing, this sounds like rank melodrama; but after all, since life may at any moment furnish melodrama, there seems no reason why the serious novelist need boycott that field, if only he has the power to avoid cheapness.

And throughout this story there is such a marvel of lyrical prose, expressing such tender and perfect vision, that not Maeterlinck himself has cast more beauty upon simple and common things. Not a leaf falls, not a bird chirps, but Hardy's word recalls your own closest and happiest observation; through his magic you realize for the first time the meaning of many an unconsciously stored impression of life and nature. Nor is he merely the accomplished *paysagiste*. Character never ceases to be as important as visions of sky and pasture. The lives of his people are never a mere vehicle for poetized bits of natural history. You see Bathsheba in the foreground, with fields and sheep in perspective, — a rustic Diana, full of unspent sex, a queer blending of unbridled impulse and middle-class decorum. Her physical beauty stands proved, also an honesty which is quite compatible with wavering. "A censor's opinion on seeing an actual flirt would have been a feeling of surprise that Bathsheba could be so different from such a one, yet so like what a flirt is supposed to be."

If Thackeray had been minded to make an attractive man of Major Dobbin, or to show George Osborne as a beguiling specimen of his class, the results would not have been unlike Gabriel Oak and Sergeant Troy. Of the latter, Mr. Barrie

goes so far as to say: "Never till Troy was shown at work, had we learned from fiction how such a being may mesmerize a bewitching and clever woman into his arms. Many writers say their Troys did it, but Mr. Hardy shows it being done." Tito Melema is of Troy's family, except that the ethical George Eliot, by compelling the reader to dislike Tito, at once diminishes the sense of his charm. In Troy's case, while cherishing no illusions, you never outgrow a wholly indefensible liking for this agreeable scamp, who "never passed the line which divides the spruce vices from the ugly; and hence, though his morals had never been applauded, disapproval of them had frequently been tempered with a smile."

And here, in this, is another trait of Hardy's genius. He can put man or woman in difficult situations without deflecting what theatre people call "the sympathy." The wife abandoned by a young and gallant husband usually appears unattractive; it is almost inherent in her position. Not so Bathsheba; you see exactly how it came about, without immediately losing the sense of her dash and beauty.

Specialists in "local color" should make a profound study of this book. Although Gabriel's sheep form the picturesque *motif* of the whole, and seldom are more than a field or so away, they never steal the curtain. You never suspect that Bathsheba is wooed and won for the sake of an eclogue upon shearing. The most celebrated passages are known to all students of English literature; yet every re-reading will discover new bits illustrating not only Hardy's lyric beauty, but the piercing truth of expression which makes for brevity and humor. There are marvelous analogies, unstrained but original, and true as proverbs: "He would as soon have thought of carrying an odor in a net, as of attempting to convey the intangibility of his feelings in the coarse meshes of language." Or take the old master who "seemed to approach the grave as a hyperbolic curve approaches a line, — sheer-

ing off as he got nearer, till it was doubtful if he ever got there at all." Whether it be heat, cold, a sweep of the heavens, an angle-nook, the regular change of seasons, or a storm, through this same direct method Hardy reaches his highest effects; and here his storms are no longer gentle disturbances of Constable or Gainsborough, but, like Turner's, they breathe excitement. More sinister than those showers which merely threaten the wayfarer's comfort, these menace life and happiness. You feel danger in their approach. "The same evening the sheep had trailed home, head to tail, the behavior of rooks had been confused, and the horses had moved with timidity and caution . . . time went on and the moon vanished not to reappear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war."

In another season: "It was a time in cottages when the breath of sleepers freezes to the sheets, when round the drawing-room fire of a thick-walled mansion the sitters' backs are cold even while their faces are all aglow. Many a small bird went to bed supperless that night among the bare boughs." A passage as perfect in its way as the opening lines of "The Eve of St. Agnes." And yet another mood of nature, when "to persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement."

As for his chorus of rustics, one critic cries to Heaven to witness their travesty of daily speech, another finds pure Thomas Hardy the only current tongue in "Wessex." Who can tell? The point is that you believe the mental attitude of his boors to be spirit perfect. Perhaps they do talk too much like Launcelot Gobbo for Victorian England. Granted! But does this matter, since they give you a complete sense of country life, since they are amusing, and adequately fill their space? If their tongues be too archaic (and many visitors to Wessex declare them to be literally true), the medium, right or wrong, never clogs the workings of their minds. There is an atmosphere of such just values that

even when Farmer Boldwood talks suspiciously like Hamlet his flights never seem far-fetched.

Hardy changes the angle of his narrative to please himself. He avoids explanation. He expects you to take mere detail for granted. No preparatory chapter exhausts Bathsheba's past life. You are vaguely told that she studied to be a governess, but was too wild. Only Parson Adams would feel bound to ask — what her parents did — if she were an only child. Toward the end, the whole movement visibly slackens, — not weakly, but suitably, as in the last pages of a Beethoven finale. It is the slow resolution of dominant into tonic, soothing to mind and spirit, so that you reach the end with a great sense of completion, of Hardy's power to evoke the beauty of homely things. Take the whole question of breeding, lambing, shearing, and — indigestion! Remember the distended bellies of the "blasted" sheep, how he treats this episode! Your sympathy is wrought on for the animals' pain, the farmer's loss; but the unpleasant side, though never shirked, is given no undue prominence. The entire passage might be quoted as one more proof how little beauty or refinement depends upon theme. When Ferdinand hears of his father's death, when Ariel sings the changes taking place in a submerged and decomposing body, how is it told? "Full fathom five thy father lies," and so forth, — the most poetic lyric human fancy ever produced! Yet think of that same morbid process even touched upon by the hands of Caliban! So Hardy gives a clear picture of the lambs' gas-tormented bellies; but he also never loses sight of blue sky, kindly sunshine, fresh brooks, and fecund meadows.

The Hand of Ethelberta (1876) is to Hardy what *Evan Harrington* was to George Meredith. Nature plays a minor part, as discreet and deftly used background. It is satiric comedy, but satire which, in the deep old sense, appreciates instead of despises the thing satirized. The rustic is almost eliminated. *Ethel-*

berta deals with more or less civilized human beings. A scant page of quick retrospect, and you are posted in Ethelberta's history up to the very moment when she steps out of an ancient Wessex inn. Then, following afoot a mid-air battle between a wild duck and a hawk, she loses her way, meets an old lover, and, without effort or weariness, you are started with her along her devious and perilous career as a lady in society whose father is, and always has been, a respectable butler. With all of this, you never feel that Ethelberta is a snob. She is never ridiculous in an impossible situation; she never ceases to be charming. She is born superior to her class, — why? You are given a hint of an ambitious mother. Old Mrs. Chickerel calls her girls by romantic names, educates this promising one to be a nursery governess, is always cautious, always ambitious. Ethelberta obviously inherits this, but you are never told so. Although contemporary criticism deeply resented Hardy's meddling with town life, the *mot juste* seems really his, whether in London or Wessex. In treating people of more or less "good society," while unaffectedly taking the tone of an outsider, Hardy never gives the impression of making mistakes. It is as if a person learned in dogs and horses should suddenly have occasion to describe elephants and giraffes. He almost says, "Creatures of this species are not my speciality, but this is how they appear." Beyond its charm and interest, *Ethelberta* has the indefinable quality of being a real book, not a tissue of clever scenes and acute observations.

If criticism resented Hardy's venturing upon satire, still deeper annoyance was caused by his next move. The position is three-sided, and very curious. His stories are almost entirely limited to the dealings of one locality. That small area is seen by one pair of eyes, through the medium of one definite temperament. But within these limits, the author finds *genre*, comedy, satire, tragedy, history, monograph, problem, and allegory. His critics, moreover, so confused the man

with the theme that each of these developments affected them as a new (and for the most part blamable) departure from his own field, and only in retrospect has it become plain that he has never ceased to be entirely and consistently himself.

The Return of the Native (1878) caused indignant outcry. What business had he with sheer pagan tragedy? Sir David Wilkie putting on the airs of Æschylus or Euripides! Yet no genuine element of tragedy is lacking.

Eustacia Vye and Clym Yeobright meet by chance on Egdon Heath at the moment of his having attained "that stage in a young man's life when the grimness of the general human situation first becomes clear to him, and the realization of this causes ambition to halt awhile." Eustacia was merely lonely, unoccupied, and had reached a point when her former sweetheart, Wildeve, had faded to "the rayless outline of the sun through smoked glass." Clym was a dreamer, philosopher, and lover of mankind; the eternal visionary, with obstinacy for passion, reason for impulse, resignation in place of ambition. This luckless man casts his lot with Eustacia, and tries to instill the domestic virtues into a creature who is the incarnation of all that men rhapsodize in women. She is the eternal, triumphant mistress, yet the type which invariably ends by losing, always going down at last before such women as Thomasin, the eternal mother.

Nowhere in English prose is there such inexpressible beauty of description. Ever modulating and changing as the theme grows gay or sad, it plays over the whole like music. Song and accompaniment are not more closely welded. And with this sense of sound, you never lose a sense of acute vision. You see not only the great moor through recurrent seasons, but cottages, thresholds, angles of chimneys, the pools, those bonfires illumining many hilltops above the dark basin of heath, till the heathmen seem to be standing "in some radiant upper story of the world." And the heath at night! "Then it became

the home of strange phantoms; and was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flights and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream, till revived by scenes like this." The whole first chapter is like the opening *adagio* of a great symphony. Read this passage at midday in a landscape of vernal efflorescence, and the still relentless gloom of Egdon will darken your very soul. How to accomplish this is Mr. Hardy's secret. *The Return of the Native* is too close-knit for the stitch to reveal itself. Read and re-read it; each time you are so swept along that you fail to pause and scrutinize the method. You are possessed by its beauty and sadness; you lose all wish to know through what mechanism such effects are produced. You see that he is steeped with classic drama. Long before he refers to Hauff, or drops a quotation from Börne, you realize that he has been through his German philosophers and poets; only, unlike Carlyle, he has not stayed with them, but has come out on the far side, — enriched with all they could give, developed, but not changed.

Although many younger writers, quite fairly and without plagiarism, suggest Hardy, he never by any chance reminds you of any one else, — always, and with due reverence, excepting Shakespeare. In the deepest sense he is original, not by eccentricity, not by revolt. If he revolts, it is only by noting the irony of life. He is so far from seeking novelty that at times he seems reverently and sadly to end a chapter of the world's history, as if he stood among the departing good things of past time, as if roadside wanderings with Lavengro, the tender observation of Richard Jefferies, the whole rural life of ancient England, here had its beautiful and mournful valedictory. Then suddenly a word, a phrase, and he binds you to the future. You remember that the moon waxes and wanes, even over smoke-en-shrouded cities; that flood tides still lap

even the esplanades of vulgar watering places; that the seasons march on, heedless of human artifice. In fact, he leaves you comforted with a sense of the abiding strength of nature.

The Trumpet Major (1880) modulates at once into a cheerful key. Granted a maid be desirable, naturally she will have more than one admirer. Therefore, in making herself and the chosen one happy, she must of necessity leave a broken heart or so in her wake. Granted the fact of war, a soldier or two must fall. Hence, though the figures in *The Trumpet Major*, seen on a cloudy day through fog and rain, might appear sombre enough, in the glow of genial sun and comfortable firesides they give the effect of gayety and content. While in *Ethelberta* and *The Native*, Hardy untwists every strand that goes to make his characters, in this he gives the cheerfullest of external *genre* pictures. Examine his figures, and you find no faulty drawing; but throughout he is occupied rather with their exteriors than with their souls. The mill, the flowers, the modest young girl perplexed among her lovers, the middle-aged courtship of Mrs. Garland and the miller, are perfectly solid, without any painstaking dissection.

Though so unlike Scott that comparison at first glance seems forced, Hardy in this historic novel has one great quality in common with him. Upon both writers, whether by accident of surroundings or disposition, the past has kept a warm personal hold. Hence their stories suggest a genuine narrative of events in process of merging into legend, yet almost within the reach of living memories. It is noticeable that Hardy gets his effect of remoteness without doing violence to fact. In historic novels it is a customary trick to antedate the style from one to two hundred years, by way of artificially producing an air of "quaintness." Hardy's people speak as rustics, and his own style is no more archaic than Thackeray's in describing Waterloo, or Moore's, Byron's, and Haydon's comments on the same period. The result of this in *The Trum-*

pet Major is not a loss of distance, but a gain in naturalness, affording a pregnant example to those strugglers after atmosphere who set Waterloo in a dialect of Preston Pans, the Boyne in the language of Flodden Field, and tales of the Armada in a tongue worthy the battle of Hastings.

A Laodicean (1881) may be explained and dismissed in a few words. The preface tells that it was dictated during a period of tedious illness, and carried through to a predetermined good end. Of this it bears the mark, in lack of vitality. Moreover, it may be suspected that Hardy is here passing from the fiery period of early production to the broader and less personal plane of a man in the forties. This is a perilous moment for any creative genius. Those who fail to meet it frankly stay forever in a state of atrophied youth, where each succeeding story must be a mere *réchauffé* of already used impressions.

In *Two on a Tower* (1882), however, he has taken a fresh start, and there could be no better example of the subtle change to which I allude than the difference between this book and the earlier Hardy. He is still busy with the loves of young people, — Viviette is only twenty-six, — but, in a fashion which defies analysis, you feel that he has ceased to be any one of his own characters. He looks at Swithin St. Cleeve, seeing every shade of thought passing through the boy's mind; the same with Viviette. He is no longer in the thick of the struggle, yet loses nothing. The scene is bitten into your memory. The fir-clad mound rising like an island out of ploughed land is a more real feature in your mind than mountains you have actually climbed and forgotten.

If Egdon Heath presided over Clym and Eustacia, the whole dome of heaven, no less, is setting for the episode of Swithin and Viviette. In this story Hardy boldly invades debatable ground. The critics are talking of it still! Many worthy ladies and gentlemen seem to be in sympathy with a priceless argument recently brought against the works of a certain

great Frenchman. "Living writers," the censor impressively declared, "must remember that they take certain liberties at their peril."

To the *Westminster* reviewer *Two on a Tower* recalled—Beyle! True, both in *La Chartreuse de Parme* and *Rouge et Noir*, the young men have a penchant for older ladies; but the analogy seems superficial. In the eighties certain episodes in *Two on a Tower* raised a general outcry on the score of propriety. To-day we should rather take exception to an occasional prolixity and carelessness, probably attributable to traces of that same illness. Whenever Hardy's vitality flags, the outpourings of genius are temporarily moderated, and then his lack of interest in mere craft becomes apparent. In the main, however, he is quite unchanged. Fate rules the world. People stumble into joy or sorrow, not through deserving either, but simply because the wind blew, the mail was late! He sees the injustice, but confines himself to chronicling it. Yet he is never unkind to his creatures. If he thinks Viviette foolish, he at least convinces you that folly was thrust upon her, and deals tenderly with her shortcomings.

In *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886) Hardy marks another stage. It is the drama of middle life. Strange to say, austerity is the note of this book, which opens with a drunken laborer's selling his young wife and child to a wandering sailor. This austerity, moreover, deepens, though wives prove not to be wives, or maids to be maids, and children have unexpected fathers. Yet the whole is steeped in puritanical, middle-class morality. The tragic figure of Michael Henchard, a rebellious, inarticulate Job, stands out from a sober, unemotional background. Restraint prevails, though, here as elsewhere, Hardy delights in "nature's jaunty readiness to support unorthodox social principles." He revels in showing the accepted conventions of morality in contrast with actual human passion. Not Mr. Bernard Shaw himself was ever more edified by the truly British point of view that certain

things are *not*, at war with the actual fact that they *are*. Indeed, many people have hailed Shaw as the exponent of doctrines which are to be found full grown in the pages of Hardy, with three differences. Hardy loves his people, he clothes his theories in quivering flesh and blood,—they are never disembodied intellects,—and he, so far, is guiltless of propaganda.

In *The Mayor of Casterbridge* he obtains a great effect by using so humdrum a background that every flicker of passion flames out like a bonfire. Apart from Michael Henchard, the characters are only saved from commonplace by the sheer charm of narrative; and in this book the mere craft has made strides. There are no slipshod sentences, no lapses into wordiness, and this without loss of wit or beauty. The description of a country town is as fresh as if he never before had taken his readers to Casterbridge.

The Woodlanders (1887) is a grave study of purely rustic character. Little Hintock suffers from over-shading by many trees. Trees cast gloom and sombreness upon the lives of its inhabitants. There is base intrigue, weakness, and failure. But the point brought out by this book, in spite of the sacrifice of Giles Winterbourne, opens your eyes to an unsuspected quality in Hardy's philosophy. Whether externally beaten by Fate, or successful, the solid characters invariably have the reward of winning affection; while inferiority, one way or another, is always worsted. This seems invariable, and, underlying Hardy's fatalism, it prevents his ever degenerating into bitter pessimism. It is his point of reconciliation with the cruelties and injustices of life, the spring of his steadfast endurance. Under all his observation of Fate's ironies, he is convinced that character tells. Perhaps not at a glance, but somewhere, somehow, it does meet with a reward, usually intangible, satisfying only to your soul; and with this, even in the sombreness of *The Woodlanders*, his tenderness never fails; and, as Brandes says of Goethe:—

"His love for every living thing, his feeling of kinship with animals and plants, his persuasion that the human being is one with all other beings, his intuition of the unity that underlies perpetual change of form,—this power of resolving all nature into feeling, was his earliest gift."

Of the three volumes of short stories, *Wessex Tales* (1888), *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891), and *Life's Little Ironies* (1894), there is only space to say that they show still further gain in purity and condensation of style. Each story ends with a queer turn, leaving you half laughing, half gasping. The humor is whimsical, a consciously artificial atmosphere pervades these curious scenes. You imagine careful parents hurrying them from drawing-room tables, serious, middle-aged spinsters protesting at them as libels upon their sex. What do they represent? Possibly the moment in his life when the irony of things became too oppressive, when he at last fell into the throes of belated revolt, and was spurred on, by cumulative indignation, to an attempt at bettering matters.

In *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891), Hardy for the first time has a thesis to maintain, a text,—no less a one than that opposed by Richardson in *Clarissa*, and preached by Gissing in *The Unclassed*, and by Eugène Sue. But, unlike Tess, Fleur-de-Marie herself is hopeless of reinstatement. The thing has happened. Had she lost an eye or an arm through no fault of her own, she would still be blemished. That is Eugène Sue's view of it.

Aiming at quite an opposite conclusion, Hardy seems constantly thwarted by forces beyond his control. He contends that, but for society's prejudice, as expressed in Angel Clare, Tess's purity would be uncontested. The trouble is that, by taking a text, the novelist stands bound to prove it. A less candid man than Hardy would suppress enough of the truth to leave his teaching consistent. But, while Hardy the moralist lays disaster to unnatural human laws, Hardy the

incorruptible observer constantly remembers the cruelty of Nature herself. Consequently his record is the perfection of beauty and truth; but his comments, with their visible effort to wrest logic from an insoluble problem, merely hamper him. He is too unpartisan for the problem novel, in contrast to those writers who can only get up steam with the irritation of a question to argue; he who sails by tides, breezes, and tempests is merely thwarted by a determination to instruct. Consequently the warring elements in Tess place it on a lower plane than *The Return of the Native*, in spite of a faultlessly told story, moving through absorbing beauty to an inevitable tragedy. That the very end falls below the level of the whole, that it verges perilously upon cheapness, is a small matter, since the larger logic of events is never tampered with to the extent of shirking an unavoidable catastrophe. The real flaw lies in our pagan chronicler's effort to suggest remedies for what he with the same breath proves irremediable. At the time of its publication,—problems held full sway over fiction in the early nineties,—this very element introduced Hardy to the large general public which had hitherto paid him comparatively slight attention. By a queer paradox, its weakness gave it tremendous vogue, but no one could ever imagine Tess as a conscious bid for popular favor. Rather it seems that Hardy's extraordinary impressionability suddenly laid him open to a contemporary influence, and that, too, at an age when men usually become slower in response to outward conditions, less sympathetically alive to the world about them; when the conservative "Better not try" of middle age is wont to check the generous iconoclasm of youth.

His mental attitude is much the same in *Jude the Obscure* (1895). It is as if the spectacle of the world's injustice had so wrought upon him that he was finally trying to hammer some sense out of it. The gropings for a path which usually mark early works, the violence of con-

trast which generally belongs to hot young blood, have come to him now, — the desire to reconcile actual conditions with some respectable fundamental scheme of the universe. If the beauty of vision is of necessity less, — since he never lugs in irrelevant ornament, — the style itself is of measured perfection. But — he preaches, and without absolute conviction. At times he seems to be pointing out that those who even appear to infringe upon established social order shall be ground small and cast to the winds. He, in fact, insists upon this. But, having arraigned society as guilty, he also proves that Jude and Sue were temperamentally unfit for existence; and by way of further confusion, he gives Jude a complete inability to resist the — flesh! He depicts two natures so warring that under any conditions they must have suffered; and then blames their troubles upon an uncharitable world.

Jude is the poor boy aspiring to high scholarship, baffled quite as much by his own baser appetites as by outward obstacles. Sue is a sprite of a creature, clever, speculative, granting nothing to the flesh, yet tender-hearted, — one of those abnormal women who appear sexless to themselves, and fill men with baffled desire; an independent little pagan of quick moods, warm affection, no overmastering passions.

An unjust, pursuing fate is the genuine note of the book. Here again Hardy's conscious attempt to put his hand to the rudder and steer a course is perpetually thwarted by his invincible truthfulness. Jude is another variation of the irresolute Hardy man, with taste, feeling, strong but spasmodic will. Whereas Christopher Julian, Clym Yeobright, and Angel Clare are purely intellectual (*radiance without warmth* is the wonderful description of Angel's love for Tess), Jude, for every day in the year but one, is a creature of intellect, and just for a day falls victim to his senses, never his passions. He is eternally governed by a woman, betrayed into coarse excess by Arabella, cribbed and

confined into abnormal restraint by Sue. These three stand out in high relief. There is no middle distance, only shadowy figures in remote perspective. The achievement here is that, at his age, Hardy should have added a new type to his collection of women. Sue is the modern girl, self-tormenting, frank, one of those unhappy halfway creatures who lose their hearts but never their heads; women whose actions often seem dictated by sheer caprice, because the voice of Nature calls them in uncertain tones, and they have the will to let that summons pass unheeded. Such women suffer most, accomplish least. They are elements of disturbance, because they arouse feelings which they can never satisfy. They subdue men without giving a fair equivalent; yet they are entirely without calculation, recklessly disinterested. They should never be confounded with the French heroine who suffers from *sécheresse de cœur*, and experiments to ease her consuming curiosity of life. If in *Tess*, without losing his romantic manner, Hardy shows sympathy with ultra-modern views, in *Jude* he creates the absolutely modern woman, a creature as distinctively the manifestation of her own day as Pamela, Dorothea Brooke, or Mrs. Ward's Marcella. Hardy, in fact, has kept in touch. Like Verdi, he has lived along with his time. Some of us may prefer *Trovatore* and *Aida* to *Otello*, but no people in their senses could fail even to prefer *Falstaff* to what Verdi would have produced had his development stopped at *Trovatore*, making all subsequent work the mere remodeling of early thoughts and impressions.

After four books of deepening tragedy, we are suddenly delighted by a recrudescence of Hardy the ironic comedian. *The Well-Beloved* (1897) is an embodiment of certain mature reflections in a set of figures, conventionalized, if you will, the story being merely stated without apparent didacticism of purpose. Our pagan again, but in a mood of whimsical tolerance. The hero is no vulgar Don Juan.

Never was man more solicitous for the welfare of his lady loves. The French, of course, perpetually discuss the theme of reluctant fickleness, but with them it is always an affair of the senses. Hardy is far more subtle. Jocelyn Pierston lives and loves with his imagination; never had the baser part of man less to do with his troubles. His adventures are an allegory of the human being who fails to develop normally, whose spirit remains young in an aging body, constantly upset by the painful astonishment known to all of us when some outward proof suddenly jars our inward conviction of perpetual youth. The rustic analogy is always in Hardy's mind. He amuses himself by seeing these city people in relation to country folk, as he sees the countryman in relation to his cattle.

As a masterpiece of ironic analysis, *The Well-Beloved* belongs to the same class as *Sentimental Tommy*, but with far higher qualities of force, restraint, and proportion.

Although we stand perilously near for an attempt at placing this great novelist, it is safe even now to suggest that his chief original service to English fiction has been the same as Tennyson's to English verse. He bridges over the gulf between poetry and science. He holds fast to romance without slurring or ignoring the facts of actual life.

If art be the conscious power of using the raw material of genius, the power not only of bringing down fire from heaven but of curbing and directing it, then as an artist Hardy, in many places, falls short. Nor is his genius at its best when he attempts subjecting it to guidance; but the genius itself — except in *A Laodicean* — never flags in quality and abundance. Had his craft been equal to his inspiration, then Shakespeare would have come to life in our midst. It is such genius as at times to give the effect of highest art, as opposed to Thackeray, whose art is so unapproachable as to be at times quite indistinguishable from genius. Hardy more

nearly resembles Dickens, in this unstudied quality; but Dickens never shows his ravishing sense of loveliness. Hardy can see beauty anywhere. He can love anything, a sty-fed pig! And make you love it, and as a pig, too, not idealizing it, never forgetting that it is merely the winter's store of lard, sausage, and blood-pudding. Where M. René Bazin polishes his tales of peasant life till their smooth surfaces present never a flaw or inequality, careless of means as Nature herself, Hardy is busy only with his matter. He is forever occupied with his idea, yet at times his intensity burns away all dross, purifies and refines, leaving only an incomparable beauty. The unfretted energy, never consumed in mere attention to craft, in its finest outbursts achieves results undreamed of by more accomplished artisans. This method, or lack of it, however unsafe for smaller men, is obviously the only possible one for Hardy.

For all his melancholy, he is far kinder to man and beast than Mr. Phillpotts. His sun shines oftener: there are more genial draughts of mead and metheglin, his beer is a generous fluid, his cider has mellowed in the cask. Thirsty lips are not always sodden ones. I have purposely omitted his rustics, as the aspect of him least needing emphasis. Their humor and quaintness have been so insisted upon that there is danger of his being classed as a "clever" portrayal of dialect and quaint corners. When, as a fact, if he be happiest in Wessex, if he create his neighborhood till it is more familiar to eyes which have never seen it than the country at their doors, — if this be true, we may also be very sure that, had Hardy been born at Whitechapel, India, or Iowa, he would still have written imperishable records of men and women.

Although Hardy's very latest work is of an importance to demand separate and lengthy appreciation, — as well sum up in a paragraph the second part of *Faust* and a few Greek tragedies, — no study of his novels is complete without at least a

reference to *The Dynasts* (Part One, 1904, Part Two, 1906).

This inchoate and disturbing production contains his garnered observation upon the whole of life, no less! It is his final comment, recorded with a scrupulous love of truth which rejects anything so empirical as a conclusion.

In fact, so far from arriving anywhere, *The Dynasts* gains its chief interest from unraveling the strands which go to make up the dual nature of Thomas Hardy. Aiming at complete freedom from the restrictions of form, he casts it in the shape of a huge panoramic drama of Europe under Napoleon. This immense field is commented upon from middle air by a spirit chorus, each member of which personifies an unchanging point of view. Whatever the practical defects of this form, or lack of form, it at least has the merit of giving elbow room. The author swings individuals, armies, nations, with complete disregard of any limit. His saturation with his period, in feeling and detail, is so thorough as to give *The Dynasts* weight as a mere historical summary, a tracing of motive and design by a hand strong enough to grasp the situation at its largest.

Beyond this, his spirit chorus continues an ever baffled attempt "to prove there is any rhyme or reason in the Universe." At times the lines are full of a sonorous beauty, with a sweep which makes the same demand upon the attention as the long phrasing of modern music. The Spirit of the Pities forever deplores the cruelty and sadness of life. The Spirit Sinister frankly exults in mischief. The Spirit of Irony impersonally comments; the Spirit of Years counsels tolerance.

Indeed, if these debates fail to contain

a satisfactory theory of the universe, they do afford a key to the apparent inconsistencies of Thomas Hardy. While all his reasonings sooner or later abut upon an "unmaliced, unimpassioned, nescient Will," something deeper than reason forever denies so chill and meaningless a law of existence. He is like those biologists who, having pushed research to the remotest forms, are still bound to confess that just beyond there lies something which they can neither explain nor ignore.

Re-read in the light of *The Dynasts*, every one of Hardy's novels represents a phase of mental struggle. Hardy has the mind of an ironic pessimist. Taken from this angle, almost every book is an invective against the wanton cruelty of "The Immanent Will." If this were all, we should merely have an arraignment of the entire scheme of creation. But in this lifelong debate, the intellect is constantly opposed by an instinct which steadily rejects a philosophy of logical despair.

As was wisely said of Anatole France, his intellectual irony would finally grow unbearable, if it were not for his sentient, human heart. Different as they are in every other respect, Hardy and Anatole France have this in common. Each in his way views the spectacle with an inward vibration which irrationally persists, and in consequence of which each is saddened but unembittered by the worst that life can show.

And in the end, as emotion must always prevail over reason, as love is eternally constructive, to the great gain of Hardy's readers, the discouragement wrought by his pitiless logic is forever canceled by his indestructible human sympathy.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OBSCURE TEACHER

I AM ready to forgive whatever faults that charming rascal, Rousseau, may have had, because of the frankness with which he fulfills his introduction to the *Confessions*. He is going to do something without a precedent, something that will never have an imitator, — “Je veux montrer à mes semblables un homme dans toute la vérité de la nature, et cet homme, ce sera moi.” Perhaps his partial attainment of this rare feat is what led George Eliot to tell Emerson that her favorite book was the *Confessions* of the inimitable Jean Jacques. I should enjoy writing confessions with the same abandon that characterizes Rousseau, but I have too much of Teutonic reserve, nor would an Anglo-Saxon public forgive me if I did. And yet we do want frankness. Franklin’s autobiography is as good art as Rousseau’s, and has the additional merit of wholesomeness; it has the charming simplicity of a frank and noble nature.

I am now giving the straightforward confessions of a college professor who has been teaching for twenty years, and has had a good time, too. I want to express my complacency without any strutting, to tell the Wahrheit of a contented life without the addition of an extraneous Dichtung. I have no quarrel with the public, strange though it may seem. So lugubrious are some of the accounts of the life of a professor that the public would be justified in supposing his lot pitiable. And after the public has read what I have to record concerning my experience, this sombreness of view may be unaltered, but I must still insist that I have found joy in my work. Perhaps that is a matter of temperament. Lowell has suggested that it is well for a poet to burn his own smoke. This might apply also to the teacher. But then it may be that a prosaic professor, like many a poet to whom the

same adjective may be applied, has not heat enough to consume his smoke.

I graduated from one of the best small colleges of the East, and in September of that year I began to teach. I became a teacher because I had no taste for law, medicine, or theology. It was either teaching or journalism. In answer to an advertisement in a New York daily for a weekly correspondent for a commercial or trade paper published in Boston, I went to New York and there met the business manager. I was somewhat flattered upon being told that out of forty letters mine had won his attention and favor. I could have the place. I asked a week’s time for consideration. I declined the offer, and turned the opportunity into the hands of a classmate, who during the next three years, while writing his weekly letter, went through the law school of one of the New York universities. He is now a metropolitan lawyer, but I doubt whether he has enjoyed life more than I, who began that fall to teach in a denominational academy located on a quiet hill four miles from a railroad station.

The village was a veritable Sleepy Hollow. In his *Letters from the Holy Land* Renan tells us “the country I am living in is actually fermenting from lack of ideas.” Old-fashioned and utterly unacademic F—— was too quiescent even to ferment from its lack of ideas. Fortunately for us the academy life had little dependence upon the town. The hill on which we were located was a short distance removed from it. There we taught Homer and Virgil in a region whose native population was as primitive as the Homeric folk, and far less interesting. I doubt whether there were two native residents who had ever heard of Homer. The only incident breaking the Sabbatical serenity of the perpetual monotony was the arrival of the stage, an event occurring twice a day.

The academy was located in the midst of this pre-historic community because a California millionaire had been born there, and his son had been persuaded to donate twenty-five thousand dollars to an ecclesiastical body that wished to start a school. The church organization gave about an equal amount, and located its school on a hill beautiful in its commanding outlook over hill and valley; but the view also included a neighborhood so unscholastic, uncontemporary, rustic, superstitious, and provincial that it belonged to an age and country alien to modern America. And yet the life in the place had its charms.

My private living-room on the south-east corner of the third floor of the academy had a window opening to the east, another to the south. From these windows I had a varied and enchanting outlook. To the south my view extended across a valley dotted with prospering farms to a mountain twenty miles away. In my mind's eye I can still see the tower erected by a governmental surveying corps on the highest point in that region. Nine miles away was a city of twenty thousand, whose largest foundry had a whistle that emitted a deep-toned humming every noon. This we could hear when the wind was favorable, and it made us feel in our hermit-like seclusion a kinship with the teeming world beyond. From these windows I saw the procession of the seasons. The thunderstorms of spring were magnificent. From my eerie I could see them coming down the valley long before they reached us. The great stretches of living green and the soft colors of the autumn and early winter, the chaste splendor of the wintry snows, the holy calm of June evenings made sweet with the scent of innumerable growing things and solemn with the distant tinklings of sheep bells, the fragrant dawns announced by twittering birds, the occasional tolling of the village church bell as mourning feet moved to the little burying-ground, the many wandering expeditions over the mountains only three miles to the north,

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— all this had an indescribable charm, and was the dream of a contemplative monk or a Wordsworthian idealist.

After four years of this academic and idyllic sequestration I became a teacher in a state normal school in one of the great industrial regions. The salary was not high, but it was better than what I had been getting. I now moved in a new atmosphere. My classes were large and many. As yet we had heard nothing of the strenuous life, but we lived it. Hundreds of young men and women, many of whom could be called young only by courtesy, as their youth consisted in attainment rather than in years, were eager to learn. Nothing could have been finer than their search for knowledge, had its goal been placed in that many-sided culture attainable only by years of devotion to the elusive ideals of the scholar. Too frequently the near and definite end of their aim distorted their vision. They were getting education on the hop-skip-and-jump plan. They had to get it in this way or do without it. While some, it is true, had to do without it, many, it is equally true, received an impulse that became the beginning of the long process of culture. For the school with all its limitations stood for what is best in education. Its atmosphere had a tonic quality. The president was a man of rare good judgment joined to a quiet enthusiasm and noble sincerity. Here I broke away from the mediæval seclusion and *otium cum dignitate* of the academy and gradually felt myself becoming a part of the great educational stream. This attitude or feeling toward my work is one of the compensations of the teacher's life.

At the end of my second year I married a wife who was no more afraid of a teacher's sad lot than I. When I left college I was eight hundred dollars in debt. Out of a small salary at the academy I had paid the debt. My wife was no richer than I, for she, too, was a teacher. We planned a year of study and travel in Europe, so we deferred living under our own roof-tree, saved the money we earned

in teaching a year, and then left in June for a year in Europe.

To the calculating, practical eye that step must have looked like the improvident act of a child. For we resigned our positions unreservedly and invested our all in the fascinating uncertainties of a year of European study and travel. To do so is surely flying in the face of that American virtue which considers getting on in the world synonymous with owning the house you live in. We have never regretted our investment, though we still pay rent.

The greater part of the year was passed in study in the University at Berlin. We also spent a month in the summer term of the University of Cambridge. But our trip included much more than this. Not days, but weeks, were used in becoming familiar with London, Paris, Geneva, and Rome; and shorter stays at Dresden, Venice, Florence, Genoa, Naples, and Pompeii had their charm.

We returned to America in June, without any assurance of finding a "job," but with the confidence of youth that there would be something to do. In less than a week I was elected to the principalship of the academy in which I had done my first teaching. Scarcely had we entered upon the work of the school year when the Supreme Court of the state rendered a decision that took away the entire school property from the trustees who had controlled the school from its inception. The religious denomination had divided itself into two factions. The Supreme Court now decided that the faction to which my board of trustees belonged could not take its property with it. This is an instance in which the word *unique* could be used with propriety. Morally the property belonged to the body that separated from the old denomination, but legally it fell to the other side. We yielded to the inevitable, but the school did not terminate its career. During the Christmas holidays we moved to an adjoining town. Here our trustees had rented from another denomination a large school

property which had become a burden to the owners owing to the growth in the same state of a rival school of the same religious faith. In moving from our old home we took the entire personnel of the school with us. We left nothing but the building and apparatus. The teachers, the students, the various attachés of a boarding-school, — all manifested a beautiful loyalty. The seeming misfortune has since proved a blessing, for the new locality had many advantages, and the academy has now become a denominational college, doing in a small way a vigorous work. The old academy building, erected with the thousands of the California millionaire, now stands in solitary majesty, unoccupied and unused, a melancholy monument to foolish philanthropy, sectarian bigotry, and the irony of perverted justice.

At the end of that year I unexpectedly received an offer from a state college in the middle West. I was attracted to the place because the work was in my specialty, and because my present position had many clerical duties. The two years in the West were rich in experience. A new president had injected into an old institution — old for the West — vigorous blood in the form of a dozen new professors, all of whom were young, hopeful, and desirous of making a new era in the life of the school. The social life of the community had the charm of that free and generous hospitality so characteristic of the West. Coming as we had from the formality and stolid exclusiveness of our eastern town, we found the transition refreshing. We seemed to live in an atmosphere of brotherly love. The millennium had dawned. But suddenly the storm burst. The deluge came. Every member of the faculty received a letter from the secretary of the board asking for his resignation.

Our school was not the only one controlled by state authority. There were several, and all were managed by a central board of regents who were appointed by the governor. Our president had been

selected by a local regent who had removed the old president. This happened a year before my arrival. In the course of three years the politics of the state had shifted, and a new ruler who knew not Joseph had ascended the throne. The new president was asked to resign; the old president, who had been retained in a subordinate position on the faculty, was reelected; and thus the old régime was vindicated. As eight of us had made ourselves obnoxious to the autocratic board by daring to defend the new president, the entire faculty was asked to resign. So we all resigned. Every one except the eight was soon reelected.

The story as I have told it is simple enough, and it is a story of only too frequent occurrence in the history of school administration in the middle West. But my story contains only the "pure crude fact." My version is as crude and simple in comparison with the actual play of passion and intrigue, of treachery and diplomacy, as the story Browning found on the bookseller's stall in Florence is simple and crude when compared with *The Ring and the Book*. I have given only

"The untempered gold, the fact untampered with,

The mere ring-metal ere the ring be made."

To complete the ring would require the scope of a novel. I may add that our school had aroused the jealousy of the other institutions governed by the state. We had doubled our attendance in three years. Had we had an independent board of regents this would have been in our favor. We had also prospered in our literary and athletic contests. When such things happen there is a possibility that a regent who lives in the town of a rival school may be able to see glaring defects in the institution growing at the expense of the one in which he is most interested. Along with this influence was the desire of the old president to be vindicated by a restoration. Worst of all was the sibilant slander of one of our own professors, who saw the storm coming and saved himself

by recourse to slandering the president, although to do so he had to involve his own wife in the affair. Here ends the most disagreeable episode in the career of a contented teacher.

That same September I was again teaching in the state normal school from which I had resigned to go to Europe. My salary was not so good as I had been receiving in the West, but I added to it by writing and lecturing. After three years of this work I was elected to the position which I now hold.

My work at present is congenial. I have enough to keep me busy and not so much that I am fagged out at the end of the year. My salary is not so high as I sometimes think I deserve, but I have no doubt that some of my acquaintances think I receive more than I earn. The average salary of the college professor in the eight largest state universities in the middle West was recently estimated to be \$2300. My college is a state university, but it is not one of the largest. My salary is \$1900. With the addition of four weeks of lecturing during the summer I add \$400 to my income. I do not see how we could live as we should live on less. But during my twenty years of teaching, beginning with a salary of \$500, my average income has been but \$1400. This is pitifully scant. But I have no complaint to make. After all, does not the wisdom of life consist in knowing how to spend rather than in knowing how to earn? The salary does look pitiful, but I insist the life has not been as meagre as the salary. It may be that I have an undue portion of pharisaic complacency, but I confess that as I come in contact with the busy money-makers about me I do not envy them. They talk sometimes as though they envied me, though I question their sincerity; yet could their insight be penetrating enough to place the correct evaluation upon my content, I am sure their envy would be real. I would not object to having their income, but my soul protests against paying the price they pay.

What have I had in exchange for this paltry \$1400?

In the first place I have had good health. In twenty years I do not think I have lost two days of teaching owing to ill health. The college professor is a good "risk" in insurance. The frequent and long vacations, the regularity of work, and the comforting assurance that your work will be paid for, the freedom from excitement and the comparative freedom from worry, the constant association with the healthy optimism of youth, — an optimism diffusive, contagious, and immortal, — these are conducive to health of body as well as to health of soul. I do not deny that a man may accumulate a fortune and keep a good digestion and the philosophic mind, but I know that I could not. Then, too, my work has been a great pleasure to me. My work is recreation. While every occupation is a means for growth, teaching is a profession lending itself especially to self-culture. This is contrary to the common notion, but

" 'T is a creditable feat
With the right man and way."

Thoreau's comment on his school-keeping is characteristic of the man. "I have thoroughly tried school-keeping, and found that my expenses were in proportion, or rather out of proportion, to my income, for I was obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe accordingly, and I lost my time into the bargain. As I did not teach for the good of my fellow men, but simply for a livelihood, this was a failure." Thoreau is so unusual and wild a man that one cannot use him as an example, yet he has, characteristically, hit upon the essential difference between failing and succeeding in teaching.

The old complaint that teaching is narrowing and belittling to a man because he is dealing with immature minds is puerile. It is true only of him who is narrow and pedantic when he begins to teach. The little man becomes less as he proceeds in his gerund-grinding.

Teaching in itself is not a stultifying and benumbing profession. To assist in the development of a healthy mind ought certainly to be as stimulating as to make allotments of calomel for an unhealthy stomach. Was it not Holmes who said that if all the materia medica were dropped into the middle of the sea it would be all the better for mankind, though rather hard on the fishes? And with reference to law as a profession Mr. Andrew D. White writes in his autobiography, "For the legal profession I sought to prepare myself somewhat, but as I saw it practiced by the vast majority of lawyers, it seemed a waste of all that was best in human life." In the same strain Daniel Webster wrote in 1852 to Professor Silliman, "I have given my life to law and politics. Law is uncertain and politics are utterly vain." Teaching, then, is not the only profession that has its Jeremiahs. If teaching is merely hearing pupils recite what they have learned from a book, it deserves Bernard Shaw's most brilliant aphorism in his *Revolutionist's Handbook*, "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches."

During four years, to have the opportunity of exerting an influence upon the life of vigorous and ambitious youth is a sacred responsibility, it is also a privilege. In the exuberance of youth there is a wholesome contagiousness. It is true, the work of the college teacher nowadays seems to be of less consequence than "university research." Is it not time to offer a protest? The work of teaching is just as honorable and just as difficult as the work of original research. In a measure the two qualities should be combined, as every live teacher will do well to drink from the brook of original investigation, and every investigator should have the wish to impart his discovery with skill. But the two types of mind do not readily blend with equal strength. The tendency to over-emphasize the work of the specialist in research is not making for the best conception of the true work of the teacher. The present custom, in many of our

largest universities, of relegating the work of instruction to underpaid, raw, and inexperienced tutors and instructors while confining the work of the high-salaried research specialist to a dozen or two of graduate students, is a perversion of an educational trust. A stimulating teacher is surely as valuable a member of the social body as the patient discoverer. What the youth of the present generation most need is not the discovery of some new fact of minor importance, but a thorough assimilation of some of the plain every-day truths upon which the wise of a hundred generations have builded. In these days of high talk about research and original work, one is tempted to ask, how many important discoveries have been made in the universities? The self-importance with which a newly fledged Ph. D. talks of his original contribution to science is but another evidence that paying tithe of mint and cummin still produces more complacency than attending to the weightier matters of the law. His original contribution! What is it? He has discovered an unnamed muscle in a frog's left hind leg, and what formerly had but a local habitation now rejoices in the sesquipedalian pomp of a Latin name. Is this of greater moment than fostering a "Spirit by mysterious contact of Spirit? Thought kindling itself at the fire of living Thought"?

I long ago came to the comforting conclusion that I am commonplace, and that my work would not be epoch-making, nor should I ever produce a *magnum opus*. If I had had genius, I should have preferred to be a man of letters, moving the world with the deft and persuasive touch of the artist. Not being a man of genius, I concluded I could count for most by coming in personal touch with a limited number in the classroom. It is true I have written for papers and magazines, and even published a book. But the world would be just as wise had I refrained. And, to confess an irritating truth, I should be richer had I not published the book.

Every college professor in writing his confessions seems to be giving an *Apologia pro vita sua*. His loudest complaint is about the salary. Small as mine is I sometimes think it is as large as it would be had I gone into some other occupation; but, as I said before, I am so commonplace that my example has no bearing whatever on the argument for higher salaries for college men. In one of the most recent publications giving the woes of the professor there is a lamentation to the effect that his house is plainly furnished, without even the luxury of an oriental rug, and that one of the pleasures of his family life is the annual ride out into the country. This is pathetic, especially as for many years his regular salary has been \$2000 a year. Nor does he live in a large city. I must have a genius of a home-maker, for with a salary that averages less than his we can go driving into the country many times a year, and we have the luxury of walking over several antique oriental rugs. For ten years I have been carrying ten thousand dollars of endowment insurance, which will mature when I am about fifty years old. And during each summer we can spend part of the vacation on a farm, paying our board, too, and some years we go even to the seashore. Without going into detail, I may be believed, I hope, in saying that our social life is not one of parsimonious barrenness.

"Every workman," writes President Eliot in *The Happy Life*, "who is worthy of his salt takes satisfaction, first, in the working; secondly, in the product of his work; and thirdly, in what that product yields to him." With this my life is in agreement. I live *The Happy Life* because I like my daily work. While there is a certain amount of routine, yet it is not wearing drudgery. The subjects may be old, but the students are ever changing and new. "Are the toys never new?" asked the old lady who was diligently searching the toy-shops for something to delight her grandson. "The toys are old, but then, you know the children are

forever new," was the comforting reply. So with teaching. The aspects and methods of my work have a variety and freshness that are a perpetual charm. My work is a help to my spiritual growth, and "Why stay we on the earth here, unless to grow?"

The time I have for self-culture is not the brief hour snatched by the business man from his daily toil for the purpose of self-improvement, or for keeping alive the glow and enthusiasm of early ideals. While I am doing what many a toiler considers his recreation I am earning my bread. If I cannot afford to buy a sumptuous library, I need not pine, for the books worth reading are in cheap editions, and they are not numerous. But if I do have the book-lover's hankering after the latest and best editions of the new and old, I can indulge it at no expense to myself, for I am a member of the library committee. As such I help to buy a large number of books each year. I get as much pleasure in selecting and handling these new books as does the millionaire who adds to his private collection. At least, I cannot see how he could have more. And for the reading of them, I am sure I have more time than the average millionaire.

As to the joy in the product of the work, I am not able to speak so confidently. The builder of a house, the maker of a road, has the completed and tangible object of his toil before him, but who can reach "through time to catch the far-off interest" of the teacher's work? Yet every genuine teacher knows the abiding joy in observing the development of those whom he instructs. The late testimony of Andrew D. White and of William R. Harper, each of whom had a brilliant career as an administrator of a large university, is to the effect that no part of their educational career gave them so great satisfaction as their work in the classroom.

As to the financial yield of the product I have already expressed myself. The by-products of the work are not to be

estimated in terms of money alone. There is an "unearned increment," whose value increases as the years go by. If the pleasures of life are in the free and generous play of the domestic affections, in the possession of health of body and soul, in labor in which self-interest is not the be-all and end-all, in feeling that one's life, though in a humble way, is a part of the great forward movement of the social body, I know of no other occupation which I could follow that would afford better opportunities for the attainment of these simple and immortal joys.

May I acknowledge, however, that there are moments, rare and evanescent, of course, in which I am discontented with my lot, —

"With what I most enjoy contented least."

When I see the lawyer, the physician, the man of business, grow in wealth and a certain fixity of position, I am base enough to sigh for the lack of many a thing that I have *not* sought. My unacademic neighbor seems to have more stability. He is like the prosperous tree planted by the rivers of water, while I am but a rolling stone, — if not rolling *in esse*, at least rolling *in posse*. Though you may seem to be strongly intrenched in your place, there is always that uncertainty incident to an office subject to the whim of a president or the decree of a board of trustees. But fortunately this mood is but the slender vaporous shadow in the glorious sun of our content. Life without the constant possibility of death would lose much of its zest, so the precariousness of occupation gives a piquant flavor to what is usually considered a humdrum profession. The possibility of finding a new field of influence, of perhaps sailing to-morrow to

"Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas," even though upon compulsion, when reasons of an external sort, and having no relation to your character and efficiency, are as thick as blackberries, is no death's head to the one living the experimental life. The impedimenta that tangle and burden the feet of my stable and prosper-

ous neighbor do not fix me to the soil. So long as there are youth to be educated, and integrity and ability are mine, I can defy fate with my *nil desperandum*. For, with Thoreau, I hold that if the day and

night are such that I greet them with joy; if life emits a fragrance like sweet-scented herbs, — is ever more elastic, starry, and immortal, — that is my success.

CITY WATER AND CITY WASTE

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

ON the Campagna, still dominating the soft Italian landscape, stand the great aqueducts by which water was brought to the imperial city. In the time of the Roman engineers, the necessity of an adequate supply of water was recognized, yet even to the present day quantity of water has been the first step, and quality, when considered at all, the second. In no place has this condition been more apparent than in the United States. England, by her wide-reaching systems of great reservoirs fed by the waters of small streams; France and Austria, by their mountain spring supplies, necessitating hundreds of miles of aqueducts, trailing their way from the upper slopes, through meadows and vineyards, to the towns and cities; Germany, with her enormous purification plants for treating polluted river waters, — all have taken more national interest in the problems of public water supply than has the United States. In this country there are hundreds of excellent water supplies, but there are other hundreds and thousands still existing in a most imperfect state, furnishing with every gallon of water the possibilities of disease.

Great bodies of men have concentrated in the cities during the last half century. With this concentration centres of population have emerged from the condition where every man's water supply was his well, his sewage plant the cesspool in his own yard; and, with many another collective change, we have come to a com-

mon source of water and a common disposal of sewage. To guard the purity of the common water and to insure safe methods of sewage disposal is a great task, for without such guardianship grave and deadly danger is at the city's side. A single failure of this sort may well recall the gravity of the problem.

In April, 1885, the town of Plymouth, Pennsylvania, contained some eight thousand men, women, and children. The general health was excellent, and the water supply, from a clear mountain spring far above the town, seemed unusually good. Like a whirlwind came the plague. Out of that eight thousand, eleven hundred and four contracted typhoid fever, and one hundred and fourteen died. Rich and poor alike were taken, and through every part of the town, highlands as well as lowlands, the fever raged. Whence came this terror? From a single case of typhoid, brought back from a great city whose polluted waters caused the fever. This case existed in one of the only two houses that could contaminate the water system. From this source came the decimation of the little town far below. The story of such water-borne epidemics as this, and the solution of the problem of prevention by the sanitary engineer, form one of the most fascinating chapters in the never-ending war against disease.

Disease is ordinarily caused by pre-existing disease in man or another animal. Here is a bold statement that is far too likely to be forgotten. Typhoid fever and

Asiatic cholera from the intestinal germs of former cases, scarlet fever and measles from the skin excretions of convalescing patients; yellow fever and malaria from the mosquito in which the disease germs pass a portion of their life;—case after case of the truth of this theory might be cited. Moreover, if we accept the germ theory of disease, we must believe that many classes of ailments owe their origin to certain definite microorganisms which belong specifically to each separate disease and to no other. It is well known that these bacilli or bacteria, entering the body, find there a comfortable lodging-place where they may grow and multiply. The various symptoms and periods of each disease correspond, it is believed, to differing stages of their existence. The alimentary canal furnishes a peculiarly favorable ground for the cultivation of certain of these microorganisms. Water is the chief substance to pass through this channel. Typhoid fever and Asiatic cholera are water-borne. What are the possibilities of disease in water, and how may prevention be secured?

Of all possible sources of bacterial infection of water, sewage stands easily first. Sewage, the collected organic wastes of community life, is the home of myriads upon myriads of bacteria. With the necessity for a common sewer has come the problem of such a disposition of sewage that there shall be no possibility of admixture with the water supply. The coast cities can use the sea for such disposal, but the great mass of our population is inland. Large towns and cities must depend on large bodies of water for their supply. The danger that these waters may contain pollution from sewage is one which should be avoided at any cost.

Each pipe and faucet bringing water into the private home or public fountain is a gate by which disease may enter, if proper safeguards are not placed in the way. Let us consider what barriers, natural and artificial, may be raised against such entrance.

Two classes of water are recognized by the sanitary engineer. Ground water is the first, in which class ultimately belongs the great body of atmospheric water falling to the soil. This water directly penetrates the interstices of the surface earth, and sinks to a greater or less distance. Surface water, on the other hand, is that water which strikes non-permeable soil, and rolls from rocks or flows from clayey earths directly into streams or ponds. These larger bodies, as well as their visible supplies, are called by the same name, although they are fed to a large degree by ground waters from below. It is in the water on the surface of the earth that one finds the chief source of peril. The rushing stream or quiet brook gathers the various impurities along its road and disseminates them as it passes on, while, to add to the difficulty, other pollution may come from industrial and organic wastes sent forth from factory and town along the shore.

Ground water as it passes into the earth receives a natural filtration marvelously thorough in its action. In this straining and cleansing of the water entering the soil we find the first of the natural barriers placed against the foe. A porous earth is a storehouse of bacteria; the richer the soil, the more fertile and open the ground, the greater will be the multitudes of bacilli spread to an infinite extent throughout its masses, since here are found all the advantages to foster the life of the germ,—oxygen, moisture, and food. As the water passes down through layers rich in microorganisms, some filtration proper undoubtedly takes place. Vastly more important for purification is the fact that the bacteria in its path rob the traveling liquid of all organic matters, the food of the germs. This action is so effective as soon to make bacterial existence impossible. In consequence, the purity of the ground waters is marked; and when taken from deep cavities, by means of driven wells, they make a serviceable type of water supply. A possible hardness from dissolved inorganic

matters, and a tendency to develop vegetable growths under the action of light, are two difficulties with such a source. Far more serious, however, is the fact that such a supply in most cases is small in amount, owing to the slight extent of the natural reservoirs.

The limited supply of ground water has forced the great mass of communities to the use of surface water. With this source the first point of defense must be the control of that territory from which the supply comes. No point in the chain of defense against the invading germ is of more importance than complete control and proper supervision here. The results of overlooking this necessity have already been noted in the case of the town of Plymouth; and widespread epidemics have often come from a single source of infection on the watershed. In Germany, England, and America it has repeatedly happened that in towns with two sources of supply, one pure and the other impure, those who used pure water have escaped, while those who used the polluted liquid have perished. More thoroughly to safeguard the Metropolitan Water Works System in Boston, for instance, neighboring towns and cities, whose drainage might even remotely affect the water, have been obliged to install sewage-disposal plants.

Geological conditions and the natural slopes of the land prevent many cities from using still waters collected in reservoirs or impounding basins, and they are forced to resort to more or less polluted lakes and rivers. Even under this necessity, how has it come about that so many water supplies are taken directly from polluted sources, without a single cleansing of the raw water? The answer in many cases must be that such systems were installed during the prevalence of the theory that "running water purifies itself." This theory was based on the fact that fouled running water soon became bright and clear. The chemical analysis showed that less organic matter was present at the lower than at the higher point where

wastes had entered. Moreover, the slight knowledge of bacterial water examination of that day was insufficient to show that the germs of disease had not disappeared between the two points to the same extent as had the other organic matter.

On the contrary, it is now known that storage water systems which keep potable water for periods of time in lake or reservoir have a purifying tendency. This purification is due to the fact that parasitic bacteria in the low temperature, the sunlight, and the scant food supply of a reservoir or lake where organic matter is practically absent, have at best a struggle for existence. Many must succumb, since disease bacteria of the water-borne varieties are adapted to the warmth and moisture of the alimentary canal. Such germs as these, accustomed as they are to an easy existence, die when brought into conditions where hardier organisms might survive.

No town placed on a river-bank and unable to obtain long storage need be forced to use polluted water, need be defenseless against the bacterial assault. One safeguard stands preëminent to-day: the filtration of water under such conditions as to remove not only its turbidity and color, but even its bacterial life as well. Water filtration proper, as opposed to sewage filtration, is a mechanical operation, a straining out not only of dust and dirt, but also of the infinitely small inhabitants of the liquid, these inhabitants being such tiny living creatures that half a million of them may float unseen in a teaspoonful of water. It is an interesting journey to pass through the different steps which are taken in the treatment of water by a system of continuous filtration.

To remove any grosser forms of residue, such as gravel and waste, the raw incoming water, known as the affluent, is turned into a great reservoir with massive sides, called the settling or sedimentation basin. Here it is allowed to remain until the impurities which would clog the filter have settled. When this has occurred,

the upper layers of the water are drawn off into the filter proper, a great basin made of masonry or concrete, underdrained, and with an exit pipe at the bottom. This basin is filled with fine sand above a gravel layer, which in turn is supported by rock underdrains. The sand acts in a double capacity. The spaces between separate grains of sand are ordinarily less than $\frac{1}{32}$ of an inch in diameter, so that the passage of all but the finest particles is prohibited. The bacteria would even pass through here, were it not for a second service of sand, which acts in a most remarkable way as a support for a true bacterial filter. As the affluent passes through the upper layers, the sand stops the coarser materials left in the liquid and held in suspension there. Soon there forms above the original surface a filter composed of the smaller sediments, a layer so fine that even the infinitely small microorganisms cannot pass. Here is a fortress placed across the pathway of the invading germ, a barrier so effectual that water has been taken from sources frightfully polluted with typhoid or cholera germs, and has been safely furnished to thousands from the same source of supply.

The sediment filter is, of course, constantly increasing in thickness, and as it increases more and more pressure is necessary to drive water through the interstices. When the point is reached where the pressure required to force the water through is too great to be practicable, the surface of the filter is scraped. Since during this scraping the filter has to be out of commission, filter plants are generally built up from a series of small filters, in order that one or more may be out of use at any time for repairs. Filters may be either open or roofed, the covering of the filter beds depending upon the question of geographical location. The North requires covered filters, while the South gets along very well with open ones, the chief difficulty being due to ice formation.

Besides the continuous filter described

above, only one form of filtration is commonly employed to-day, — the mechanical filter. For the last ten years the growth in number of plants of this type has been most remarkable. The mechanical filter differs greatly from the continuous filter. It delivers from fifty to one hundred times the quantity of water, and is correspondingly reduced in size. A single continuous filter may occupy an acre, while half a dozen mechanical filters may be installed in less than a quarter of that space. The former filter recognizes as a cardinal principle the keeping intact of the surface of the filter where the bacterial life is strained out in the close upper layers. The latter accomplishes its work by the addition of a chemical, whose action on meeting the water is such as to engulf all matters held in suspension, including bacteria, thus forming comparatively large masses, which can be filtered without difficulty. The chemical commonly employed in the mechanical filter is sulphate of alumina, which, when added to water, separates into sulphuric acid and alumina, the latter being a flocculent cloudy precipitate which spreads out over the water. The heavy precipitate thus formed settles down upon the sand, and, acting like a sediment layer in the continuous filter, removes the germs. As with these large masses the clogging tends to stop the flow, the sand at brief periods is washed and stirred, with removal of the former residues.

Now as to household filters. What can we do in the private home to stop the entrance of the disease germ, provided we believe danger exists? The sanitary experts say that no small filter which allows a good stream of water to pass removes bacteria. In the sale of such filters and the belief in their efficiency lies peril to the public, who so often believe that a couple of inches of sand or charcoal preserves them from all harm. As a matter of fact, expert engineers are practically agreed that eighteen inches of sand above drains, and that well covered with the sediment filter, are necessary to obtain

efficiency. Some of the larger household filters are efficient when filled with fine filtering matters, such as sandstone and infusorial earth, which only allow water to pass drop by drop. These are usually either provided with storage reservoirs, or joined in a series of filters so that a quantity may be obtained at once despite the slow rate of filtration. One simple safeguard is always at hand, and should never be forgotten, — the boiling of the drinking water. No precaution is better in time of epidemics. One point should be made clear, — individual protection can never possess a fraction of the value that belongs to municipal control, any more than the individual extinguisher can compete with the city fire department.

The teeming thousands in the narrow ways receive one common food, the city water. We have already considered the way in which it may be delivered to all, pure and free from dangerous burdens. We must now consider the other side, the outgo of the city. Every organism as a condition of its existence must be forever building up and breaking down. Life depends upon the proper balance of the constructive and destructive forces of nature. From the decomposition of the organic foods and various materials used in our complex life, from the sweepings of the streets and the discharges from factories and shops, comes the outgo of the city, its sewage.

The sewer is the abiding-place of good and bad bacteria, five million or more of which may make their home in a single cubic centimetre. In the sewer they find darkness, moisture, and food; and there they thrive and multiply. Far more important than the number of evil micro-organisms found there is the certainty of the presence of deleterious organic matters which, in their present state, and in their changed form after decomposition, are products dangerous in themselves and noxious to all around. We have hitherto considered chiefly the removal of bacteria of disease; but we must here consider as

of primary importance the elimination of the harmful elements of the city wastes.

The realization that sewage, unless properly purified, might be a danger to the community is a matter of comparatively recent growth. In 1815 London used her sewers only for rain water, and disposition of other matters therein was forbidden. Here and there in isolated cases might be found early attempts at some method of disposal, as in the case of the little town of Bunzlau in Prussia, which in 1559 had a piped water supply and a system of sewage farming. These attempts at scientific solution of the problem were at best sporadic until the year 1844, which marks the opening of an era that recognized the necessity for proper waste disposal. This era began with the remarkable "Report of the Health of Towns Commission in Great Britain," which for the first time revealed the dangers which might come from improper waste disposal and the accumulation of sewage. As a result of that report arose the "Filtth Theory of Disease," which, since it is not yet eradicated from the popular mind, and since under it was accomplished some of the best sanitary work of the century, needs at least a passing mention here. According to this belief, disease was bred in masses of decomposing filth; it originated there, and was in some way a product of the reactions therein contained. We now know that the main part of this theory is false, and that disease cannot originate in filth, although it does find there a convenient carrier.

This "Filtth Theory of Disease" swept through the scientific world with the most surprising rapidity. The problem of sewage disposal became urgent in a moment, and soon the modern method of sewage carriage, dilution with water, was evolved; and the problem became that of handling a mass of wastes enormously diluted with water, a dilution so great that in America there exists but one part of solid in one thousand of water. Disposal by dilution is in some special cases pos-

sible. It is true that where not more than one part of sewage is sent into fifty of water, the oxygen of the water may be sufficient to take care of the wastes; but this proportion of water to sewage is so large that, save on the sea, on great lakes, or on rivers the size of the Mississippi, any such disposal is unsafe in the extreme, and any use of water from such a source must be a constant danger.

The first step in any handling of sewage is such a separation of the wastes that the different parts may be handled to the best advantage. The first treatment consists in screening the large floating objects which have entered the sewer in various ways, and removing all rags, bits of wood, and the like, which may be in the liquid. There will still remain in suspension a large amount of gravel and other matters of that type, which have been washed in from the sewer openings in the streets. This may be removed by checking the rate of flow, and so allowing a settling-out to take place. That leaves as the crux of the problem the disposition of the organic matter which is left. Purification by chemical precipitants, such as are used in the purification of water in mechanical filters, has been tried in the past and has proved unsatisfactory.

Before passing to the consideration of particular details, let us turn for a moment to consider by what method this cleansing may be brought about. Sewage must either putrefy or nitrify. That is, it must either decompose (with results unfavorable in the extreme), or such chemical action must take place as will change the harmful organic ingredients to harmless inorganic matters, a result really effected through bringing them somehow into contact with the air, the oxygen of which will consume them. These organic city wastes, while most complex, and differing greatly in their individual structure, are yet composed chiefly of but four elements, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen. The oxidation or nitrification of such wastes consists in so combining the nitrogen with the free oxy-

gen of the air as to form nitrates. This is the most essential reaction, though at the same time the hydrogen is oxidized to water, and the carbon to carbon dioxide.

The problem before us, then, really resolves itself into this: How may we so oxidize or nitrify sewage as to change the noxious organic matter into harmless mineral substances? To do this the sanitary engineer reverses his processes. Instead of removing the germs, as in water filtration, he cultivates myriads of helpful bacteria. Whether we consider such sewage disposal as carried on by natural or by artificial means, on the irrigated farm or the trickling filter, we find this startling and remarkable fact, — the oxidizing of the sewage is done by millions of living organisms. These bacilli take in the organic wastes and turn them into safe and harmless inorganic matters. To cultivate such bacteria, and to use their destructive powers on dangerous elements, has been the effort of all recent sewage researches. How they are accomplishing this task may be told briefly here.

The oldest form of sewage disposal is the disposal on land for use as a fertilizer. For more than four centuries the sewage farm has been an attractive conception to students of possible economies of the state. Berlin and Paris have both had farms of this kind for years, and many other experiments along this line have been made here and abroad.

On soils even moderately fertile the sewage farm scarcely ever pays, costing, despite returns, more for its maintenance than other types of disposal systems. It is on soils like those of the West, where the water carrying the organic matter is of value for irrigation, that sewage farming has been made to pay, and there is every reason to believe that in such a region it could be made a most profitable municipal investment.

The fertility of any soil is greatly affected by the bacterial action which goes on in its upper layers. The bacilli

on the soil of sewage farms are the oxidizing agents, taking in the organic, and sending forth inorganic, matters at the end of the reaction. As the fertility of the soil increases, the effectiveness of the plant to nitrify the sewage increases as well; but two precautions must be taken in any use of sewage for fertilizer. No crop should be raised which is to be eaten raw, and preferably no crop intended for human consumption. Secondly, no crop should be employed which covers the soil too closely, as does alfalfa, for instance. A notable example of successful Western sewage farming is shown by Pasadena, California, where walnuts, a crop safe from bacterial infection because of their shell, and free from all clogging of the porous soil, have been grown with profitable results. A substantial profit has been made year by year, and from the surplus the original cost of the land is rapidly being paid off.

Leaving this natural process, we come to the processes evolved by science. By 1865 it was recognized that the essential factor in the purification of sewage by means of land was the bacterial action upon the organic wastes. Early investigators had some inkling of the fact, and had proposed a system by which, through the special cultivation of the destructive germs, a rapid purification might take place. By passing the organic wastes of a community, with their accompanying microorganisms, through great masses of destructive bacteria of the proper type, these waste products might be broken down, the living organisms destroyed, and the harmful elements removed. A tremendous conception, this enlisting of armies of good bacilli to fight the hosts of evil! This theory has directed the scientific attack on the problem for the last thirty years. Given the possibility of such action, what method could best carry it out?

In 1887 conditions in Massachusetts had become so serious that there was instituted by the State Board of Health an experiment station at Lawrence for

the study of sewage disposal and water supply. It was put under the charge of Mr. H. F. Mills, with the cooperation of Professors Sedgwick and Drown of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. At that station were carried out the classic Lawrence experiments.

In these researches ten different filtering materials, such as gravel, sand, loam, and the like, were placed in ten experimental tanks, and the same sewage was passed through each. Continuous and intermittent filtration was tried, and the number of bacteria present before and after filtration was most carefully determined. As a result, the great principle was established that purification is an oxidizing process carried out by bacteria living in the filter, and (a most important result) that a rich supply of oxygen was necessary for their activity. The process of action with oxygen is known as the "breathing of the filters." It was early found that in sewage filters, like the continuous water filters, there was not sufficient opportunity for the bacilli to obtain enough oxygen to oxidize the organic matter passing over. In consequence it soon became evident that maximum efficiency would be obtained only when — the filters having been once filled with sewage — the bacteria should be allowed to act upon it with free access to the oxygen of the air. This intermittent action, the addition of the sewage followed by the addition of supplies of oxygen, is a battle in which the foe is met by a defending army whose ammunition is constantly renewed.

The principle of the intermittent filter is found in the other modern devices by which bacteria meet bacteria in deadly battle. The contact-bed system, used advantageously in England, is found but rarely here. In this system, the liquid, instead of passing through the filter of sand, is let into a great tank filled with coke or some hard, smooth material; this is then filled with sewage and closed. The sewage is allowed to remain there for two hours or more. During this time the

bacterial films upon the rocks absorb the organic matter and bacteria present, and at the end the remaining liquid is discharged. Oxygen is thereby allowed entrance to the films, and the bacteria do their appointed work as scavengers. By careful regulation as to the time necessary to accomplish the results, satisfactory purification may be obtained; but extreme care has to be taken in the control.

The third type of disposal is still simpler in principle. In early experiments with intermittent filtration, air was forced in from below to allow for the breathing of the filters. Soon the necessity for more air, for increased supplies of oxygen, made further experiments along the line of intermittent filtration necessary. In the trickling or sprinkling filter it was first made possible to treat sewage with a continuous supply of air. In this process, by one means or another, — the tipping of small buckets or splashing from sprinklers, — the sewage is constantly passing into a filter filled with coarse gravel. As it trickles down between the openings, it carries with it air for its own destruction. Oxygen is also obtained from the open construction of the filter, which allows constant air communication between the interstices. The bacterial films upon the stones absorb the organic matters and new bacterial life, as in the case of the contact bed; and through the constant breathing of the filters the oxygen necessary for the burning up or oxidization of the wastes is secured.

To produce complete bacterial efficiency the effluent, or outcoming liquid, may be rapidly filtered through a second filter, filled with sand or sterilized by copper.

The action of the intermittent filter and the possibilities of its use can be expressed in no way better than by quoting the brilliant ending of Mr. Winslow's article on this subject: "The trickling bed appears to be the ideal method of solving the essential problem of sewage disposal, the oxidation of organic matter. It exhibits

the simplicity of all scientific applications which are merely intelligent intensifications of natural processes. A pile of stones on which bacterial growth may gather and a regulated supply of sewage are the only desiderata. We meet the conditions resulting from an abnormal aggregation of human life in the city by setting up a second city of microbes. The dangerous organic waste material produced in the city of human habitations is carried out to the city of microbes on their hills of rock, and we rely on them to turn it over into a harmless mineral form."

One last method of bacterial destruction of sewage must be considered here, — the septic tank, the successor of the individual cesspool. While impracticable for final disposition, it has an unquestioned value as a preliminary step in the treatment of certain concentrated sewages. The principle of the ordinary cesspool depends upon the fact that a large part of the solid organic wastes are acted upon in the closed dark receptacles, without access of air, by bacterial ferments, and are turned into a liquid which may be drained off. Such solid portions as are unaffected by this change may be removed a couple of times a year. In the modern form of septic tank the wastes, instead of being left to be acted on for a long period without the use of oxygen, are run into a close tank where they are left for about twenty-four hours. During this time, the chief decomposition has taken place, after which the residues are pumped to the filters or contact beds, where the final oxidation may occur by means of the oxygen of the air.

We have already considered the use of the household filter in some detail; but the general problem of good water and safe sewage appeals to every owner of a country house, and a few words on this subject should be inserted here. The best soil for these purposes is a sandy one, and wherever a rocky or clayey soil gives possibility of a fissure which might connect water and drainage, expert examination should be called in. The individ-

ual plant for sewage disposal may often be a well and a cesspool, — the cesspool, once a boggy to sanitarians, being now justified by the septic tank and the sand filter, both of which principles are employed in its construction. Two points must be recognized here. Such a covering of the well that the grave danger of surface pollution may be avoided, for it is most essential that no pollution should be washed through covering boards. Also the direction of drainage, which is generally toward the nearest water course, must be such that the water supply may not be below the point of sewage disposal. With these simple precautions of soil, covering of well, and proper location of water and drainage, the isolated country house owner may feel secure.

Lastly, to sum it all up: what is the present status of the work? What is the real purpose of sanitary engineering, and how does it affect us as public-spirited citizens?

As we look over the whole field of effort, the striking factors of present-day progress in bacterial removal and sewage disposal seem to be taking on definite specialized form. The sanitary engineer is using one method for water, — the removal of evil bacteria by filtration. A very different method prevails to-day for sewage, — the cultivation of good bacteria which may render safe the city by their removal of its dangerous organic wastes. Removal of the evil and cultivation of the good! The most highly specialized forms of water and sewage filters show this best. The mechanical water filter has chemicals to separate out the bacteria, pneumatic arrangements to wash

out the sand, and casings of concrete for protection from the air. The sewage filter, on the other hand, is, in its essentials, nothing more than a pile of rock on which the good bacteria may grow. The future advance of sanitary science seems likely to be along these lines. More and more dependence is placed upon research, and the real importance of the problem seems daily more manifest. The careful experiments at the Columbus Experiment Station in Ohio, as well as the fact that a Sewage Research Station has been established by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, show the trend of the day.

To make the city habitable, to increase the efficiency of the state through the better health of its citizens, — what task is higher than this great labor for the common good? On the man in control of the water system or the sewage plant rests the success or failure of many measures planned for the public weal. In the solution of that great problem in applied science, the government of the city, no man must bear a greater responsibility than the sanitary engineer. In such solution research and study may do much; but all individual effort must be supported by a righteous public sentiment. Such civic interest should be awakened in every community as will demand that the guardians of our public health shall be rightly trained, wise, and free. Above all *free*, — since freedom from political control, from jealousies and narrowness, must be secured in order that full power may be given to the guardians of the public health to keep up the fight until the final conquest of the germ.

THE POWER OF BIBLE POETRY

BY J. H. GARDINER

THE persistence of the power of appeal of the Old Testament is perhaps the most striking single phenomenon in all the history of literature: here are works which were written considerably more than two thousand years ago, in a language of a wholly different race and genius from ours, and in the region of the world whose only other familiar contribution to our reading is the *Arabian Nights*; yet this ancient and Oriental book, after passing through the ordeal of translation into a Western and modern language, has become the one book which is or has been familiar to all classes of English-speaking people, and has grown into the bone and sinew not only of our literature, but of our language also. Behind such a phenomenon as this is the great fact of inspiration, a fact which in such a study in literature as I propose here it is safer not to try to define. The limits between religious and literary inspiration lie in a broad region where the two run inextricably together; and within that region every one who is interested in an exact delimitation must run his line for himself. Here I shall simply assume that it is a power which in all its manifestations is inexplicable, and confine myself to certain questions which plainly lie within the field of literature and within the capacities of criticism.

The special problem which I shall examine is the persistence of power of which I have just spoken. To simplify the discussion I shall confine myself to the poetry, which though not the key to the whole literature of the Old Testament in any such sense as is the prophecy, is yet more instant and universal in its appeal to modern readers. Moreover, in the poetry we shall find concentrated the elements and influences which seem to me

to throw most light on the permanent power of the book, — the concreteness of the language, the strong rhythm and music of the style, and the underlying intensity of feeling. Each of these contributes to the power of all parts of our English Bible, but to no part of it more obviously or with richer result than to the poetry.

This poetry as we have it consists of the Psalms, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, the oracles of the prophets, and a certain number of earlier poems scattered through the books of history. Here, however, even more than with the rest of Biblical literature, we must remember that we have only a portion of all the poetry of Israel, and perhaps only a small portion. Whole classes of it must have disappeared. The literature was collected during and after the Exile by men who were passionately and wholly devoted to preserving the religion of Jehovah from the attacks of the heathen, and to making it a living force for righteousness among the remnant of their own nation. They were concerned with the revelations of God to man, not with the imaginations of men's hearts; and for them no writing was of value which did not bear on the history of God's chosen people and on the revelation of his will. That there must have been other poetry than what we have admits of no doubt; there must have been other songs of victory than that of Deborah, other dirges than those of David on Saul and Jonathan and on Abner, other poems than those on the sluggard and the drunkard which are preserved in Proverbs, other love and wedding songs than those of the Song of Solomon. What is left merely shows how large and rich was the art of poetry among the people of Israel from the

earliest times. During the distresses of the Exile and the succeeding centuries, when the Jews were tossed from one conqueror to another, and harried and spoiled in the unceasing wars for the control of Palestine, all but their most essential writings must have disappeared. We must remember, therefore, in any discussion of the poetry of the Old Testament, that we have only a portion of the Hebrew literature, and that rigidly selected for a direct and practical religious purpose.

When we turn to a consideration of this poetry as we read it in our English Bible the characteristic of it which is most striking is its unfailing hold on our feelings and imagination: whether it be the idyllic peace and beauty of Psalm xxiii, or the happy confidence of most of the "Songs of Degrees," the overpowering splendor of Psalm lxviii or civ, or in Job the poignant suffering of Job's cries to his God or the heaven-sweeping imagery of the later chapters, — always and at every time of reading the words have a fresh completeness of meaning. For the whole range of ideas and emotion reached by these poems they are the most satisfying and stirring expression in the language, and they have been so to men so widely separated in temperament and education as Milton and Bunyan, or, within our own time, as Ruskin and Abraham Lincoln. Assuming, as I said above, the fact of inspiration, and looking at the matter merely from the side of the expressive power of language, how can words be so put together as to move so many kinds of people, over such long stretches of history?

One certain source of this marvelous power lies in the character of the Hebrew language. For our present purpose we may confine ourselves to the character of the vocabulary: it had no words for anything but the concrete objects of the external world and for the simplest and most primitive emotions. All the words of the old Hebrew vocabulary went back immediately to things of sense, and in consequence even their every-day lan-

guage was figurative in a way which we can hardly imagine. The verb *to be jealous* was a regular form of the verb *to glow*; the noun *truth* was derived from the verb meaning *to prop, to build, or to make firm*; the word for *self* was also the word for *bone*. Renan has summed up this characteristic of the language in the following passage: "Anger is expressed in Hebrew in a throng of ways, each picturesque, and each borrowed from physiological facts. Now the metaphor is taken from the rapid and animated breathing which accompanies the passion, now from heat or from boiling, now from the act of a noisy breaking, now from shivering. *Discouragement* and *despair* are expressed by the melting of the heart, *fear* by the loosening of the reins. *Pride* is portrayed by the holding high of the head, with the figure straight and stiff. *Patience* is a long breathing, *impatience* short breathing, *desire* is thirst or paleness. *Pardon* is expressed by a throng of metaphors borrowed from the idea of covering, of hiding, or coating over the fault. In Job God sews up sins in a sack, seals it, then throws it behind him: all to signify that he forgets them. Other more or less abstract ideas have found their symbol in the Semitic languages in a like manner. The idea of *truth* is drawn from solidity, or stability; that of *beauty* from splendor, that of *good* from straightness, that of *evil* from swerving or the curved line, or from stench. *To create* is primitively to mould, *to decide* is to cut, *to think* is to speak. *Bone* signifies the substance, the essence of a thing, and serves in Hebrew for our pronoun *self*. What distinguishes the Semitic languages from the Aryan is that this primitive union of sensation and idea persists, — so that in each word one still hears the echo of the primitive sensations which determined the choice of the first makers of the language."

Now this limitation of the Hebrew language to words which expressed immediate sensation goes a long way toward explaining this problem we are

studying when we consider it in the light of one of the accepted doctrines of modern psychology, the theory commonly known as the James-Lange theory of the emotions. According to this theory emotion is inseparable from sensation, or rather emotion consists of a mass or complex of bodily sensations. Professor James sums up this doctrine in the following questions: "What kind of an emotion of fear would be left if the feeling neither of quickened heart beats nor of shallow breathing, neither of trembling lips nor of weakened limbs, neither of goose-flesh nor of visceral stirrings, were present, it is quite impossible for me to think. Can one fancy the state of rage and picture no ebullition of the chest, no flushing of the face, no dilation of the nostrils, no clenching of the teeth, no impulse to vigorous action, but in their stead limp muscles, calm breathing, and a placid face? The present writer for one, certainly cannot. . . . In like manner of grief: what would it be without its tears, its sobs, its suffocation of the heart, its pangs in the breast-bone? A feelingless cognition that certain circumstances are deplorable, and nothing more. Every passion tells the same story. A purely disembodied human emotion is a nonentity."

This theory and the Hebrew language fit together like the two parts of a puzzle, for the Hebrew poetry constantly expressed emotion by naming the sensations of which the emotion consists. Here is an expression of helpless despair:—

Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul.

I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me.

I am weary of my crying: my throat is dried: mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.

Notice the number of sensations which are specifically named: "my throat is dried," "mine eyes fail," and the sensation of sinking in deep mire, with all its implication of spasmodic, helpless struggling. Another example may be found in the familiar passage in

Job; and here again notice how many actual sensations are named:—

Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men,

Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up:

It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying,

Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

The shaking of the bones, the hair of the flesh standing up, the sense of an object indistinctly present, the silence, all go together to make the most vivid description in our literature of the terror that flies by night; and here again, as in the Psalms, the emotion is set forth by means of the concrete sensations of which it consists. For one more example, let me quote another passage from the Psalms, the first few verses of what is known in the *Book of Common Prayer* as the Venite: here the emotion of joyful worship is expressed by the bodily acts in which it is expressed:—

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

In this case the emotion is more spiritual than in the others, yet it is still phrased chiefly in terms of bodily sensation, the singing, the joyful noise, the bowing down and kneeling.

Sometimes, as in part in the last example, the emotion, instead of being expressed by the bodily sensation that constitutes it, is indirectly portrayed by naming the concrete objects which produce these sensations by immediate and reflex action.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blestest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

This passage stirs in one, vividly and powerfully, all the physical sensations of a warm day in spring, when one walks in the fields with head erect and lungs filled with the warm, rich air, and one's nostrils open to the manifold rich odors of the earth and of the growing things of the spring. The deep-lying emotion of content and happiness is thus expressed, not by naming the sensations, but by naming the objects which inevitably produce them.

Comparatively simple cases like these will show, I think, how the principle works out: that the naming of two or three specific sensations or of certain concrete objects arouses a large and complex mental state which taken all together is the emotion of fear, of reverence, of joy. And seeing this truth clearly for the simpler cases one can understand how it explains the less palpable and more complex cases, and how the concrete imagery of such a passage as the following has the power to express feelings and thoughts which lie still deeper: —

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

In such a case the means employed are the same, but the emotions to be expressed being larger and more diffused one cannot follow out the mechanism so definitely. But the unsurpassed vividness of the Hebrew poetry and its unailing hold on our imagination may be ascribed to this fact, that it always expressed emotions directly and concretely by the sensations of which they are composed, instead of describing them by words which are abstract and therefore pale.

We can go even further, and find in this special characteristic of the Hebrew language the permanence of appeal of these ancient poems. After all, the great body of our sensations and feelings does not change from generation to generation. The horror of despair at sinking in deep mire, the dread at the creeping mysteries of the night, or the delight in uttering forth our joy in song, all are the same thing for us to-day that they were for these ancient Hebrews two thousand years ago and for their ancestors a thousand years before them. We moderns have built up a superstructure of abstract reasoning which they did not have; but all the great mass of our consciousness is the same that it has been for ages and, so far as we can see, as it will be for ages to come. The sight of the stars in the great field of heaven lifts us out of ourselves in the same way that it has moved our ancestors for innumerable generations. Thus a literature which is able to express itself through these inalterable sensations has a permanence of power which is impossible for a literature which is phrased largely in abstractions and inferences from these sensations. In this primitive simplicity of the Hebrew language, therefore, we can find some of the reasons for the permanent power of the Bible poetry.

This characteristic has been transferred unblurred and unfaded to the English of our King James Version; and

here again one can in part point to the cause of the preservation of the virtue. The English language of King James's time, as I have pointed out in an earlier essay in this magazine,¹ was far nearer the unbroken concreteness and simplicity of the Hebrew than is our English of to-day. The learned and abstract words which make so large a part of our ordinary vocabulary hardly began to be taken over from the Latin until after our version was completed. And in the first half of the sixteenth century all writing in English was in consequence figurative to an extent which would be florid and affected for men of our time. Even the statutes of Parliament in Henry VIII's reign are enlivened with graphic imagery and racy idiom. Accordingly, a translation from the Hebrew made at that time almost of necessity retained this immediate and living hold on the feelings. Any one who has read modern translations of the poetry of the Old Testament will recognize how insidiously our modern habit of using general words has paled the glowing colors of the King James Version.

Emotion and feeling, however, have other modes of expression than through the connotation of words of sensation; their most typical and highest expression is through music. Every one knows that music can give form to moods far too impalpable and evanescent for articulate language. Even the man who has no ear for music knows what it is to have his very flesh stirred and his feet set moving by the playing of a military band; and to music-lovers the full rhythms and harmonies of a great orchestra reach feelings which lie so deep in the soul that no words can find them. Herein lies the other side of the power of literature; since it stands for the spoken word it can borrow some of this power of music to express disembodied emotion.

In the written word this power of music consists in part of rhythm and in part of the qualities and succession of the sepa-

rate sounds. For the striking rhythm of the poetry of the English Bible we can find a cause in the chief principle which governed the Hebrew poetry,—the principle of parallel structure. In the Hebrew poetry the line was the unit, and the second line balanced the first, completing or supplementing its meaning. "Praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power;" "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." This principle could be applied to produce considerable variety. The second member might be synonymous with the first, or it might be in antithesis, as in the examples I have just quoted; or it might add something to complete the thought: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." Or it might be the application of a figure: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver;" "As the door turneth upon his hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed." Sometimes, again, the first member of one takes its thought from a word in the last member of the line before:—

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from
whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made
heaven and earth.

There might be more than two lines to complete the verse: the normal form of the colloquies in Job consists in a balance of couplets:—

My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a
brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass
away;

Which are blackish by reason of the ice,
and wherein the snow is hid.

What time they wax warm, they vanish:
when it is hot, they are consumed out of
their place.

The paths of their way are turned aside:
they go to nothing, and perish.

But whatever the variety of form, the unvarying element in this Hebrew poetry is the constant balance of lines of about the same length.

¹ In November, 1904.

This principle, however, was not re-discovered until a century after our translation was made. Therefore the men who made our translation did not know that they were translating poetry, and they made no attempt to arrange the lines in a different form from the prose of the rest of the book. The result has been in the English to produce a kind of writing which is unique in our literature, since it is neither regular prose nor regular poetry, but shares the power of both. It has the strong balance and regularity which results from this underlying parallel structure of the Hebrew, and at the same time all the freedom and naturalness of prose. When in reading the historical books you come across a poem you feel the difference in effect; suddenly, without your realizing why, the style seems as it were to take on energy and movement. Here is an example from Joshua:—

Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.

And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.

Here the strong balance of the lines of the poem strengthens the rhythm, so that as the poem stands imbedded in the prose it seems almost excited in utterance.

On the other hand, since in the English this strong balance and rhythm is always united to entire freedom, this poetry is quite clear of any suggestion of artificiality or sophistication. For us to-day verse and poetry are a mode of utterance apart from the speech of everyday life. They are art, and art carries always for us the implication of an attention to form which makes impossible an entirely unstudied spontaneity. Even blank verse, the freest of all our forms of poetry, is lacking in the naturalness of

prose. Consider this passage from the fourth act of *Richard II*:—

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself,
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long.

This is as simple as it can be; there are only two adjectives which are not a necessary part of the meaning, and no other attempt to adorn or beautify the facts than comes from the verse itself. Yet as compared with the earnest solemnity of the Psalms or of Job it is the writing of a man who is playing at life; it is the efflorescence of feeling rather than an irrepressible and inevitable expression of it. Even the great soliloquies in *Hamlet* produce something of the same effect; for all their searching into the foundations of the human soul they are still play-acting, a noble blossoming out of the imagination in a noble time if you like, but still flowers from a "garden of pleasant delights,"—to modify the title of one of the Elizabethan poetry books. Milton's noble sonnet *On the Late Massacre in Piemont* is an exception; and there are a few great poems of our own day, such as Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*, and Mr. Kipling's *Recessional* and *The White Man's Burden*, which sum up in burning phrase the feeling of a nation and a race. But even these, beside the poetry of the Old Testament, only emphasize the fact that the poet is for us a man apart, a seer looking on at life and penetrating its mysteries by the flash of genius; whereas these psalms are part of the bone and sinew of the Jewish life. In them there are no rules of art between us and the soul of the nation. Certainly in the form in which we read this Old Testament poetry in our Authorised Version we have the combination of the heightened beat of the rhythm, which expressed strength of emotion, and which is the peculiar virtue

of poetry; and we have it with an entire freedom and naturalness which prevents our attention ever straying from the message to the form in which it is couched. It is from this unique form, I think, that this poetry of the Old Testament gives the impression of being a universal and unstudied expression of the deepest feeling. Thus it seems to me that this very fact that our translators made no attempt to reproduce the exact form of the verse in English has added to its power; and I am inclined to suspect that the modern fashion of printing the poetry of the Old Testament in broken lines is quite as much of a hindrance as a help to the reader who wishes to get the full feeling which it contains. One hears grumbling to-day at the difficulty imposed on our reading of the Bible by the division into verses. We may well remember that when the Bible was known thoroughly and universally, it was always so read.

Even this strong balance and rhythm of the Hebrew poetry, however, does not account for all its persistence of power in the English. We must take into account also the fact that it is throbbing with the earnestness of the great men who in the stress of the Reformation, when England was struggling free from the Church of Rome, wrought out their translations of the Scriptures. The free translation and circulation of the Bible was a matter of life and death to the men who took part in it; for it will be remembered that it was not until the very end of Elizabeth's reign, and even the beginning of James's, before the struggle against the Church of Rome ended in an assured victory for the forces of Protestantism. All through the eighty years in which the Authorised Version was coming to its final form men were stirred to the depths of their souls by questions of religion which turned ultimately on the free possession and interpretation of the Bible. Moreover, this was a period in which all writing was musical, and all writers seem to have had the magical power of adding to the meaning of the

words the rich and flowing melody which clothed them with the deeper and pervasive meaning of the emotions. It is hard to find a book written in the sixteenth century which shows any relation to the bare and jolting style of so many of our books to-day. To the original translators and to the revisers who followed them we owe the transfer of the strong and moving rhythm of the Hebrew into English, and the enriching of it with the varied but subdued music which gives our Bible its capacity of expressing the deep thoughts of the soul.

One source of this rich music we must not neglect, the Latin of the Vulgate. All the men who made our version were intimately acquainted with it: Tindale and Coverdale, who were priests of the old church, must have known it as our fathers knew their English Bible. Now whoever knows this Latin Bible will agree that its most notable qualities to us are its strong rhythm and its rich sonorousness of tone, qualities which more than all others express earnestness and reverence of feeling. The Latin in which it is written is very different from the rhetorical language of Cæsar and Cicero; it is less finished, and even an amateur in Latin can feel that its syntax is broken down and contaminated by that of the Hebrew and Greek. But it has more than its share of the solidity of classical Latin and a momentum that is strengthened by the simpler structure taken over from the Hebrew. And at the same time it has a richness of coloring which I suppose has never been surpassed. Here is a short Psalm, the 133d, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" which will show the marvelous power of this language to clothe its words with ringing music. Notice how rich the style is in the open vowels, and the liquid consonants, on which the voice insensibly dwells:—

Eccc, quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum:

Sicut unguentum in capite, quod descendit in barbam, barbam Aaron.

Quod descendit in oram vestimenti ejus :
Sicut ros Hermon, qui descendit in montem
Sion,

Quoniam illic mandavit Dominus benedictionem et vitam usque in sæculum.

Now when one realizes that Tindale and his successors had these splendid organ tones ringing in their ears whenever they thought of a text of the Bible one cannot help, I think, feeling that its richness communicated itself to their work. The deepest and strongest feelings of men which are expressed in the Bible and give it its preëminence in our literature, are the feelings of awe in the presence of the omnipotent God, the feelings which men naturally express in worship. Music is an inseparable part of worship; and we may well hold that this music of the Biblical style which it derived in part from the Vulgate gives it much of its power of expressing these feelings. Thus we may feel that we have in our English some part of the passionate earnestness of St. Jerome, ringing down through the centuries to deepen and enrich the meaning of our Bible. Here again we must recognize our debt to the great Englishmen of the sixteenth century, who not only brought over the splendid thought of the Hebrew into equally splendid English, but who, writing with an unconscious sense for the beauty and expressiveness of style, clothed their words with a music which expresses feelings too deep and too diffused for articulate expression.

Now let us go behind these essential questions of style which concern the translation, and search for the intensity and elevation of feeling in the original writers which made this marvelous style a necessity of expression for the translators. Here explanation can make only a short step; for we are in a realm where the only ultimate explanation we can give is the fact of inspiration; and that is only another way of saying that we are in the presence of forces above and beyond our present human understanding. We can see a little further into the power of this poetry, however, if we take into

account the times in which it was probably written and consider the experiences which called it forth. I will speak here only of the Psalter and of Job.

It is now generally held by scholars of the modern school that the Psalter is the hymn-book of the second temple; and most scholars who accept the new views of the Bible at all agree that some of the Psalms at any rate were composed as late as the time of the Maccabean revolution, 165 B.C. The dates of the separate psalms may be very divergent; some of them may have been originally composed before the Exile, some of them perhaps by King David himself. But since the Psalter is a hymn-book, the precise date makes very little difference; for a hymn-book is a collection made for a very practical purpose, and if it does not express the feelings and aspirations of a specific generation it has no reason for existence. Therefore if the Psalter as we have it came from the latest period of Jewish history it would embody the sufferings and aspirations, the faith and the passionate zeal of the Jews of the third and the second centuries before Christ. It would come, therefore, from a time when the Jews were passing through almost the most critical period of their history, a time full of bitter suffering and distress, when they were harassed by enemies from without, and torn by dissensions from within. Jerusalem is described in such psalms as the 74th and the 79th as sacked, and the temple profaned; and the outburst of bitter indignation in Psalm lv,

But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.

Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell: for wickedness is in their dwellings, and among them,

seems to refer to the party among the Jews who were ready to compromise with the heathen and take over their mode of life, even perhaps to contaminate the worship of Jehovah by the assimilation of heathen rites. The depths of this misery are sounded by many of the Psalms

as the heights of the faith by force of which they won their way through the furnace of affliction are measured by such glowing words as those of Psalm lxxviii:

Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered :
let them also that hate him flee before him.

As smoke is driven away, so drive them
away : as wax melteth before the fire, so let
the wicked perish at the presence of God.

But let the righteous be glad ; let them re-
joice before God : yea, let them exceedingly
rejoice.

Sing unto God, sing praises to his name :
extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his
name JAH, and rejoice before him.

Certainly there is no time before the Exile which will furnish the background of hopeless misery and depression, suddenly interrupted by unbounded joy and thanksgiving, which lies behind the Psalter as a whole. The very intensity and desperateness of the suffering and the suddenness of the reaction help us to understand the intensity of feeling uttered forth in these marvelous poems.

Job also probably comes from this same period of the Exile or the succeeding century, the time when the problem of the origin of evil came home to the Jews with such bitter poignancy. Deuteronomy taught them that Jehovah would reward their faithfulness to the statutes and ordinances which he had commanded them, and that he would punish whoever disobeyed; and in the manner of their age they looked for an immediate reward or an immediate punishment. Yet they who were striving with the most anxious care to fulfill every jot and tittle of the law were crushed by poverty and oppression; while their heathen conquerors, living in open defiance of the laws of Jehovah, were growing old in wealth and happiness. For them, and especially for those whose faith was strongest, the dilemma must have been critical. The great poem of Job witnesses to the earnestness with which they attacked the problem, and the triumphant faith with which they came back to the solution that the ways of God are too great for man to understand, that the fear of the Lord is the beginning

and the end of wisdom. Thus Job, like the Psalms, takes on a new and poignant interest when we recognize it, not as an abstract discussion of a philosophical problem, but as a grappling with an immediate and crucial difficulty.

This fact, that Job deals with an actual difficulty of a specific generation of the Jews, leads us to what is perhaps the most distinctive feature of this Hebrew poetry.

To use a technical term, Hebrew poetry never reached the point of representation. In other words, it never passed beyond the point of expressing the writer's own emotions to the point where he could imagine himself into the feelings of other persons, whether real or invented. This limitation appears constantly in the historical books, in the speeches which the writers, after the manner of all historians of antiquity, whether Oriental or classical, put into the mouths of the chief persons of the history. The Deuteronomist compilers of Kings, for example, making up a prayer which would be fitting for Solomon at the dedication of the temple, made him speak in the language and thought of Deuteronomy, a book which was called forth by the great change in the fortunes of Israel through the destruction of Samaria three hundred years after his death. They could not imagine to themselves how Solomon would really have felt; all they could do was to put their own hopes and yearnings into his mouth. This lack of the faculty of constructive imagination is a chief note of the Hebrew literature.

In the poetry this limitation resulted in the absence from our Old Testament of all poetry which cannot be roughly classified as lyrical. The Hebrew mind had no apparatus for inventing characters, or for understanding the thoughts and feelings of other men. Ostensibly Job is either a drama or a debate; yet though Satan is a protagonist in the prose introduction he is not mentioned at all in the poem; in the colloquies, the speeches of the three friends can be interchanged without injury to the book; and in chapter xxvii,

Job shifts over and occupies the ground which has been held by the friends against him. Clearly the authors of this great book came into no clear imagination or understanding of Job as an individual and consistent character. They made no effort to get into the point of view and temperament of the ostensible hero of the poem; as we say nowadays, they made no attempt to create a character. Job is best understood as a generalized figure of suffering Israel, a conception which was dear to the hearts of the Jews at this period; it was set forth by the Isaiah of the Exile in such a passage as the following:—

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

This same idea appears in certain of the Psalms:—

For my loins are filled with a loathsome disease: and there is no soundness in my flesh.

I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.

My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore; and my kinsmen stand afar off.

They also that seek after my life lay snares for me: and they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long.

During the bitter times of the Exile and of the century or two succeeding, the Jews found a melancholy comfort in thus figuring themselves as sufferers because of their very faithfulness to Jehovah. The book of Job can thus be best understood. In a sense Job himself is individualized, but no more so than is the suffering servant of Jehovah by the Isaiah of the Exile, or than the suffering Israel described in the Psalms. We may suppose that the purpose of the author of the book was satisfied with the description of Job's sufferings as a vivid portrayal of the sufferings of his race. Further than

this I think it is safe to say he does not attempt to individualize him. If one reads the poem carefully, one will see that it could be applied to many men of a considerable variety of temperaments; indeed, the fact that the piety of the Job of the prologue, which consists so much in offering sacrifices, is different from the larger-minded piety of the Job of the colloquies, seems to show that the author had little idea of what we mean by consistent characterization. He made no effort to make Job an individual in the sense that Hamlet and Henry Esmond are individuals; furthermore, there is no evidence that the men of his race ever were conscious of the possibility of such an effort.

This unconsciousness of the possibilities of the creative imagination helps to mark the great abyss which lies between the Old Testament and our modern literature. From the time of the Greeks down, representative art is the largest and most important part of pure literature. All the drama, all story-writing, and all poetry except lyrical, is representative in that its effort is to set forth the actions and feelings of persons whom the writer knows only indirectly and by force of his creative imagination. In the books of the Bible there is no such literature. If one recalls the fact already indicated, that the only other work with which English-speaking people are familiar, which comes from the same Oriental background as the Bible, is the *Arabian Nights*, one realizes the distance from us of this Bible literature. R. L. Stevenson pointed out in his *Gossip on Romance* that the people of the *Arabian Nights* are mere puppets; that their stories are a pure succession of adventures, undiluted by any understanding of character on the part of the authors, unbroken by any attempt to make the people real. These Israelite writers are on a somewhat higher plane, for they could tell a simple story in terms of the most vivid detail; and they could in a simple, unconscious sort of way make

the different actors in their stories seem like distinct people. Their creative imagination did not go so far, however, as to enable them to invent a character, or even to detach themselves from their own experiences in order to imagine consistently and convincingly the mental workings of any one whose circumstances or temperament differed much from their own. The thought of their authors was, as compared to those of our own age, primitively simple; it was never able to push beyond its own experiences and create that of other men.

In this limitation, finally, we may find part of the power of this literature. The Hebrew poetry has power over our feelings because it is always in dead earnest. There is no play-acting here. When one sees or reads *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, or *King Lear*, one is absorbed in the distress and suffering; but always behind the absorption is the sense of detachment from real affairs. Unconsciously we feel that we can afford to take part by imagination in the suffering, because after all it is not real. To understand and appreciate the poetry of the Old Testament one must remember that it is always real. The sufferings, or the joy, or the faith are the experience of real men uttering forth the depths of their soul. Their poetry had always the direct and practical purpose of unburdening real feeling: there is no make-believe here. Even in Job the apparent form of a drama is the thinnest of masks for the deep and real feelings

which lie underneath. The book is not an effort of the author to imagine how such a man as Job, suffering such trials, would have felt, but rather the expression of actual distress over the hopeless plight of his people. The mental tortures under which Job writhes are therefore those of real people in real and harrowing perplexity; and the overwhelming power of the answer of the Almighty the direct witness of a faith which could not be daunted by the most grievous trials.

Thus we may bring this brief survey of the poetry of the Bible to an end. In form and style it has power which springs in part from the unblurred concreteness and directness which was made not only possible but necessary by the character of the old Hebrew language and of the English language in the sixteenth century; in part from the strong but unconscious rhythm caused by the balancing of the lines of the Hebrew; in part from the richness of music which is due in all probability to the sonorous influences of the Vulgate. Behind the manifold variety of the imagery and the deep music of the style we can see, and not too vaguely, the intensity of faith which soared above all earthly troubles to the highest conception of God yet reached by man, — the faith which is to be traced in the constantly wider and more spiritual messages of the prophets, rising during the period that produced the Psalms to a clear grasp of immortality and the blessings of paradise.

A TANGLED WEB

BY MARGARET COOPER McGIFFERT

I

JOHN VANCE had not a grain of malice in his make-up, and he was almost extravagantly fond of young Pruyn. But when a brilliant man has worked for fifteen years at his chosen profession and has failed of recognition except in a limited circle, it is hard for him to believe in the reality of a success that happens over-night to a boy just out of college. "It's nothing but youth and animal spirits," he warned Hudson Pruyn. "The public likes you immensely, just as I do; but youth won't last, and you must put foundations under your work if you don't want your house that you built in a day to tumble down about your ears."

Pruyn only laughed good-naturedly, and went on writing stories that were snapped up by the magazines, and novels for which publishers contended. He had an unbounded admiration for Vance, as a man with more brains and more heart than any other man he knew, and with a style that illuminated every subject he touched; but, considering himself only an ordinary young fellow, who had made a lucky hit by writing just as he felt about things that he liked, he could not quite see how he could combine with his own happy-go-lucky ease the careful art of a man who was, immeasurably, his intellectual superior.

"What I write is n't art, I know perfectly well," he assured his friend. "It's nothing but happen-so. But there's no harm in it; I like to do it, people like to read it, the publishers like to pay for it; so we're all happy."

Vance labored to prove to him that a man's lifework must be taken seriously. "You have gifts to thank the gods for," he insisted; "but if you play with them,

they will burst like soap-bubbles. You have never had to grind; you follow habitually the line of the least resistance, and your fatal facility" —

"You have the descent to Avernus in your worrying old mind," Pruyn interrupted. "But you need n't fear for me. All my tastes lie in the other direction."

"I don't fear anything for you but superficiality," Vance returned gravely. "I want you to be a man, not a trifler. How many gushing notes have you received in the last week? How many teas and dinners have you attended? How many sentences of real literature or sound sense have you read? How much hard thinking have you done? You have galloped over a sufficient number of pages with your fountain pen. You have galloped a sufficient number of miles on horseback to keep you in good condition. You have spent the rest of your time as if Heaven had not blessed you with brains."

"I have spent a lot of time with you and the other fellows," Pruyn reminded him. "As much time as you were willing to waste on me. If you were n't all so confoundedly busy, I'd be with you all the time. Do you think I don't know the difference between men and triflers? Do you think I would n't go in for art if I had it in me? I believe that you fellows that would starve before you would paint a picture or write a page that does n't seem to you true are the salvation of this materialistic age. But the trouble with me is that I don't know whether things are true or not. I don't know how I write. I do it just as I ride or swim or row or golf. I play the most unscientific game of golf imaginable; but I get there with as few strokes as most fellows, and I get the good out of it."

"Fatal facility again. Boyish cocksureness. Unbounded nerve. Combine purpose with it, and you would soon find yourself using your brain as well as your spinal cord. But the brain has a way of atrophying if it is not given sufficient exercise."

Vance's strictures seemed to glide over the surface of Pruyn's easy good-humor; but in reality they penetrated much deeper than Vance suspected. Vance and his group of writing and painting friends were little less than heroes to the prosperous young romancer, who would have done anything in his power to make himself one of them. But no way opened, and he continued to write breezy stories of breathless adventure and rapid wooing, in which the ingredients were always the same, but so charmingly varied in proportions that each was hailed by the press as "highly original, like all Mr. Pruyn's work."

"He's such a lovable fellow, confound him!" Vance said to himself fiercely, "that he can't help writing lovable books. But one of these days he will be a man, with nothing to take the place of his boyishness."

Whatever criticisms might be made upon them, Pruyn's books were a boon to a hard-worked public, grown impatient of problem-novels and depressing realism. Young people liked them because they glorified youth. Middle-aged men and women liked them because they carried them into an impossibly hopeful world. Buoyant optimism radiated from every page; the optimism of buoyant health and bounding spirits. The more Vance saw of him, the more he delighted in his native endowment, and the more he lamented his headlong thoughtlessness. "You have only one subject, only one style," he reiterated. "When you have rung all the changes on it, what will you do? The public is a fickle entity, given to rebounding in exact proportion to the bound. It has jumped at your work, undoubtedly; but the time is almost due for this comment: 'I don't

know whether I have read *this* book or not, but it does n't matter. When you have read one you have read them all.'"

"Do you honestly think that I can't write a story that you would not recognize?" Pruyn asked, suddenly.

"I honestly do. But I should be glad to have you prove me wrong. If you can write a story that will be accepted under an assumed name by a reputable magazine, and that I shall fail to pick out from a pile of a dozen magazines, you will make me happier than you have ever done yet in your amiable life."

"Reduce your pile of magazines to three, and I'll still make you happy," Pruyn said confidently.

Vance smiled at what he called "the youngster's bluff," and forgot the promise.

II

The Christmas magazines vied with one another in number and variety of stories. Pruyn whirled in upon Vance one evening with three uncut magazines in his hand. "Now, old man," he said, "it's a tug of war between your sagacity and my originality. You have the reputation of being the most unerring judge of style in New York city. One of the stories in these three magazines is mine. About half of them are by well-known writers. I defy you to pick mine out of the other ten. I'm sorry to take your time, but I want to make you happy."

"It won't take long," Vance responded cheerfully. "You cut the other two while I look through this one. It's only a matter of a glance at each."

He ran through the magazines rapidly. There were all varieties of stories, one or two on Pruyn's subject, but none in his style. "See here, young man!" Vance said at last. "You thought you could bluff me into saying that one of these 'unknown-writer' stories is yours, but you can't do it! There's nothing of yours here."

"Honestly, there is," Pruyn assured him. "I have the editor's affidavit in my

pocket. I knew you would n't believe me. I don't mind telling you just which magazine it's in. It's that one. Now pick mine out from those four new writers, and even after giving you all those odds I'll acknowledge myself beaten."

Vance read the four stories carefully. "There's not one of them," he decided, "that sounds like you. If you really wrote one, of course I'm beaten. This story has something of your spirit, — I suppose it must be yours, — but the style is incredibly different. They are all passable stories, as stories go. The only really remarkable one is this autobiographical affair by Eleanor Field, whoever she may be. It takes a woman to do a thing like that. There's a touch of genius in it. It may be only a spontaneous confession, as it purports to be; but if it is really a bit of creative work we must expect something of that young woman, — of course she's young. I shall keep my eye on her. *Did* you do this heroic rescue?"

"No."

"Then it lies between this Oriental story and the South African one, and I can't imagine how you got the local color for either. The 'Eleanor story' is out of the question. You *could* n't have done that feminine thing."

"I *did* it," Pruyn said calmly.

"What!" Vance cried, springing to his feet. "On your honor?"

"Here's Hadley's note," Pruyn answered. "When the story was accepted, I went to Hadley, and told him all the circumstances, and proved property, and asked for this note. He was as surprised as you are."

"Hudson Pruyn," Vance said solemnly, shaking the young fellow in his excitement, "you're a genius! If you can do things like that, *do* them! I don't mean do feminine things, but *use* the insight that God has given you. Put *thought* into your work, — not merely good digestion and good temper. Study situations different from your own. Study people. *Work* on your stories as you have worked on this!"

Pruyn laughed. "I *did* n't work on it. It was as easy as rolling down hill."

"I give it up," Vance answered. "You're beyond me. But at any rate, aim at variety, and study life."

III

Letters written in an unfamiliar feminine hand and forwarded by his publishers were no novelty to Pruyn; but the first letter addressed to "Miss Eleanor Field" gave him a distinct sensation. It came from far-away Illinois, and he read it in a sort of helpless daze.

"My dear Miss Field" (the letter began): —

"I have read your story over and over again, hardly able to believe that I was not dreaming. It seems incredible that you should know what no one else has understood. I cannot tell you what a load has been taken off my mind. The displeasure of my family, the wonder of my friends, the bitterness of *his* friends, have seemed to set me in a cold isolation, as if I were a thing apart from the human race. Of course, that is exaggeration. No one has really treated me badly. But to be wondered at for a whole year makes one feel as if one must be abnormal. The magic of your story is that, though the girl did exactly what I did, no one who reads it can help feeling that she was right, though her friends thought, like mine, that she was wrong. It is a horribly lonely thing to follow your own instincts and go your own way, when it leads away from what everybody expects of you.

"When I read your story I felt like my old self again, back in the sunshine of fellow feeling. 'How did she know?' I keep asking myself, and at last I have mustered up courage to ask you. It means so much to me that I am sure you will forgive my presumption. It seems impossible that you should understand if you have not lived through it. On the other hand, if you have been through it, it seems just as impossible that you could

write about it. I have never been able even to try to explain. Perhaps I should not wonder that people misunderstood. But I thought my friends ought to know me well enough to believe that there must be some good reason. It was just as you said in your story, I felt what I could not prove. I know I am taking a great liberty with a stranger, but I cannot feel that you are a stranger. *Please* tell me how you understood. Did it happen to you? Then you, too, are perplexed and lonely. I cannot help thanking you for what you have done for me.

"Sincerely yours,
"MARGARET WARNER."

Pruyn threw down the letter, and took a turn about the room in irrepressible excitement. He had had no thought but of writing a story that should convince Vance. He had put out a bold, unthinking hand, and had touched life. How had he done it? He had heard girls talk, and in the story he had talked like one of them; no one in particular that he knew, but a girl who seemed to rise before him as real as life. He had known men, handsome, brilliant, attractive, social favorites, but unworthy to enter the presence of a girl like that. He had written, critics said, a marvelous story, an unconscious revelation of the innocent heart of a girl. The story was told in the girl's words, but the reader saw both her and the man from whom she slipped away with eyes of widening incredulity. "Who is Eleanor Field?" had been asked on all sides; but the editor and Vance had loyally kept the secret. And now the question had come from a human heart, and must be answered.

Pruyn was not accustomed to hesitation. He wrote with headlong haste, in his fine literary hand: "No, it did not happen to me, but I seemed to understand. I have never been engaged, I have never even been really in love; but I have a habit of writing stories, and sometimes my pen tells me things that I did not know before. I have a friend who thinks I ought to

study harder and work harder. I am sure he is right. Writing is too easy for me. I sat down one day and thought about the girls I knew, and this girl came to me, and her story, and I wrote it out in a straightforward way. She is different from any girl I know, different from me, yet I feel that she is real. Some of my friends talk a lot about never writing anything but what they feel to be true. I never knew what they meant. I wrote for the sake of the story, and I never knew whether it was true or not. But when I wrote this story I knew that it was true, and I'm going to try to see if I can't have that feeling again. If the girl I wrote about is really you — I wish I could see you."

He hesitated for a moment, and then signed himself "Eleanor Field." "There's no help for it," he said. "How would she feel if she knew she had been opening her heart to a brute of a man?"

Of course he did not expect an answer; but he caught himself watching for the mail with an eagerness he had not known since the early days of his success. The answer came promptly:—

"I think you are wonderful. It seems so easy to you, — you do not understand how you do it; but it is because you are just made of sympathy. And genius, — you must have that, too. Perhaps genius is nothing more than perfect sympathy. Some writer says that. I have been reading a great deal since I have felt so out of touch with other people, and I have found many things that have helped me. I know we ought not to crave sympathy, — I know that such a feeling is weakening, — but I have not known before how I have longed for it. I don't mean pity. I mean understanding. I have thought so many times how easy life would be, no matter how hard it was, if only those we care the most for understood.

"I am ashamed to say these things. Nobody ever had a better father than I have, — so tender, so considerate. My mother has always taken the best of care of me in other ways, looking after my

clothes and my education and my social advantages. She has sacrificed herself for me, and for us all. She cares for my happiness, but she thought she knew better than I what would make me happy. My brother and sister are devoted to me, but they are ambitious. Of course they wouldn't have wanted me to marry any one objectionable; but they could n't understand how a man with so many advantages could be objectionable. It was very slowly that I came to feel it, — I was dazzled at first. But I know now that whether people have money and position and beautiful things does n't matter. The only thing in the world that really matters is what people are. I feel now that I shall never marry. What a man is would mean too much to me. I should not expect him to be faultless, but he must be the kind that you cannot help trusting, and I must know that he feels as I do, that the one thing that counts is what people are. I don't expect ever to meet a man like that.

"Of course with you it is different. You must know a great many men who care for the things that are really worth while; and I'm sure they can't help admiring you. But I am not specially good-looking, not specially bright, only, for some reason, 'over-particular,' as people say. But everything seems different, now that I know that you are in the world, and that you understand. I am going to try to be like you. Other people have their troubles, and I can sympathize with them instead of feeling lonely and misunderstood. What else have you written? I have looked through the back numbers of all the magazines at the library, and I cannot find anything else of yours. I know you must be too busy to write to me, but you are so good that somehow I feel that you will write again. I should love to know all about you, — how you look, and how you live, and what you do. If I did not live so far away I should hope to see you. Do you ever come West?"

There seemed to be no help for it. "Eleanor Field" explained that she had never written anything else but trash, —

"pot-boilers," — but that, now that the start had been made, other true things would be written.

"Who is Eleanor Field?" became a common question among students of current literature. The first impression of girlish sweetness and beauty was deepened as the new writer gained in force without losing fineness. Vance watched Pruyn with growing wonder. Had he, after all, that inexplicable something called genius which must make its own laws? Pruyn was now working strenuously, resisting the temptation to be a ladies' lion. "What has happened to the boy?" Vance's friends asked. "His stories now are more than entertaining. They are getting to be the real thing."

Vance made noncommittal answers, but he puzzled in silence over the question. Something was evidently worrying Pruyn. "It's a woman, of course!" Vance growled to himself. "He must learn by experience, like the rest of us. It's only what I wanted for him, — that he should grow up, — and now that it has come I complain! I wanted him to learn without having to suffer; but I suppose that is n't nature's way."

He tried to talk to Pruyn about his work; but the expansive young fellow had grown curiously reserved. He expressed dissatisfaction with everything he had done. The first of June he was going out to the coast, possibly to Alaska, — anywhere to forget that he had ever written a line. In the fall, perhaps, he would be ready to begin a novel with something in it.

IV

The chief interest — and torment — of Pruyn's life was his correspondence with Margaret Warner. He had started on it unthinkingly, almost inevitably, telling himself that every letter would be the last. But one thing had led to another. He could not disappoint the girl's faith in her unknown friend; he could not cut himself off from the most vital relation he had ever known. A dozen times he

had taken up his pen to explain; a dozen times he had laid it down in self-disgust. How could he tell her that he had abused her confidence? For himself, no self-inculcating confession, no condemnation, could be too severe; but why must she suffer for his thoughtlessness? He could divine the place this friendship had taken in the girl's life. He knew her as he had never known any other human being; a fine-fibred, reserved girl, keeping to herself her feelings, her thoughts, her perplexities, until his curious divination of her story had opened the flood-gates of her confidence. She trusted her unknown friend with a faith that he had accounted among the fables of poetry and romance. Life had become to him unspeakably sacred since he had looked into the clear depths of that girl's heart. His own trifling interests and ambitions had shriveled into nothingness before the steady flame of her desire to live a worthy life.

Yet all this beautiful confidence had been built upon a lie. He had kept as strictly to the truth as the initial deception had allowed. She complained of her friend's indefiniteness about her personal appearance, her tastes, her every-day life. "You speak of walking along Twenty-third Street, looking into the shop-windows; but you never tell me what you see that you like, or what you wear yourself. I have told you everything I have done in the last three months. But of course you have much more important things to think about. You tell me about your work and your ambitions, and nothing could interest me more. To be able to write as you do, in a way that makes people stronger for every-day life, that makes them see the beauty in little things, that makes them feel the sweetness of the sunshine and the open air, that makes them feel most of all the beauty of simply being as true and kind and brave as one knows how to be, — to be able to do all that, is the divinest thing in the world, and I am proud to feel that you are my friend, and that you think my interest helps you. But I cannot call up any pic-

ture of you in my mind. I only know that you understand everything, and that you can always be trusted to do the true and kind and noble thing."

Letters like that made him writhe; but he answered with heartfelt promises to do everything possible to deserve her faith in Eleanor Field's ability and trustworthiness. He made many desperate plans for dropping out of her life. "Eleanor Field" might die, leaving a last letter for Margaret Warner, which he could get Vance to send her with an explanatory note. But Vance hated lies as much as Pruyn himself, and Pruyn was unwilling to escape from the consequence of one deception by another. He might frankly confess his treachery, and accept her contempt as his fitting punishment; but he could not bear to hurt and mortify her. His concern for her overwhelmed all sense of what it would mean to live the rest of his life without a word from her. He honestly believed that if he could save her from disappointment his own feelings would not count.

One solution of the difficulty had come to him, and for the last six weeks he had been preparing for it. He had been writing of Eleanor Field's friend, Hudson Pruyn, the novelist, "a young man who has been doing rather superficial work, but is beginning to write things that are really worth while." Soon Eleanor Field would write of Pruyn's coming departure for the coast, of his plan to stop in Illinois, of his desire to meet her friend Miss Warner. A little later Hudson Pruyn would arrive in Midland with a letter of introduction in his pocket. In his own person he would win her confidence. When the time was ripe he would explain; he would leave the rest to Heaven and Margaret Warner.

An innocent-looking letter shattered his hopes, and brought him face to face with himself and his predicament.

"The most wonderful thing has happened," Margaret wrote. "My aunt in New York has written me to come and spend the month of May with her, and

perhaps go to the country afterward. This is the first time she has invited me for five years, and I never expected her to ask me to visit her again. She is not very fond of young people; she is used to having everything just so. But I shall not be troublesome, and I shall be so happy to have this chance of seeing you. I know how busy you are, but perhaps you'll let me go with you when you go out for your walks, and I'll promise never to bother you when you want to write. I wonder if you will be as glad as I am. Your apartments are only a few blocks from my aunt's house. She will be delighted to find that I know some one who will take me off her hands sometimes."

V

Pruyn went up the steps of Mrs. Warner's house, looking and feeling as if he were going to the execution of a criminal. In his easy, popular life he had never been embarrassed; but now he was paying with interest for his past immunity. With his card he sent up a note to Miss Warner from "Eleanor Field." As he waited he caught sight of his pale face in a mirror. Even in his panic he was forced to smile at his absurdly evident discomfort.

At the first glimpse of Margaret Warner his heart, if possible, sank lower. She was no delicate, clinging creature, but a self-reliant young woman, with the beauty and ease of perfect health and poise; as different as possible from the inexperienced girl of the middle West to whose relief a chivalrous instinct had impelled his very Eastern and sophisticated young manhood.

"My aunt regrets that she cannot see you," she added to her greeting. "She has not yet recovered from the excitement of my arrival this morning; she is not very strong, and she is accustomed to exact routine. I am so disappointed not to see Miss Field. I cannot help speaking of it. She said she had not time to explain, and that you could tell me nothing

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more than that she had suddenly been called out of town. Did she give you the note herself?"

"She — left it for me," he explained. "With a — note asking me to bring it to you this afternoon. She had promised to bring me to call, and — I suppose she thought possibly you might prefer a personally delivered note to one sent by mail."

"It was ever so good of you to come," she said; "and I appreciate it much more than you might judge from my evident disappointment over Miss Field. Ever since she wrote me that you were a friend of hers I have hoped to meet you some time, for of course everybody knows your books. I should have recognized you anywhere. You look exactly like your pictures. Most of the girls in Midland are making collections of them."

Pruyn stirred impatiently. "Really, you know," he said, "I'm not at all that sort of fellow!"

Margaret Warner laughed. "I know you are not. Miss Field told me so. But anyway I should have known. I wish I knew what had happened. I hope it is n't illness or trouble of any kind. She said I should hear from her within a week, but it's hard to wait. Tell me about her. She says she has always known you."

"It's hard to say anything about people you have always known," he answered reluctantly. "I hardly know how she looks. I've never particularly noticed."

"Then she is n't attractive-looking?"

"Not a bit!"

A puzzled look came into Miss Warner's eyes. "You said that as if you did n't like her," she suggested. "I thought you were very good friends."

"Of course we are," he said, with nervous haste. "But, you see, — I know she writes better than I do, and it makes it hard for me to be fair to her."

"That seems a strange way of looking at it," she answered. "I should think you would admire her for that very reason. Besides, though I like her things better

than yours, most people prefer *yours*. And you have written so much, and are so famous! I don't know any one who had ever heard of her until last December."

"All the best judges consider her things better than mine," he said gloomily.

She looked at him as if he were a spoiled child. "I have always *heard* that writers were very sensitive," she remarked; "but I supposed it was merely exaggerated newspaper talk. Miss Field always speaks beautifully of *you*."

"If she has said anything nice about *me*, it was for reasons of her own!" he retorted vindictively. He could not help it; but he recognized the insanity of the remark.

"Miss Field would never say anything that she did not mean," she assured him, with dignified confidence. "I have never known any one more absolutely trustworthy."

"Do you think you know her better than I do?" was on the tip of his tongue, but he checked himself in time. What a duffer he was to come here hoping to win her confidence, and then to act like a sulky, petulant child! His friendship with Eleanor Field was his only claim to this girl's acquaintance; but he longed to tell her that he hated Eleanor Field and all her works, even to the very sound of her name. If Margaret Warner had been clinging and dependent, he might have felt for her sake an affectionate tolerance for Eleanor Field; but he could not imagine this clear-eyed, level-headed girl wasting any tears and regrets over a woman who had never existed. On the other hand, he could imagine her, very vividly, expending infinite scorn on a man who had deceived her; and that man, in his wrath and his disgust, he now named "Eleanor Field," the embodiment of his idiotic thoughtlessness and sentimentality during the past four months. If only he could tell her exactly what he thought of Eleanor Field, and then fade away into the oblivion that he deserved! He felt an uncontrollable longing never to say

another word to Margaret Warner that was not absolutely true.

"I'm afraid I'm in rather a bad humor to-day," he said. "I hope you will pardon me, and believe that I am not often so disagreeable. Something happened — some personal matter — that has upset me. Won't you go with me to-morrow morning for a walk in the Park? I will promise to be very good, and to tell you the whole story of my acquaintance with Eleanor Field."

She looked at his frank face, and immediately forgot his unaccountable irritability. He was once more her friend's loyal friend.

He strode away, drawing deep breaths of relief. He had forsworn every variety of lie and prevarication. She might hate him, despise him, break her heart over a vanished illusion; that would be his punishment. But nothing mattered in comparison with the sacredness of the truth between him and her. It would have been so easy to answer her first letter with a frank explanation. Then all this snarl of deception would have been avoided, and whatever they had been to each other since, little or much, would have been honest. His thoughtless romanticism had made him as untrue in life as Vance had said he was in his work.

As they strolled toward the Park the next morning, Margaret cast curious glances at the genial young man who had been so transformed since her first sight of him. The light in his eyes, the glow on his face, his self-reliant carriage, gave him the aspect of a conquering hero. She could not know that he was the leader of a forlorn hope, going into battle with colors flying and drums beating and a heart for any fate except dishonor. In times of danger Prun usually found himself strangely exhilarated, and now he talked and laughed as if he had never known worry in all his light-hearted life. Margaret caught the contagion of his youthful spirits.

"How strange this seems!" she said, as they entered the spring glamour of the

Park. "I feel as if I were walking in a dream. I have thought so often of coming here with Miss Field,—I know she comes here nearly every day,—and now I am here with you, and I don't know where she is. Of course you'll laugh at me, but I've had the queerest feeling ever since I saw you yesterday that there is n't any Eleanor Field. Is n't that absurd?"

"What makes you feel that way?"

"How can I tell? I felt so sure of her, — she has been so real to me, — yet you, who have known her always, seemed to have such a different idea. It really gave me a shock. But of course I understand. People who have known us longest don't necessarily know us best. It's so unusual to think so much of a person one has never seen that I suppose it is n't strange that she should seem unreal, now that I am here and she is gone, — the very day I arrived!"

"Would you feel very badly if you should never hear from her again?"

"Of course I should! You know what good friends we are! Why should you ask such an absurd question?"

The brightness had faded from his face. It was one thing to fling himself whole-heartedly into the tumult of battle; it was another to trample under foot the feelings of this adorable girl. Though he might, with all the ardor of an Arnold von Winkelried, gather to his own breast the fatal spear-thrusts of her scorn, he could not save her from disappointment and humiliation. "My only hope," he thought miserably, "is that she will hate and despise me so intensely that she won't have time to be disappointed until she has had time to get used to the idea."

Margaret was waiting for his answer with wide eyes of wonder fixed on his face. "Why did I ask that question?" he stammered. "Because of what you said, I suppose, and because — my idea of Eleanor Field is very different from yours. Won't you sit down there, and let me tell you the whole story?"

He had found a seat in just the right place, free from observation, but not far enough from the sound of children's voices to give him the feeling of being alone in an awful solitude with an avenging spirit. He was no conquering hero now, but a very miserable and remorseful young man.

He began at the beginning, with his absurd success, his happy-go-lucky thoughtlessness, Vance's warnings, his own determination to show Vance that he could do something different without half trying. He told how her letter had come and he had answered it, meaning to sign his own name, but hesitating when he remembered that she might not like to know that the letter had reached a different person from the one it had been meant for. He told of his misery as the situation became more involved, of all his empty plans to find a way out of it. He spoke of the "Eleanor Field" stories he had written for her; of the other stories he had written for her. "Everything I have done since your first letter came has been for you," he said hopelessly. "Every thought I have had has been for you. If only I had learned to think before I got things into this wretched tangle! The only extenuating circumstance — I ask you to believe this — is that never for one moment have I thought of anything but what would be easiest for you."

"You never thought of it as — being the least bit — funny?" Her voice was tremulous. He ventured to look at her. Her face was white; her eyes were turned away.

"Never!" he answered honestly. "From the first it has been sacred. Suddenly it began to seem almost — tragic. You were placing all your confidence in an ideal that never existed except in your own mind."

She turned her head slowly, and her clear eyes looked straight into his. He gave a sudden start as he realized that she was looking through and through the very mixed material he was made of; but in a moment he had forgotten everything

except that he wanted her to know him just as he was, without a shadow of deception between them.

The color returned to her face, and she rose quickly. "It is time for me to go back," she said. "My aunt will wonder what has become of me."

"You have not told me whether you can ever forgive me," he said humbly. "You will not let me see how you feel."

"I feel — stunned," she said, "and — uncertain of everything. When I take a step I am not sure that I shall find any ground under my feet."

His hand went out to her involuntarily, but he caught it back. His eyes smarted unaccountably. "After all," he said gently, "you — said I — understood. That was I that understood, — not somebody else."

"If you *had* understood," she returned hotly, "you would know that nothing could hurt me more than *décéption*! — And then to let me go on — week after week — thinking that I was writing to a — person with feelings and a conscience and a sense of honor!"

"I know!" he groaned. "You can't say anything worse about me than I think about myself. I *meant* well! That is the only — idiotic — excuse I can give for my idiotic conduct!"

As he tramped along unseeingly, Margaret's fixed gaze relaxed. Her eyes wandered toward his utterly abject face and form. "Penitent" was written on the very lines of his irreproachable spring suit. The anger died out of her face. The shadow of a smile crept from her eyes to her mouth. In the spring sunshine life seemed just beginning, full of hope and joy and an overflowing sympathy. Why should people be hard and unforgiving when heaven's blue arched over the tender green of the elms? She had lost her friend — who had understood; — but

why should she make an enemy in her place?

"After all," she said, "it was n't *entirely* your fault. I ought to have known better than to write so freely to a stranger."

"But I *was* n't a stranger," he answered eagerly. "Don't you *see*? We have *never* been strangers!"

"I'm afraid that is nonsense," she said softly.

But as they walked toward the Park entrance some marvelous process of adjustment was going on, which is possible only in youth and springtime. The clear, sweet air was like a solvent of misunderstanding. The Gordian knot was miraculously transformed into a tangled gossamer web, which floated away on the breeze. A load that had been accumulating for four months was lifted from Pruyn's heart. In his relief he almost whistled, but he caught himself in time; it behooved him to walk circumspectly.

"There's Vance!" he said suddenly. "Dear old Vance, the best man in New York! *May* I present him? You'll *like* him. Vance! wait a minute!"

A tall man turned and came toward them. As his eyes met Margaret's she found herself wondering how one pair of eyes could look at the same time so honest, so shrewd, so kind, and so infinitely humorous.

"I want to present you to my friend Miss Warner," Pruyn began. "At least, I am *her* friend, but I can't get her to say that she is mine. She knows of something shabby that I did, and she won't promise to forgive me. Speak a good word for me, won't you?"

Margaret saw the look on Vance's face as he laid his hand on Pruyn's shoulder, and suddenly she felt herself included in a bond of undying fidelity. "Pruyn is all right!" Vance said, in his offhand way.

BRAG

BY WILBUR LARREMORE

THE notorious Nell Gwynn, paying a visit one day to a friend, on returning to her coach found her footman bruised and bloody and covered with mud. Upon her asking an explanation, he told her that a certain man had attacked her moral character and he had attempted to punish the traducer, and that the punishment had not been entirely one-sided. Mistress Nell laughingly assured her champion that what the other man had said was only the truth. "I don't care," was the reply, "I don't care what you are; no man shall tell me that I am footman to that kind of a woman." If this remark disclosed an element of self-love, it also strikingly illustrates a modified survival of the spirit of brag which is essential for the smooth running of civilization. The footman's attitude typifies the one that should characterize all grades of service and subordination. To the faithful servant an attack on the master is an attack on himself.

The more complex society becomes, the greater is the need for coöperation between different parts of its organism. It is a perfectly proper regulation that members of the army and navy, in addition to obeying orders, shall refrain from public derogatory criticism of superiors. Unless this spirit of loyalty were enforced, the spirit of anarchy would speedily spread through the service. In a servant of the calibre of Mistress Nell's, loyalty is a mere matter of bludgeon and blarney. In higher grades of subordination, while loyalty may be observed by churlish refusal to open one's mouth, the natural tendency is for it to evolve the attitude of advocacy, the disposition to emphasize another's good points and ignore or minimize his weaknesses. Advocacy, which suggests Touchstone's distinction be-

tween the lie circumstantial and the lie direct, permeates all the relations of society.

Very few of us, indeed, are exempt from the charge of direct lying. Not to mention the strategic lies told to enemies in time of war, to criminals, to sick persons and lunatics, as to which pages upon pages of casuistry appear in the older works on moral science, there are what may be termed the lies lubricant, wrung from us by etiquette and good breeding. If the amenities of life were not preserved through the gentle art of lying, society could scarcely continue as a happy family; we should all have to live in separate cages. The best of us will tell direct lies on trivialities where politeness is imperative. Wherever practicable, however, the spirit of advocacy prevails. We say whatever we truthfully can, and pause tactfully while the hearer's self-love and imagination fill out a generally agreeable impression. Family relationships, even more markedly than business or social relations, exemplify the universal attitude of advocacy. Mr. Roundabout says: "Go to Brown's house and tell Mrs. Brown and the young ladies what you think of him, and see what a welcome you will get. In like manner, let him come to your house and tell your good lady his candid opinion of you, and see how she will receive him." No one save an unspeakable cad would speak slightly of a husband to his wife; no one save an unspeakable cad would tolerate slighting language in his presence concerning his wife. Such is the conventional law as to spouses, parents, children, blood relations in general, even intimate friends.

From personal loyalty through ties of blood, we may take a wide span to the present-day attitude of international di-

plomats, with the result of finding quite essential similarity. A few years ago, through an oversight, the ambassador of Spain to this country received an invitation, in common with the other members of the diplomatic corps, to attend a public function which to an extent celebrated American victory in the late war with Spain. He promptly declined, in terms not discourteous, but unmistakably showing resentment. The propriety of his treatment of the invitation was universally recognized by Americans themselves, and general regret was expressed at the breach of diplomatic amenity. In more serious diplomatic duty ordinary advocacy is now practiced. Perhaps the most important diplomatic work performed by an American during the latter half of the nineteenth century was that of Charles Francis Adams, as Minister to the Court of St. James, during the War of the Rebellion. Those were not days of silk-stocking, blood-is-thicker-than-water diplomacy; his mission dealt with hostile and baffling circumstances. And he worthily discharged it by the exercise of advocacy which, while doggedly firm, never lost dignity through a display of irritation, never exaggerated claims of right, and never was boastful or weakly disingenuous as to actual facts. Mr. Adams excited the warm admiration of Englishmen, and at the expense of his chief, Mr. Seward, whose roseate dispatches so pointedly ignored obvious perils as to give the impression that he was deliberately playing a part.

The modified spirit of brag which has been considered is a concomitant of general democratization. Instead of the slavish subserviency, varying in degrees of abjectness according to grades of artificial rank, which characterized feudalism, the modern attitude prescribes a substantially uniform etiquette for all relations of common interest or career. The deference practiced is not self-annihilating, but, indeed, self-respectful. It has come to betoken lack of self-respect to show disrespect for the abstract relations

which others bear to us, and which, permanently or for the time, they embody. Something akin to the democratic principle of government of laws, not of men, is involved. The form of deference is not ostentatious mendacity in respect of what one disapproves, not personal adulation, which is in bad taste even when one approves. The modern unwritten law enjoins upon the associate or colleague, the subordinate, the next of kin, merely silence from open censure, or, at most, the half-truth of advocacy. Such law may well be deliberately accepted, even by temperamental radicals in the days of their youth.

Passing from vicarious brag to auto-brag, it will be seen that much also, but probably not as much, has been accomplished toward frowning out what is merely adventitious, and utilizing the trait as a legitimate factor in highly civilized life. The genesis and evolution of the brag spirit appear on the surface of tradition and history. In one of the sections of *In Memoriam* Tennyson has felicitously sketched the dawn and growth of egoism in "the baby new to earth and sky." No matter how high the degree of culture and how complex the grade of civilization which form the moral habitat, this consciousness of personal identity is the central fact of life, and self-appreciation and the discharge of duties owed to self constitute the supreme human obligations.

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Savages, young children, young nations, and Walt Whitman are true to nature when they frankly celebrate themselves. Their boasting is naïvely direct and shameless. In the savage condition there is little division of labor, and very imperfect coöperation, even for purposes of war. The songs of such persons are necessarily songs of self. At the supreme moment of existence, dying amidst flames and torture, they brag defiantly of their deeds of prowess. The boastful disposition is kept

alive through early social evolution by the constant struggle for supremacy. This universal militant attitude has evolved the universal passion of hatred toward rivals, or congenital jealousy, as well as the spirit of glorification over the author of success, that is, over self. In a state of civilization the congenital boastful disposition is curbed, as a child grows older, by a realization of how dependent each member of the community is upon others, and how impossible present achievements would have been without the opportunities prepared by the past. Yet, in the existing maturity of our civilization, if one would seek a manifestation of essentially the same form of brag as that practiced by Shack-Nasty Jim, he could find it on billboards and barn-sides, where the American merchant uses his own portrait as the trade-mark for a brand of chewing-gum. As to this phase of refinement, individual development seems to have been arrested, while the collective and national sense has made progress. One has but to contrast the puerile and blatant national pride, which came to be known as "spread-eagleism," — not as enemies, such as Mrs. Trollope and Dickens, exaggerated it, but as friends, such as Harriet Martineau and Richard Cobden, reluctantly were compelled to rebuke it, — with the comparative reticence as to American achievements and the cosmopolitan appreciation of to-day, in order to realize how much, as a people, we have outgrown. But in personal brag, in self-advertising, self-assertiveness, — the passion for being public without any reason for publicity, — there crops out, little modified or transformed, the primitive savage vulgarity.

It is not an uncommon experience for a young professional man to be waited upon in his office, and, after an introductory remark or two, have exhibited to him a roll of manuscript, at the head of which he perceives his own name underscored for Runic "caps." After recovering from his astonishment, he glances through a panegyric perfunctory enough to be the work

of an amateur phrenologist. If he be wise and very firm, the author of the production, after withdrawing, will change the title and alter a word here and there, and try it on some other possible aspirant for fame. If, however, the subject be induced first to endure, then pity, then embrace, he will receive, in course of time, a large roll of copies of a sheet of which he may never have heard before his interview with the biography drummer, for which he draws his check in a substantial sum. The question then arises how to dispose of these leaves of immortality. Probably a majority of those who have been tempted and have fallen have sufficient subconscious decency to confine the distribution to their most indulgent friends. Indeed, the degree of progress from the savage state is indicated by whether one does, or does not, refuse to be written up, and, if he consent, by the larger or smaller number of copies that go into the wastebasket instead of the mail. Few people realize how profitable the trade of tickling human vanity is, and how many different forms it employs. There are obscure newspapers and nominal magazines that live by it, and provide good incomes for their editors. It is quite common to find upon centre tables luxuriously bound and printed volumes whose contents consist entirely of fulsome puffs. Each profession, trade, avocation, and association has its library of memorabilia of persons of the kind who, in Lowell's phrase, were created to fill up the world. The writer remembers seeing in the "best room" of a remote farmhouse a morocco-bound, gilt-edged volume upon the notabilities of the country, which contained a biography and engraved portrait of *rusticus horribilis* himself. The original volunteered the information that his niche in the local pantheon had cost him a sum which, on later conversation, was disclosed to be larger than a year's interest on the mortgage encumbering the farm.

It is very difficult for the example of the modestly refined few to make much impression upon the aspiration for

publicity while the principal didactic agency of the day, the press, constantly stimulates it as the very life of trade. The metropolitan press patronizingly sneers at the columns of trivial personalities in the newspapers published in villages and small towns. Undoubtedly this feature of country journalism, which to a large extent has supplanted the Sunday gossip on the church porch of former times, is ridiculous and contemptible to the last degree. But our great city dailies are as Satan reproving sin. Do they not draw the town with the finest of seines for inane gossip about anybody of the slightest prominence, or trivial events with sensational possibilities? How many columns every day, how many entire pages on the Lord's day, are devoted to the downsitings and uprisings, the dinings, gownings, marryings, and unmarryings of that class of our fellow citizens who pass their lives killing time! The writer was disgusted a few months ago to notice, prominent on the first page of one of the most reputable of great metropolitan dailies, along with news of the Panama Controversy, of elections indicating the trend of sentiment in England, of proceedings in Congress, an item, with conspicuous headlines, that a young so-called "society woman" had slipped in going downstairs, and sprained her ankle. This paragraph, so treated, betokened a contempt for journalistic values and proportions, an utter disregard of the ideal of journalism as a responsible public function. No doubt there is great demand for that sort of thing, and there goes with the interest in tittle-tattle about others the craving to be tittle-tattled about one's self. The disease breeds the appetite, and the appetite aggravates the disease.

It is difficult to refine away the exuberance of auto-brag, also because, as with vicarious brag, a certain deliberate fostering of the spirit is proper and necessary. The poor man cannot afford to look seedy; the parvenu tends to become a virulent snob, cutting old friends and even his family lest association with them

compromise the appearance of his present state. The world is in a large measure compelled to take a man at his own estimate of himself. Avoiding the appearance of evil, even a certain parade of the appearance of good, is a necessity, especially to those living in large cities. In the great city a man who beats his wife may rank as an ornament of society, while a person of kind heart and philanthropic instincts may pass as a churlish boor because, absent-mindedly, he neglects to nod to acquaintances.

Except as to the most public men, the general estimate and their standing are founded upon very incomplete knowledge, and it is crucially important to be favorably known so far as one is known at all. This truth is so absolutely realized in the business world that an attack upon credit is the unpardonable sin, and the law courts award heavy damages against the traducer. Indeed, respectability is such a potent factor of capital that there are shrewd, cold-blooded persons who systematically contrive to make minor drafts upon it without impairing it seriously. They continually cultivate good appearances, and, when occasion offers, gain small advantages through methods they would not dare employ were it not for a generally good repute. The policy which the French have crystallized in their proverb, *noblesse oblige*, offers one of the loftiest incentives for human conduct; its converse, that high standing may excuse conscious lapses from virtue, is among the meanest subterfuges of the evil-minded.

Conceding the utility, nay, the necessity, of taking thought that the truth about one be known; admitting the legitimacy, within limitations, of advertising one's goodness as well as one's goods; recognizing the difficulty of drawing the line in close cases between propriety and impropriety; it is nevertheless true that in average human nature there is a tendency toward what indisputably is wanton self-display and blatant self-assertion. Men of entirely ordinary calibre place show-windows in their homes as well as their

shops, and, sitting in the full glare of the electric light, fancy that their adventitious publicity is fame.

It must not be forgotten, however, that at worst we are dealing with a question not of ethics, but of æsthetics, with a natural impulse, which is not essentially evil, but merely has not been brought under such artificial control as ought to have been achieved, considering social refinement in other directions. An age that is inspired and moulded by newspapers displays the characteristic trait of "yellow journalism" in the everyday life of individuals. Brag is egotism spoken or acted out to impress others, and it may be said of egotism, perhaps more than of any other vice, that its viciousness consists in being found out. One who cannot keep his good opinion of himself to himself may be vulgar, but the men of deficient egotism — the Hamlets and Dimitri Roudines of real life — are condemned to something worse than vulgarity. It is only a half explanation to say that such men's careers are fruitless because they are mere dreamers. When they dream, they dream of action; and the step from imagination to achievement is stayed by misgiving as to their ability to take it. With the greatest human spirits — Napoleon, Gladstone, Richard Wagner — the world has grown accustomed to taking profound egotism as a proper concomitant of genius. On lower planes of genius, and even in ranks of talent and mere cleverness, it is common experience that success is won by the self-confident egotist. Vanity that cannot be concealed, of course, renders one personally disagreeable, and there is the further, more serious, drawback that extravagant self-appreciation tends to blunt the faculty of self-criticism, which must be the arbiter of the criticism of others and the ultimate source of self-improvement. Nevertheless, the ordinary type of the successful person is one who manages to profit by lessons of adversity so far as to avoid former mistakes, without serious inroads on self-idealization. Incidental failures lead to modifications of effort

or deviations of path without undermining faith in his puissant star. The indefatigable egotist will assert and thrust himself until he half blunders, half breaks, into the sphere for which the resultant of such faculties as he has best adapts him. He would be short-sighted indeed who counseled a general policy of rigid self-analysis and the extirpation of egotism. What is needed is the frowning down of parade of the raw instinct of ambition, — of the propensity to public self-assertion, though it stands for nothing of worthy accomplishment, and ends with mere publicity.

Outside of utilitarian ends, and in the interest of one's purely subjective life, self-optimism is a great desideratum. After an hour of self-forgetfulness in congenial society, after an evening of surrender to the illusion of a Wagner music-drama, with what a depressing feeling of ennui am I "narrowed to myself once more!" How vainly do we beat against the bars of consciousness in order to escape from the dreary monotony of self-communion! The fiction of selves and other selves is made much of in the activities of life. Bacon's words are very familiar: "Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, 'when he sits in place, he is another man.'" An amusing but convincing illustration of the separation of the professional and personal selves is furnished by the anecdote of a model, who, nude and unconscious as Eve, was posing before a class of male art students. The studio was on the top floor of a large building, and suddenly a workman, who had been engaged in repairs on the roof, walking along the gutter, peered through the window. The model, with a shriek of affrighted modesty, fled to the dressing-room.

Thackeray somewhere speaks of the wretched company certain persons are obliged to keep when alone. In view of the impossibility of escape from self, and of the inevitable introspection during many

hours of our lives, it is essential to our happiness that our auto-attitude be somewhat indulgent and extenuating, — indeed, that we extend to ourselves something of the same charity of judgment which is recognized as a duty toward others. No doubt there are some who require just the contrary admonition. As there is a class of persons whose practical career is abortive because excessive egotism renders them incapable of self-criticism, so also there are those with whom subjective contemplation is ever unctuously complacent. But it is believed, both from observation and because of antecedent probability, that self-pessimism much more abounds. To the ancient hermit monk and the modern Puritan the doctrine of the Fall of Man and the essential vileness of human nature were not mere figments of speculative theology, but stood for something hideously real. For generation after generation the Christian world was deliberately bred to the duty of self-pessimism. As to the bearing of the pessimistic introspective attitude on personal felicity, there may be cited a habit of Dr. Samuel Johnson, which, as explained by Sir Joshua Reynolds, exemplifies a common phase of human experience. Boswell quotes from a paper by Sir Joshua Reynolds: "Those motions or tricks of Dr. Johnson are improperly called convulsions. He could sit motionless when he was told to do so, as well as any other man; my opinion is that it proceeded from a habit he had indulged of accompanying his thoughts with certain untoward actions, and those actions

always appeared to me as if they were meant to reprobate some part of his past conduct. Whenever he was not engaged in conversation such thoughts were sure to rush into his mind; and, for this reason, any company, any employment whatsoever, he preferred to being alone." Many passages in Boswell show that Dr. Johnson had the grotesque conviction of personal vileness which Puritanism inflicted on the English middle class, and whose morbid influence lingers in the consciousness of average Englishmen and Americans to-day.

For proper self-complacency in ordinary individuals, for self-endurance by persons of imaginative temperament, it is necessary directly to reverse the Puritanic trend of imagination. The day-dreams of a child are normal and healthy. He fancies himself the central figure in impossible deeds of heroic achievement. The same faculty, in a sobered form, constitutes an important factor in mature intellectual life. All of us have friends and acquaintances to whom what we know to be a self-illusion is one of their most valuable possessions, both as rendering life bearable or measurably happy, and as imparting an energy in action, which would be utterly sapped if they were forced to realize the brutal truth. This common observation may well give us pause before the spiritual suicide of a relentless self-disillusionment. One who cherishes a debased conception rather than an idealized vision of self, elects to pass his life chained wrist and ankle with the Devil.

THE WANDER-CALL

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

It was my joy to wander,
Heaven bade my foot be free.
That I might forth and follow
The voices calling me:—
A calling from the desert;
A calling from the sea;
A calling from the Genius
Where men in cities be!

The wander-winds, — they took me
By ways unknown — or known;
Through morning lands a rover —
In starlit icèd zone —
Across the condor mountains —
By austral islands lone!
The seasons rolled unheeded,
The years are past me flown!

And Time, and Term, and Distance —
Of these I reckon no more:
Along the River Ocean,
Lies many a neighbor-shore
Whose music-languaged cities
Make murmur to my door;
And wilds primæval cluster
With pageant lands of yore!

It is with me as ever,
The Wander-Call breathes clear,
And I must forth and follow:
But now your far grows near;
And Voices from the Trackless
Are ringing in my ear, —
A calling, calling, calling
Outside this dwindled sphere!

“DERE EES NO GOD!”

BY ERNEST POOLE

In the New York Ghetto the most fervent hour of the year had just gone by. It was the evening of Yom Kippur, Day of Atonement, when the fate of every Jew for the coming year is sealed above in the Book of Judgment, never again to be opened. So says the Talmud, warning all believers to save themselves by prayer before the ram's horn blows at sunset. For ten days since Rosh Hashonna,—the Jewish New Year's Day,—tenements, cafés, even sweatshops, had become synagogues, and through the Ghetto there had swept a deep frenzy of contrition and fear.

I had seen that frenzy rise to its climax; in that last hour of repentance I had stood jammed into one corner of a tenement bedroom. In front was a kitchen, and wedged into these two little rooms were some fifty men, rocking monotonously up and down, now staring at their Hebrew prayer books, now lifting streaming eyes to the sacred *urin kodish* — the ark — before them. From the women's room behind came low sobs of anguish. The air thrilled with a tremulous chant, which swelled now and then into wailing cries for mercy. The room was stifling; many had not stirred from the benches nor tasted a morsel of food since sundown of the day before. But their faces, though haggard and bloodless, were rapt, their eyes were radiant, dreaming the old Ghetto dream of Haschumiäm, the Hebrew heaven, where they hoped to find the happiness which on this earth had been shattered by long ages of oppression in the name of Christ.

By dreaming this old dream the Ghetos in Europe have endured life for ages. But now, in New York, a new dream is crowding out the old. For, as in this largest Ghetto of the world the half-million of Jews already here is augmented each

month by inpouring tens of thousands; as from Russia, Roumania, and Galicia the most talented men of the race are hastening hither; and as unwonted freedom lets loose minds and feelings which even the slum tenements cannot choke,—so the most fervent dreamers of the world have suddenly begun to dream a new dream of happiness here on earth. And the old dream of Haschumiäm is swiftly fading.

Still feeling the old dream I had witnessed, and thinking of the new, I sat reading that night in my Settlement room in the Ghetto.

“Dere ees no God!” — “Yer lie! Yer lie like hell!” Shrill cries burst out in the hallway. I opened my door, and in the dim light I saw a confused tangle of Jewish boys I knew,—shouting, gesticulating, gripping each other's elbows. “Dere ees no God!” laughed Emile, the little infidel. “Dere is! Dere is!” panted Jake, the believer. I led them into the room. “Now cool down a minute before you start,” I advised. “How did this fight begin?”

Jake pointed at Emile. “He laughed — laughed at me ven I come out of de *Schule*.”¹

The four stood eying me. They were bursting to speak.

“Who says there is no God?” I asked.

“*Moi! Je dis* — I say — I t'ink eet hard out — I know dere ees not a God! I know!” Emile spoke with a French accent. He was fifteen years old, born in Roumania, but nurtured in Paris, whence his family had come here eighteen months before. He stood waiting,—handsome, affable, radiantly smiling,—the happiest little chap I have ever known.

To believe what followed you must know something of his home training.

¹ *Schule*, synagogue.

The three small tenement rooms of his home were always scrupulously clean. The parents, though poor, had kept Emile steadily at school, first in Paris and then here, and now his brother had promised to keep him in high school to prepare for the City College. This brother of twenty-two made only twelve dollars a week, — in a cap shop, — working thirteen hours a day; but he had already become the leading spirit in a little Roumanian group of socialists who gathered nightly to drink coffee and discuss their new dreams until two o'clock, — often until three. Emile worshiped this brother, and from this brother he had his ideas. "Dere ees no God!" he cried again, in triumph.

"This — kid — is — right!" A series of short, explosive yells to my left announced Sam, the tiny Russian orator, aged twelve, whose spectacles could not hide the burning fire of his eyes. He already made Socialist speeches on the Ghetto streets at night. The vitality of a whole nation was in his shout, as he stamped on the floor, glared up through the ceiling, defying Heaven, and roared, "There ain't — no — God!"

I heard a low, bitter laugh behind me.

"Dese boys — is bad — *sehr, sehr schlecht*." Thin Jake's deep voice trembled. He stood shaking with suppressed passion. I had seen him like this but once before, on the night when he told me of his mother's death in an old Galician Ghetto. Jake's deepest passion had been his love for her. From her he had his passion for religion. She was of the Chusid sect, — most devout of all Jews, almost fanatics in their worship. When she knew that she was dying, she had repeated her commands to Jake that he go faithfully every morning and evening to the synagogue, that he study the Torah (Pentateuch), and try to learn enough to understand the Talmud. He must never sing or whistle, but give all his spare time to worship. He must spend Friday night and Saturday always with the rabbi. He must submissively endure his life of pain and toil. He must dream the old dream

of Haschumiäm, and live according to his dream, as his family had lived for ages. And so, at last, she had promised, he would meet the hundreds of generations of his family in that place where the old dream would all come true. Then she had turned her face on the pillow, and sobbed because she was leaving him to starve without a cent. Then her hand had grown cold as he held it. A month after that, Jake had come here to join his brother. He was thirteen then. His brother was eighteen. He had spent these last two years by his brother's side in the sweatshop, — two years of dark, grinding labor at the machine, with only the old dream to brighten it. Jake had no time for American schools; he spoke English brokenly; he could neither write nor read. So now there was little confidence in his bony face as he stood, ragged and dirty, to defend the old dream of his people. His face was set with dogged force; his dark eyes gleamed; but his voice shook with fear. For Emile the infidel had spoken of things so sacred that it was sinful even to hear him speak.

"Dis boy is a *epikorus* (blasphemer)! De rabbi he says dot a *epikorus* goes ven he dies down in Gehenim ter be burned!" Jake began. His gloomy, haggard little face fired terribly.

Ike suddenly drew away from Emile. Ike was the smallest of them all. He was only eleven years old.

"And you," I asked him; "what do you say?" His round eyes dilated with fear, and his mop of yellow curls seemed to stand up still farther.

"I — I don't know yet," he murmured. Like most East Side youngsters, he had transferred his allegiance from his old foreign parents to these fifteen-year-old teachers. By their dispute he now suddenly found his religion weighed in the balance. He stared solemnly from the gloomy Jake to the radiant, fearless Emile.

The combat began in earnest.

"Dis boy is bad," said Jake. "An' he makes odder boys bad, too."

"Am I bad?" asked Emile, appealing to me with a shrug and a smile. "Am I selfeesh? Do I lie? Am I a cruke? Am I bad? *Mon Dieu!* don' I get along as well widout dees God? Ain't it?"

"Yes! You do!" roared Sam. "You are good!"

"You'se are not a bad boy," doubtfully admitted little Ike, staring at Emile.

"He is bad!" cried Jake passionately. "Worse dan any liar already, — he lies about God! Worse dan all crooks, — he tries ter steal de boys from God. De rabbi he tol' mein mudder before she die — he say dot de boy wot lies about God — dot boy must be burned in Gehenim!"

Emile stood fearlessly smiling. "What do dese old rabbi men know?" he asked scornfully. "Poor ol' men, who know notheeng — notheeng of proigress. Dey cannot even speak de Engleesh. What boy here wants to be a rabbi? Do you? Do you?"

"No!" cried Ike and Sam. Emile had scored a big point. Jake grew desperate.

"De rabbi is a big man! He don't need no English. He knows de Torah und de Talmud. Say! don't God say already dot de Talmud says everyt'ing? De rabbi is big because he knows de Talmud. Und it stands bei de Talmud dot you'se vill be burned in Gehenim! Youse laugh!" Jake's voice broke. "Youse think yer all right. But youse ain't! Youse ain't! God he has yer life-book already, an' every night he puts down all de bad you'se done bei de day! Ternight he vill put down, 'Dis feller he laugh at me already five times terday.'"

Ike and Sam laughed. "No!" yelled the mortified Jake. "God don't talk like dot. I can't talk good like him! But I knows — I knows vot he means. It stands bei de Talmud!" Jake stopped, with fists clenched, and glared at Emile.

"De Talmud ees a beeg lie!" cried Emile. "Who reads de Talmud now een New York? De rabbi he take hees old Torah in de *cheder* (Hebrew school). He make boys to stay een all afternoon from t'ree to seven, so dey get no good air,

no baskeet ball, no fun. Dey get seeck. An' what does he teach? *Mon Dieu!* He teach only to pray, — not to t'ink, only to pray." He shrugged his shoulders, and smiled up at me. "An' what good ees to pray when dere ees no God?" he asked.

"Dere is! Yer lie!" shouted Jake.

"Den show heem to me," smiled Emile.

"I cannot see heem. Eet ees — how you say? — up — up to you."

Sam nodded vigorously. It was up to Jake. Jake's face was a study. He smiled painfully, and you could see how desperately his mind was groping for help. He looked down, tried to speak, swallowed hard, and again looked down. Emile took pity on him.

"Dere ees no hurry at all," he said. "T'ink eet out. Eef you can show me, I will believe you."

"I can't show it good," Jake muttered.

"I got no good teaching in de *cheder*. I got no time. New York is very bad," he cried despairingly. "Dey give de boys so bad Hebrew teaching dot dey can't talk back to boys like you!"

Jake was right. The Talmud supplies believers with terrible weapons to use against infidels. But Jake had none of them to fight with. He had only a deep, vague reverence, and a few old superstitions.

"Bei de house vere I board," he began, "mein bett is in de corner. Seven odder men und ladies sleep already bei dose t'ree rooms. One night I got up in mein sleep an' valked, I vas so tired from de machine in de sweatshop, — I valked ven I vas asleep, und I t'ought I vas vorking de machine. I made a noise, und I made awake already de lady vot sleep bei de odder corner of de room. De lady did not call me und make me awake. For vy did she call not out my name?" He looked solemnly at little Ike. He had won a point, for Ike was visibly impressed. "Because," Jake spoke now slowly, watching Ike, "if she call out mein name, I vould have been made already dead! Und nobody knows vy! Only God, He knows."

Emile smiled scornfully. Jake glowered at him. "De *avdulu!*" Jake cried. "How is dot? On Soterday night," he explained, turning to me, "de fader he drink some vine, und den he spill some on de table, an' he lights it vid a match und makes it burn. Den he vets his hands bei dis vine, und he puts his vet hands bei all his pockets. Dot makes him good luck all de week. How it makes him luck, if dere ain't no God?"

Ike was now all on Jake's side. He pulled Jake's sleeve. "De evil eye!" he suggested.

"Yes! De *ain hora!*" cried Jake triumphantly. "De evil eye dot looks at fine ladies already und makes dem die. Dot ain't from God, mein mudder tol' me. Dot is bei a devil. But if dere is a devil, dere must be already a God — ain't it? Ain't it?"

"Und vy," he went on, gaining courage, "vy can I walk in mein sleep sidevays out vid mein feet on de vall? Vy can I? Vy can I?"

Emile rocked up and down, convulsed by silent laughter. Suddenly he seized a piece of tissue paper, and began smoothing it against the wall. "My brudder he show me dees las' night," he said. "Here ees de difference between my brudder an' your mudder. Your mudder she tol' you God makes eet so a man can walk on de wall when he ees asleep; my brudder he tol' me science makes eet so dees paper steek to de wall. Your mudder did not show you a man walk; but my brudder he make me see de paper steek many times, an' he say, 'Every time you rub so eet will steek.' Now look." He took his hand off the paper. It stuck. "Dees ees science!" he cried. "Did your mudder tell you why de man can walk on de wall? No — she did not — she only said eet was God. But my brudder he tol' me why de paper steek — because dere ees no air between de paper an' de wall. He make me to t'ink hard before I see. *Votre mère* — your mudder make you not to see, an' so be 'fraid an' pray. But my brudder he make me to see, an' so not

be' afraid, and so to t'ink. I t'ink some day de science men will make eet dat men can walk easy bei de walls!"

"Hu!" sneered Jake. "You 'se make dese science men jes' like God. If you 'se don't believe in God, vy do you 'se believe in dem? Vy?"

For a moment Emile was puzzled. "Wait!" he cried eagerly. "Wait! I believe dese men because — because — dey make me to t'ink. Dey give to me fine argooments — dey measure everyt'ing wid a measure." He turned to the open window, and pointed up to the strip of blue sky between tenements. "Dere ees a star!" he said. "De science men dey tell me how many miles an' feet ees from here to dere! It may be ten million miles an' ten feet an' seex inches. It may be ten million miles an' seex feet an' five inches. Dey can tell me, — seex inches or five!"

Jake tried to hide his uneasiness by a silent, contemptuous smile.

But Sam went wild. "Say!" he shouted. "Let me put it already bei a speech! Listen! I will begin! Far off bei de air — far off" —

"Sam, shut up! Emile, go on!" I directed.

"All right!" shouted Sam. "Let him! Go on!"

Emile now saw victory in his grasp. He seized a pencil and paper. "My brudder he show me dees," he said. "An' I will show you — how proigréss comes." In the centre of the paper he made a dot. "Dees ees a — how you call him? — monkéy! He cannot t'ink — wait! I was wrong — he can t'ink — he can t'ink a leetle." Round the dot he drew a tiny circle.

"De monkéy ees now a man. He t'inks more. He can make de fire." A wider circle. "He t'inks again — he has a hammair — he has de nails — he can build a house where to live bei." Again the circle widened. "Dees is a gun to keel his enemeé. An' dees" — still wider — "a frying-pan to cook onions! So he t'inks all de time more. Dees cercle ees a steam

engine to go over de world! An' now" — he drew a big ring near the edge of the paper — "electreecity! He t'inks how to catch de electreecity, — he can talk to Roumania in one minute! No! In half one minute! An' now — look!" One minute Emile stared into the three fascinated faces. "Look!" he cried. "Dis paper ees now too small for proigréss; I mus' use de floor!" He drew a ring five feet wide. "Dis ees what dey will do next — *Mon Dieu!* — de beegest of all! Dey will make a man! An' den," — he cried, breathlessly rising to his feet, — "an' den we will all be Gods! Why? Why? Because we t'ink, an' we do not pray! My brudder he say, 'Emile! We t'ink — an' we are Gods!'"

One moment the group stared in silence. At last Jake had a last desperate idea for an argument. "How can I t'ink like de science men?" he asked bitterly. "I got no time. I first come bei de button-hole machine at six o'clock; I come away at eight. An' mein brudder he vorks bei pants, — he vorks more hard dan me, — how can me an' mein brudder t'ink? It ain't no good for us. We mus' pray."

Emile's face changed. "Now!" he cried. "Listen to me! You have a bad time. You are slaves. Your mudder was; you an' your brudder, you are. Many million people are slaves — slaves bei de machine. You have no time now to t'ink. But you wil have de time! You will! How eet ees, I will tell you. Some smart men like my brudder dey make caps bei de machine all day. At night dey are feel mos' dead, but dey try not to feel dead; dey mus' t'ink, dey try to t'ink all de night! Dey sit bei de café an' talk, an' make some more men to t'ink. Dey speak on de wagons of de Social Democratic Party! Dey make Socialism! An' now nex' mont' de Socialists get a million votes sure! An' nex' time two million — sure! An' every year more an' more! An' when we are men, den every man works only five hour a day, an' every man have a t'ousand dollars a year, some men two t'ousand, some t'ree! An' den — my brudder he say —

dot," — Emile's deep, fervid eyes dilated and grew dreamy, and he spoke very low, smiling, — "den at de las' dere will be already no money. I will make caps. An' if you tear your cap, you will come bei me an' say, 'Brudder, make for me a cap.' *Et moi*, I will say to you 'Brudder, I am glad — glad to make for you a cap.' An' when my shoes *sont déchiré*, den I will come bei you an' say, 'Brudder, make for me some shoes.'" Emile smiled suddenly harder to hide his feelings. "An' den you will laugh, an' be glad to make for me shoes." He stopped, still smiling.

Orator Sam, who had been squatting on the floor, now looked up, and his fiery eyes glistened through his glasses. Little Ike stood staring at Emile. He was deeply puzzled. With one hand he kept slowly ruffling up his curly mop.

It was Jake's turn to laugh. "Vot do youse know about vork?" he sneered. "You'se only talk und go bei de school. I vork und ache und get afraid to lose mein job. Dot is vork. Dis is talk! Dis is foolish. It won't vork!"

Emile sprang up. His smile had vanished. "Why do you t'ink eet will not work?" he cried. "Why — why? — because de sweatshop contracteur he tell you eet will not! An' de rabbi an' de cop an' de raypublicaine an' de democratic — all de capitaleests dey shout, 'It will not work!' Dey tell you, dey are smart, dey can t'ink, dey make you to be so tire you cannot t'ink! You mus' t'ink. You mus' not be like your brudder, but like my brudder! You mus' t'ink at night! He stay till t'ree o'clock in de café; he read; he t'ink; he talk on de wagon! He sing de Marseillaise; he tell me de Marseillaise will be sung all over de worl'. You mus' t'ink! To t'ink good you mus' quit God. Dere ees no God! De capitaleest he make a fake God so you pray an' not t'ink. God make you wait for be happy after you die. You mus' be happy now! If you live for always after you die, den it ees already a good beezness, but you mus' not t'ink of after you die. You mus' t'ink of now. When everybody will quit

de fake God, den we will have socialism. My brudder he say, 'Let de capitaleest go wid hees fake God to hees fake hell!'"

Once more Emile sprang to the open window. "Look!" he cried. "All over de Eas' Side de peoples learn now to leave de *Schule* alone. Half believe dere ees no God! I want dat all shall not believe. I will be glad," — his gesticulating little hands suddenly flew to his breast, and pressed tight against his heart, — "I will be glad eef every boy will say, dere ees no God!"

Emile had finished. The four watched each other in silence. It was plain that Jake was badly beaten. At last Jake shook his head. "I talk no good," he said gloomily. "You'se beat me already because I stay all day bei de machine. I had no good Hebrew. I take not de Talmud. I got not even all de Torah." He paused, and then added, "But I know mein muder is right. You are bad. Dot's all."

Little Ike stood still, solemnly staring. I watched his face. How many scenes like this had he been through? His father, I knew, was a devout believer, who went twice each day to the synagogue. In his tenement home the countless old prayers and ceremonies were rigidly observed. And on the Sabbath little Ike always trotted behind his father to the synagogue, carrying his *talus*, for it is

against the law for a man to carry any burden or do any work on the Sabbath. Ike kept on staring till he felt our glances were on him. Then he flushed, and forced a smile. It died away. He turned short around and walked out. He forgot to shut the door.

"Let me — make — speak!"

Sammy sprang up to begin an oration; but suddenly a piercing steam whistle rose in the distance, and swelled, as a fire engine in the street below came plunging through the crowds between the flaring torches of the push-carts. Sam dropped his orator's pose, yelled, "Fire! Fire!" and rushed out. For one instant Jake still glowered at his victor. Emile laughed, and grabbed Jake's arm. "Come on!" he cried. They rushed after Sam. A moment later, from my window, I saw all three shoot through the door and plunge into the teeming, clattering, surging street from whence they came. The discussion, the old dream of Jake's mother, the new dream of Emile and his brother, — all were swept aside.

So, while the Ghetto streets teem and surge day and night, a hundred thousand boys are growing. How their inner selves develop you can only see in flashes. But the flashes all reveal the same change, — the old dream of Haschuniäm fading away like a dream of the cradle.

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RECENT BOOKS OF SCIENCE

BY E. T. BREWSTER

THE interested spectator of the game which natural science plays against the universe must regret the termination, for him, of one of the liveliest passages in the entire contest. In less time than it took Columbus to get together the funds for his expedition, or than Newton waited for one datum of his calculations, or than Galileo wasted in prison, radium and radio-activity have been discovered, the atomic theory has collapsed, the electron theory has taken its place, and the physics of the atom has ranged itself among the steady-going branches of knowledge, where the newspaper headline knows it no more. Inevitably, as the *punctum vegetationis* of science develops into a vigorous shoot and begins to lay down its woody fibre, the supply of popular books concerning it drops sharply. It seems likely, therefore, that for some years to come successive editions of Professor Rutherford's work¹ will remain the best source of information for the reader in whom may be assumed a certain modicum of technical information; while for the general reader Professor Duncan's well-knit exposition of the new knowledge² will hardly be supplanted by anything better of its sort.

Pretty much all that is sound, and not a little that is dubious, in contemporary work on the activities of animals and plants, rests on the underlying assumption that life is ultimately a matter of physics and chemistry. The practical worker in the field of living things rather

takes it for granted that he knows what God and man are, only so far as he is able to take some part of nature into his laboratory and there compel it to his bidding. In all the biological sciences, anatomy tends to give way to physiology, and the man of science who used to be taunted with trying to find Life with a scalpel is now trying to drive it like a motor car.

The living organism is, then, in current opinion, nothing more than a chemical machine. For the present, indeed, we are unable to construct such machines for ourselves; largely because, for various reasons, we really know very little about the physics of the colloids. Nearly all vital activities, however, can now be imitated artificially one by one, so that it would seem to be only a question of time before somebody will succeed in combining enough of these in a single structure to carry the resulting creature across the uncertain line which separates the quick from the dead. Such, at least, is the sure and steadfast hope of many a working biologist.

Such a scientific materialism is, as usual, amply justified by its works. The test of science is always its ability to predict the future or to control it; and only so far as the living organism is a machine is it possible to account for the extraordinary degree to which its activities can now be guided and modified. Each issue of the journals devoted to such topics adds its new record of achievement. Hydroids with polyps on both ends of the stem, planarians with supernumerary heads and tails anywhere on the body, crabs with antennæ in place of eyes, have become only a matter of operative dexterity. The very undergraduates at the seaside laboratories can turn out two-headed creatures and double monsters of

¹ *Radio-activity*. By E. RUTHERFORD, D.Sc., F.R.S., etc. New York: The Macmillan Co. Second edition, 1905.

² *The New Knowledge: A Popular Account of the New Physics and the New Chemistry in their relation to the New Theory of Matter*. By ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1905.

all sorts; make any number of embryos, short of a dozen, from the material that nature designed for one, or, on the other hand, fuse as many separate eggs into one monstrous being. Give the right man a few ordinary chemicals, and he will set you any common muscle beating rhythmically like a heart; he will mate together a sea-urchin and a starfish, which are related about as are a turtle and a duck, and their common offspring shall be like nothing else that ever the waters brought forth; he will bring about the development of unfertilized eggs of a score or two of different animals of all degrees of complexity, including, thus far, at least two vertebrates. If, therefore, the physiologist is still unable to build the living machine, he has at least found out something about running it.

This thoroughly mechanical view of the life of animals and plants, together with the great mass of new facts upon which the body of opinion rests, has never had a more effective presentation, taking it purely as a matter of science, than this of Professor Jacques Loeb.¹ A brilliant experimenter, who has always preferred the skirmish line of science to the main column, he writes clearly, as one who has spent his life in clear thinking. There is no better exposition to be had than that of the best of the university lecturers, and Professor Loeb is by no means least of these in the skill with which he assembles and arranges his material. The book before us, while of necessity it touches upon the author's own work, since without that there would be appreciably less for anybody to say, is primarily a survey of recent advances in the entire field of general animal physiology, and the history of the work that has led up to it. The book is in all respects a worthy member of the Columbia University Biological Series, of which it is the eighth volume. I could not give it higher praise.

The same general point of view, but

from the botanical side, appears in a suggestive work by Professor Jagadis Chunder Bose of Calcutta.² Four years ago Professor Bose published an account of certain experiments of himself and his associates, which went to show that many of the characteristic responses to stimuli of animals and plants occur also in inorganic bodies. He showed, for example, that a strip of india rubber can be excited by rapid thermal shocks to contract like a voluntary muscle, and that protracted stimulation produced the familiar fatigue-reversals of skeletal muscle. It followed pretty obviously from these experiments that the responsiveness of living things is the result of the molecular constitution of their protoplasm. Since, however, the protoplasm of animals and plants is essentially identical, Professor Bose "next undertook to demonstrate that all the important characteristics of the responses exhibited by even the most highly differentiated animal tissues were also to be found in those of the plant."

The present work takes up the methods and results of this study of what one is tempted to call the animal physiology of plants. The account itself is too detailed and too diffuse to be read straight through by any but a lover of plants or a student of the problem. It is, however, simple and straightforward, while summaries at the end of each chapter make straight in the desert a highway for the skipper. The results are in the highest degree interesting and important.

The higher plants, usually regarded as insensitive, are, it appears, in the position of animals shut up in wooden boxes. We know that they do move, for we see them screw their leaves round to face the sun, open and shut their flowers, cling to supports with their tendrils. When, however, these motions are made to record themselves by means of delicate instru-

¹ *The Dynamics of Living Matter*. By JACQUES LOEB. New York: The Columbia University Press, The Macmillan Co., Agents. 1906.

² *Plant Response as a Means of Physiological Investigation*. By JAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE, A. M., D. Sc. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1906.

ments, it transpires that the plant gives motile responses to almost any sort of stimulus that would affect an animal. Heat, cold, electric shocks, irritant drugs, wounds, all induce characteristic reactions. The plant becomes fatigued, is put to sleep by ether, drugged with alcohol. It shows the familiar threshold of stimulation and latent period, while an impression made at one point is conveyed to a distant region at a definite velocity nearly as great as the nervous conductivity of some of the slower animals. Soft tissues with a fibrous structure, such as stamens, may be stimulated to repeated contraction, like striped muscle; there is not lacking in the plant even the distinction between the tissue which contracts rhythmically, like the heart, and that which responds only when stimulated.

Work of this sort, on the face of it, would seem to assimilate the plant to the animal; the practical effect has been to assimilate the animal to the plant. Persons of Professor Loeb's way of thinking regard a good half of the apparently purposeful acts of the lower animals as but so many plant-like or machine-like reactions, denying them even the poor gift of instinct; while zoölogist and botanist are at one in assigning a host of attributes of living creatures, in spite of seeming utility, to the inherent properties of their life-stuff rather than to any process of evolution. Thus organic inheritance becomes a matter of chemistry, mind in the simpler creatures an illusion, and their life a by-product of their metabolism.

The same general body of opinion, set off by a flavor of heresy, appears in two new books on an old topic; and, as usual, the heresy consists in an exaggeration of one aspect of the common doctrine.

Dr. Bastian¹ goes one step beyond general contemporary opinion. It appears from the reports of a number of

different observers that, even in the case of creatures of a fairly complex organization, hydroids and worms, the adult may by appropriate means be induced to reverse its development and return to the embryonic condition. Moreover, the twice-born organism may, in a few cases at least, be induced to grow up for the second time, sometimes into a different structure from its former adult condition. At any rate, there is abundant evidence that the various parts and tissues of animals whose structure is not too complex are largely interchangeable, in the sense that the material which went to form one might under other circumstances have gone to build another. What warrant, therefore, that with the still simpler unicellular organisms, the substance of one creature may not be changed over into something very different?

This is essentially Dr. Bastian's theory of Heterogenesis. In much the same way that De Vries finds one species of primrose growing from the seed of another, Dr. Bastian sees moulds arise from bacteria, unicellular green water plants turn to diatoms, and even the immature eggs of a small fly, failing to develop normally, continue their lives as amœbas. Moreover, he has found living bacteria and yeasts in situations where in his opinion they could have arisen only by "spontaneous generation." Few of these observations, however, seem to be corroborated by other men. At the same time, it is hard to suspect of crude blundering a veteran microscopist and a Fellow of the Royal and Linnean societies. Whatever one may think of the group of opinions which Dr. Bastian has maintained for a generation, consistently and almost alone, he is at least a learned man and a skillful writer, so that his discussion of the general problem is most illuminating. The notion is an inheritance from prescientific days; it has been disposed of over and over again, and is probably not true. Yet if ability to rise again after repeated crushings to earth be any test of truth, Dr. Bastian has fairly proved his case.

¹ *The Nature and Origin of Living Matter.* By H. CARLTON BASTIAN, M. A., M. D., F. R. S., F. L. S., etc. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. 1905.

Mr. J. Butler Burke¹ departs in somewhat different direction from the faith just discovered by the saints. If life is the result of molecular structure, there is no special reason why protoplasm should be the only life-stuff, merely because it has turned out, on the whole, to be the best. Why not, then, attempt the construction of living creatures of other stuffs, that can be more easily handled?

The idea is fanciful enough, and innocent enough, withal, of any contact with the world of fact. Its claim to public attention lies in the enterprise of the daily press, and in Mr. Burke's success in giving a local habitation, and incidentally a name, to his speculative and airy nothings, by devising a sort of artificial life on the basis of the liveliest of metals. With radium chlorid or bromid in place of the "polymeric carbon" (whatever that may be), which Mr. Burke thinks to be the font and origin of life, and gelatin for flesh and blood, he did apparently succeed in generating certain minute creatures that are certainly not the offspring of anything on sea or land. These, nevertheless, grew, developed smaller structures like nuclei within their bodies, reproduced themselves by division, after the manner of bacteria, and finally, after running through their life cycle, died and disappeared. Mr. Burke will have it that beings that do these things are alive; but Mr. Burke is a physicist. The biologists, already familiar with artificial creatures which go through a few of the motions of living, have been pretty unanimously of the contrary opinion.

Now, however, that Mr. Burke's own book is out, and we are able to learn the full details of his work, it turns out that the matter is not especially important. In fact, even from Mr. Burke's own text, it is by no means easy to make out precisely what it is he thinks he has been doing. The "marked cloudiness" of his gelatin preparations seems to have extended itself

to his style; while he possesses neither the learning nor the clarity of mind which give value to Dr. Bastian's treatment of the same topics, irrespective of his personal views. Both books, however, show how tenuous nowadays has become the once solid partition between the two realms of nature.

These four books, then, one with another, cover pretty completely the general problem of the nature of life and living matter, so far as the question is purely a biological one. Yet though, as a working theory, mechanism has completely supplanted vitalism, "vitality" has never joined caloric and phlogiston, the crystal spheres and the firmament of heaven, in the land of scientific shades. There remain still certain wider aspects of the problem, questions of analysis quite as much as of fact; and these it has fallen to Sir Oliver Lodge to discuss.²

Sir Oliver reminds one of Huxley. Without Huxley's brilliancy, he has the same gift for expounding technical matters untechnically, the same scorn of authority, and the same readiness to assail friend or foe alike when either strays toward "that nebulous country," as Huxley said, "where words take the place of ideas." Like Huxley, too, Sir Oliver is a skeptic of that uncommon and thorough-going sort that has no *a priori* opinions whatever, and is prepared, therefore, to believe anything on evidence. One could wish that *Life and Matter* were somewhat less controversial in form, that it somewhat less obviously grew out of separate articles and addresses; still more could one wish that the discussion were less condensed, for the book is but a little one: one could not ask for more penetrating criticism of current opinions by a great scientist who is as little given to serving idols of the cave as of the market place.

Very pertinently does our author point out that the argument for life as a pro-

¹ *The Origin of Life: Its Physical Basis and Definition.* By JOHN BUTLER BURKE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1906.

² *Life and Matter: A Criticism of Professor Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe."* By Sir OLIVER LODGE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

perty of protoplasm is essentially the same as that which, not so many years ago, proved magnetism to be a property of iron. We knew magnetism only in connection with certain kinds of iron, in which it originated, we knew not how. We could make new magnets indefinitely, but only from other magnets; and when a magnet died or was killed, its magnetism, to all appearances, was as completely annihilated as the life of a dead plant. Yet it turned out that the magnetism is not in the iron at all. Though one create a million new magnets, he does not increase thereby in the smallest measure the amount of magnetism in the world; nor diminish it by destroying them again. Iron but manifests a preëxistent magnetism; but taps an infinite reservoir of power, which it neither lessens nor augments. Our physicist, once bitten, is twice shy. Consistent skeptic that he is, he will wait for the demonstration that the life is, in any real sense, in the body at all, before he commits himself to any of the implications of that opinion. As a scientific man, he is ready to accept any fact that Loeb or Bose or Bastian has to offer him; he would not be in any wise put out to learn that Burke's radiobes had escaped from the Cavendish Laboratory and added themselves to the local flora; but concerning the entire mechanical interpretation of these facts, Sir Oliver Lodge, like John Doe, "affirmeth his ignorance and requireth proof."

Sir Oliver may well be skeptical: one promising science has just been grassed by an amateur. The scientific dietitians, Voit and the rest, had it all nicely figured out just how much fuel each of us needs to run his bodily engine, — so many calories for the man at light work, so many for the boy at heavy play. Then appeared a middle-aged business man, doing his day's work, celebrating his fiftieth birthday by a two-hundred-mile bicycle ride, training with the Yale crew, all on a diet which should have been barely sufficient to keep the breath of life in a poor needlewoman.

The first man of science to perceive the importance of Mr. Horace Fletcher's private regimen was a Dr. Van Someren; the most conspicuous, Sir Michael Foster. Only in America, however, are physiological laboratories equipped with apparatus sufficient to handle men: the prophet came to honor in his own country, with Dr. Anderson's tests at the Yale gymnasium, and Professor Chittenden's¹ starvation squad. The outcome thus far is that Mr. Fletcher is alive, and in peculiarly vigorous health, half a dozen years after he should have starved to death; scores of men of all sorts and conditions have lived and done their full work under medical observation on half rations or less, while thousands have adopted Fletcherism for their own personal convenience. How the matter will finally turn out, nobody knows. It may be that personal idiosyncrasies are more important than has been supposed, or it may be that Voit ought not to have multiplied by two after he had guessed at half. Whatever the upshot, few questions of science concern so immediately the citizen and tax-payer.

Mr. Fletcher's own accounts of the new dietetics² are pretty diffuse, and lacking in important detail. A much better discussion comes from the pen of an English medical man,³ while liveliest and most easily read of them all is the chapter on foods in a vivacious little handbook of personal hygiene by a New York physician.⁴

Again, however, the really important contribution to the subject is the work of a layman. Mr. Russell has assembled from all kinds of sources a vast deal of precise information concerning the actual diet of races, communities, and indi-

¹ *Physiological Economy in Nutrition*. By RUSSELL H. CHITTENDEN. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1905.

² Published under various titles.

³ *Humaniculture*. By HUBERT HIGGINS. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1906.

⁴ *Nature and Health: A Popular Treatise of the Hygiene of the Person and the Home*. By EDWARD CURTIS, A. M., M. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1906.

viduals.¹ Men, it appears, have lived and thriven about equally well upon the most diverse articles of food, from oaten cakes to locusts and wild honey; while, contrary to the popular opinion, if only the food be wholesome in itself, sufficient, but not too abundant, whether it be animal or vegetable counts for very little. The peaceful and by no means energetic Eskimos live perforce entirely on meat; the Bedouins, Turks, Sikhs, and Dyaks, who have not been conspicuously peaceful, and the Chinese and Japanese, who are not at all indolent, eat no meat at all. Upon the whole, the roast beef of old England has not made better men than potatoes and the "halesome parritch."

Contrary to general opinion, neither the race nor the battle is always to the carnivore. One has only to pair off against one another similar peoples with unlike diets, Apaches and Peruvians, English and Scotch, Koreans and Japanese, to discover that the able and successful human stocks have by no means always been those most abundantly fed, nor those which have preyed most ruthlessly upon their fellow vertebrates. In fact, Mr. Russell, though he holds no brief for any theory or system, does most distinctly afford aid and comfort to the Fletcherite and the vegetarian.

While, however, Mr. Russell goes far toward demonstrating "that man thrives on almost any kind of diet common to a nation," he discovers one most unfortunate exception to the rule in the diet of modern states. The combination of alcohol, tea, white flour, and inferior but too abundant meat he holds responsible for both urban and rural degeneration, and for most of the ills which beset civilized countries. The two opinions are not obviously consistent, although one is supported by a considerable body of evidence, and the other conforms to present-day fashion in social philosophy.

¹ *Strength and Diet: A Practical Treatise with Special Regard to the Life of Nations.* By the Hon. R. RUSSELL. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

Curiously, to follow an old division of mankind, the most thoroughgoing Deteriorationist, to whom even the shorter working day is a sign of increasing debility, and the extreme Perfectibilian, who expects the millennium after the next election, both alike look to environment as the source of progress and decay. Both, therefore, should find Mr. Russell quite to their minds.

Against this social Lamarckianism may be matched, from the side of the Darwinians, Dr. Woods's elaborate study of inheritance among the royal families of Europe.² There have been, thus far, only three important studies of mental and moral heredity. The first was Galton's really epoch-making work of '69, his *Hereditary Genius*; the second was Karl Pearson's study of the resemblances between pairs of brothers and pairs of sisters among English school children; the third is the work before us.

All three studies arrive at precisely the same conclusion: mental and moral qualities of men are inherited, like their physical traits, while both are transmitted on the same terms as are the attributes of animals and plants. Galton proved the case for the higher grades of ability, Pearson for single qualities, like vivacity or conscientiousness. Now Dr. Woods extends the argument to include all ranges of ability, and to specific mental and moral types. Together they make out a pretty complete case for Galton's Law in the spiritual world.

Galton's Law is, of course, like all the laws of science, a formula for predicting numerically some one aspect of the future. Much of Dr. Woods's attention, therefore, is given to just this sort of forecasting. So-and-so, with such-and-such ancestry, married So-and-so, whose family was this-and-that; so many of their children should then be red-haired, so many wise, so many stupid,—and this, with uninspiring uni-

² *Mental and Moral Heredity in Royalty: A Statistical Study in History and Psychology.* By FREDERICK ADAMS WOODS, M. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1906.

formity, they are. Aside, however, from this massing of cumulative evidence for the general theory of heredity, Dr. Woods takes up several rather practical matters. It appears, among other things, that mental and moral inheritance is nearly always of the alternate, rather than of the blended type. The child is not a mixture of ancestral qualities, but tends definitely to follow one ancestor or another; different elements of strength or weakness hang together, and there is a close association between mental and moral gifts. Especially noteworthy, in view of recent discussions, is the evidence that neither the surroundings of royalty, nor the inbreeding of royal families, nor any other environmental factor, is a cause of degeneration. The sound stocks, Saxe-Coburg, Nassau, Hohenzollern, remain sound indefinitely; degeneration appears only with Hapsburg and Bourbon blood. Nurture, surroundings, formal education, all the sources to which we look for the improvement of individuals and mankind, turn out, in the case of these royal persons, to be negligible matters. They are what they are born,—and so, according to the small group of students to which Dr. Woods belongs, are all the rest of us.

So far, then, as we all, plants, animals, and men, are in the same evolutionary boat, we may count on Dr. Woods's side two books on the improvement of vegetable races. Mr. Harwood¹ is anything but scientific; but his picture of the achievements of Mr. Luther Burbank impresses the reader, as no scientific treatise could, with the astonishing command over their material now possessed by breeders of animals and plants. Nevertheless, Mr. Burbank is by no means the thaumaturgist that his admirer makes him out to be. Unquestionably, he is one of the dozen great plant-breeders of the world. But he has outstripped his fellows, partly from the large scale on which he has been

able to work, partly because of the favorable conditions that surround him, but chiefly because, within the last few years, thanks to men like De Vries and Mendel and Pearson and Galton, there has been developed for the first time a sound, detailed, workable theory of organic evolution. Burbanking is, then, only applied Darwinism.

Of all this Mr. Harwood knows nothing: for such matters one must turn to Professor Bailey,² who gives a remarkably simple and readable account of current practice in this department of horticulture, interpreting every process in the light of recent theory. For one who already knows something of garden plants *Plant Breeding* affords a royal road to modern evolutionary doctrine, while the changes in the text between the first and the present fourth edition show how rapid has been recent progress in this field.

Three different authors, then, point out the only means by which any permanent improvement in any race of living things has ever yet been brought about. Among them there should be opportunity for diverse philanthropic persons to get some sort of hint why their human thorns and thistles, for all their watering and digging about, still fail to bear them grapes and figs.

It has long been one of the anomalies of natural science that it always tends to begin with remote matters, and thence by slow stages to approach the more familiar. Astronomy is one of the oldest sciences, psychology one of the latest. The moon was mapped before the earth, and helium was first discovered in the sun. Only of late years has science begun to close in on its final problem,—the nature of that mind which for Dr. Woods is part of each man's ancestral inheritance, and for Sir Oliver Lodge one of the two or three ultimate realities of the universe. Men had

¹ *New Creations in Plant Life: An Authoritative Account of the Life and Work of Luther Burbank.* By W. S. HARWOOD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

² *Plant Breeding: Being Six Lectures upon the Amelioration of Domestic Plants.* By L. H. BAILEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

numbered the stars, and weighed the earth in a balance, before they so much as suspected the existence of the submerged nine-tenths of their own inner lives.

Two professional psychologists and one physician discuss from different points of view the problem of the subconsciousness; and among them give a pretty complete general account of that strange other self which remembers when we forget, takes care of us when we are absent-minded, wakens us at an assigned hour in the morning, or reminds us, when we are snugly tucked away for the night, that we have neglected to lock the cellar door. The fact that the subconsciousness is subconscious makes it one of the most difficult of all subjects of study — and one of the most enticing. Professor Jastrow's¹ interest is in the every-day experiences of normal men. He is always the practical Westerner, the teacher of college classes, for whom the abnormal and the uncanny serve but to explain the commonplace. Of the three, he discusses most completely psychological theory, and taxes most severely the voluntary attention of his reader. Professor Hyslop,² on the other hand, carries the abnormal over into the occult; his concern is with unexplained mysteries and strange power of the human mind not dreamed of in most of our philosophies. Both men deal with the same vague region of the soul, both on occasion rely upon the same detailed evidence; but where one is interested in dreams that take their shape from sense impressions, the other is concerned with dreams that come true. The two authors, therefore, supplement each other. The one sets forth in order recent conquests of science, the other affords glimpses of fields yet to be won.

Nothing, however, in Professor Hyslop's crystal visions, apparitions, clair-

voyances, is one half so weird or gruesome as is Professor Jastrow's all-too-brief account of the four Miss Beauchamps, who had only one body among them, and had to pin notes on the wall to explain to the partner whose turn came next the situation in which the common organism found itself. It is an unadventurous reader of the tantalizing summary who will rest content until he gets his hands on the complete description.

For some half-dozen years Dr. Morton Prince has been reporting special aspects of an extraordinary case of multiple personality in one of his patients. The complete account³ fully bears out the promise of the preliminary reports, and it looks as if the nervous collapse of an unhappy girl is to do as much to illumine the dark places of the human mind as the bullet wound in the stomach of Alexis St. Martin did, once upon a time, for the mysteries of digestion. Cases of disintegrated personality are not especially uncommon. No case, however, has been so carefully studied under so favorable conditions. Few have been in themselves so remarkable, few have lent themselves so readily to experiment, in none has so able and well-trained an intelligence in the subject coöperated with the investigator.

For the student of psychology and for the general reader alike, the most interesting figure of Dr Prince's book, and the most bewildering of the sisters, is the inimitable "Sally." Sally began life as Miss Beauchamp's subconsciousness in the days when there was only one Miss Beauchamp, — a subconsciousness, it appears, hardly more discrete than that of any normal but absent-minded and moony person who needs the special care of the inner guardian. One can imagine a sleep-walker articulating one dream with the next, and acting them all out, until the dream life acquires a certain continuity of its own, independent of the waking self

¹ *The Subconscious*. By JOSEPH JASTROW. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

² *Enigmas of Psychical Research*. By JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph. D., LL.D. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. 1906.

³ *The Dissociation of a Personality: A Biographical Study in Abnormal Psychology*. By MORTON PRINCE, M. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

and unknown by it. Some such sort of a dream-personality was Sally. But Sally dreamed so much, and did so many things in her sleep, that she gradually built up a tissue of memories and a personality of her own. Finally, in spite of Dr. Prince's care, Sally secured control of the entire motor apparatus, pulled her eyes open with her fingers, and became a living soul. As co-consciousness, Sally took entire charge of the bodily machinery, while the dominant consciousness lapsed into a trance state, living her own life for days at a time, or alternating every few minutes with one of the other personalities. As subconsciousness she maintained the continuity of her own mental life, and knew the minds of her sisters from the inside.

In this lay Dr. Prince's unique opportunity. Other hysterical young women have seen visions and dreamed vericidal dreams; other physicians confronted with obsessions, hallucinations, trances, automatic writings, have made more or less plausible guesses with regard to the psychology of their patients. Dr. Prince did not guess,—he asked Sally. Now Sally was a clever girl, and became in time a very fair psychologist. Once interested in her own case, she not only submitted to cross-examination, but attacked the problem on her own account, and made important contributions to its solution. Automatic writing, for example, is not uncommon in normal persons; but when Miss Beauchamp wrote automatically it was Sally who controlled the writing hand, so that experiments could be arranged with Sally in advance, and any obscure points referred to her for explanation. So, too, with almost the entire range of abnormal mental phenomena: Sally, as subconsciousness, learned to produce most of these at will, and later, as the dominant self, to account for them. There is, therefore, nothing especially

new about this famous case, for each single feature has been duplicated many times. But where other investigators have tapped the subconscious life by way of vague hypnotic states, Dr. Prince has had the aid of an alert and self-conscious, if somewhat irresponsible, intelligence.

A strange book is this of Dr. Prince's, aside from its revelation of the hidden things of the soul. To begin with, it is skillfully written, largely as a biography, but composed in no small part of the letters of the four sisters to one another and to other persons, together with verbatim reports of their conversations with the medical adviser and father-confessor of them all. If ever there were a farce-tragedy, this is it. The four sisters take turns at controlling the single body which they share, each living her own life at cross purposes with the rest, and each likely to be switched out at any moment, like a lamp, for another to take up the life that she lays down, as one who wakes from sleep; while the bewildered physician vainly hunts through the medley for the real Miss Beauchamp. Sally lays claim to twenty years continuous existence; Christine is sufficiently real to get through college and make a living for herself, only in the end to be puffed out like a candle, that the true self, lapsed since girlhood, might come to her own again. If *The Dissociation of a Personality* were a work of the imagination, it would be a noteworthy production. That it is, instead, the latest word of science concerning the human soul shows how far we have traveled from the indivisible Ego of our fathers. The reader who chances to make it his introduction to modern psychology, who has never heard of Charcot and Janet, and the Salpêtrière, of Ansel Bourne and Rev. Thomas C. Hanna, will never be the same reader again: a sadder and a wiser man will rise the morrow morn.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HOOSICK JUNCTION

To the author of "Traveling on the Branch," in the Club for August, I would extend my greeting. I have known joys of a similar kind; though it is chiefly about the Junction—dismissed by this writer too hastily for strict Junction verisimilitude—that my affections hover. In fact, it has lately come to pass that when I find myself bored in society, when I cannot sleep at night, when my eyes fail me and I must not read, I retreat to Hoosick Junction, and all is well with me.

I am sure that some readers must know the spot. It connects the Boston and Maine Railroad with the Bennington and Rutland. It consists of a dingy, one-roomed station, a dilapidated saloon, a water tank, and that is all. High and dry in the glare of the sun it lies on the baking cinders, and not one solace does it hold out to the miserable wayfarers who spend grudging hours in it. Always hours. I never knew anybody who ever waited less than an hour and a half in Hoosick Junction. I have spent three hours there at a stretch; in the course of my life I suppose I have lived there a month. There is hardly a better example anywhere to be found of bare, practical utilitarianism. You are traveling; that is a business proceeding, to be undertaken in a businesslike manner. You require a room to wait in; good, here it is,—what more could you possibly ask? You are hungry? Really, you know, that is not the Railroad's affair; bring a lunch, and stuff the box or the paper bag into the stove afterwards. Hoosick Junction holds itself sternly aloof from all the luxuries of life; those go through in trunks, along with your Sunday hat.

There was a time when Christian Science, realizing the possibilities of Hoosick Junction, laid hold upon it as a

centre of propagation. Beside the stove stood a plain deal table strewn with pamphlets concerning the Faith, testimonials, magazines, sermons. It was a clever idea. I myself have held out against those documents for an hour and a quarter, and then have suddenly given in and devoured every page. I converse with a certain discriminating tolerance on the subject of Christian Science. Little does any one dream that the husks of my knowledge have been snatched by a starving hand in the deserts of Hoosick Junction.

But Christian Science has withdrawn now, and Hoosick Junction is god-forsaken (impious term, but expressive!). Three framed timetables hang on the wall, an antiquated "Excursion" announcement, and a dusty clock. For the rest, there is but the row of seats all along the wall, the large, central, presiding stove, and half a dozen human beings despairing utterly.

Yet it is this dreary tarrying-place which now affords me unfailing refuge from the very ennui which itself used always to produce? Certainly. That is the exquisite triumph and humor of circumstance in this mutable world. You never can tell from one day to another what curse is suddenly going to turn on you and bless you. I certainly had no anticipation of any sort of pleasure as I found myself once more caught in the net and being dragged Hoosick Junctionward about two months ago. I had managed, by dint of changing my winter residence to avoid the place for a year or two; but no long remittance of destiny could be vouchsafed me, I might have known. There was a portentous conjunction of stars the night when I was born.

I stepped out of the train, dispirited, hot, and exceeding dusty. The tunnel was no long way behind me, that other horror

to which Hoosac, changing its spelling guilefully, has given its ill-omened name. Half a dozen people descended with me; we looked at each other askance. Our trunks were hurled out at us from the door of the baggage car, the engine rang an impatient bell, the train drew off and left us. Left us! No words can fitly denote the degree of that desolating desertion on the part of humanity. There were we, stranded, beyond the pale, ostracized in a No Man's Land, utterly forlorn.

"Misery loves company," it is said. But certainly we in Hoosick Junction kept our distance well. With a certain defiant resignation to the needs of humanity, we retreated, each to a remote section of the wooden bench, and opened our boxes of lunch. We were curiously shame-faced about this proceeding, strangely secretive and savage, — like primitive beasts going off to their lairs. One would think that to eat was a final disgrace. Then, all the crumbs being brushed away and our self-respect reestablished, we glanced at the clock with a pathetic hope. A quarter past twelve, and our train was due at one-forty! Ah, then despair overwhelmed us quite. We collapsed on our uncomfortable benches, and the life went out of our faces, leaving us all dull masks.

I had a book in my bag, of course; I never travel without a book. But Hoosick Junction has something about it inimical to all moods. If I start on my journey rejoicing in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, by the time I reach Hoosick Junction I can tolerate nothing but Sherlock Holmes. Accordingly, on this particular day, I cast my companion volume from me, rose, shook myself, and left the station, intent upon a walk. There was nowhere to walk except along the track, but that did very well. No fear, at least, of a train's arrival; — if there only had been! I tested my old-time dexterity by walking along the rails for a while; then I climbed the bank and picked strawberries; then I sat down under the shade of a tree and fell to surveying the country. It was not a bad

little spot of earth, if one only looked at it honestly, freeing one's mind from the prejudice which distorted the trees and fields. They were real trees and fields, after all, green and fair, clothed upon with the graciousness peculiar to their class. There were low, rolling hills in the near distance, and close at hand was a river, a wide and golden-brown, chattering stream, calling to mind the happy lines, —

"And shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

What a pity, I thought to myself, that such a bit of earth's beauty should be condemned to eternal perversion in the cause of dreariness!

Then suddenly, full-grown and strong, in the Minerva-like manner of all ideas, came one of the most exciting projects I had ever harbored in my life, and I gave myself over to its contemplation with such abandon that I nearly missed my train.

I had lately been longing to be of use, real, actual, tangible use to my kind. Very well, here was the chance at my hand. I would make my home at Hoosick Junction, and open a lunch and reading-room for the solace of the stranded souls cast up here every day. Not any lunch counter in the station (perish the fly-specked thought of the thing!), but even a little house down by the river, under the cool green trees. A board walk should run from the station thither; the distance was not very great; a neat little sign should direct the people; they could reach me easily. Once there, how their poor, tired hearts would rejoice! For they would find broad verandas, of course, with rocking-chairs and hammocks; inside the door a cool, wide hall should give them grateful welcome, with an open fire on chilly days, deep easy chairs, and all the books and magazines they could possibly desire. Beyond the hall a dining-room should wait their patronage, — round tables, pretty china, flowers, muslin-curtained windows. Upstairs there would be a few bedrooms for such as were more utterly forspent; hot water and soap for

every one, best boon that I could offer. I myself would stand at the door to welcome all my guests as they came. I would charge them something for their lunch, that an attitude of independence and mutual respect might exist between us; but beyond that, all the house should be free, — their house as well as mine. I think I should love every one of them, they would have such need of me, and I should be so very sure I was helping them. Would it not be a happy life? What could one ask for more?

By the time my train whistled and I made off along the track to the station, I was all aglow with my project. I ran, casting my eye about for a pleasant site for my house. And ever since, my enthusiasm has waxed rather than waned; so that the name "Hoosick Junction" is now no symbol of gloom, but one of all possible high romance, of dream and aspiration; my heart leaps up when I hear it.

I have long since completed my house in thought, and furnished it, and received through its portal dear people of every kind. Farmers they are, for the most part; good, simple country folk whom I love; but also the tide of vacation travelers sets my way in the summer, and artists and poets come wandering by, and all sorts of curious people. I have never taken such a wide view of humanity, nor loved it so well, as since I built my Hoosick Junction house. Now and then — what joy and surprise! — a familiar face approaches along the board walk, and I run to grasp the hand of a friend come up to visit me. In the evening, when the trains are all passed and the work of the day is over, what famous talks we have, to be sure, shut in by our seclusion, the open fire bright at our feet, the river singing outside! That is comradeship for you, I take it.

Well, after all, what good in a dream? I have not the fortune to build my house, and I shall never have it. The enterprise "would not pay," you know, — hateful, damning term! — and one must be rich

to undertake it. But still I think there may be some power in a multitude of eager thoughts, hovering daily to one end; Hoosick Junction must know my desire.

Poor wayfarers, at this moment propping your weary frames on the wooden benches beneath the Excursion announcement, do you realize how, if I had my way, you would all be lying in deep, soft chairs, reading novels and magazines? Does the knowledge do any good?

A SPECIALIST IN IDEALS

THESE are the days for the spreading abroad and flourishing of the real-estate man. You would not think it, perhaps, but he is an idealist. He tells you so himself. It is lovely to think that there is so much of that sort of thing abroad in the business world to-day. We had feared that the eclipse of the life-insurance man had robbed us of our last source of supply.

He sends you a free ticket to come out and view the property. He incloses a ticket for your wife or lady friend. He would not forget the little ones, if you told him you had them.

Upon this instigation you board the ferry and embark for a strange land. Then you push your way through a crowd and clamber up the steps of a train that looks as if it had always been traveling on Long Island. After an interval there comes a hissing and sputtering of steam underneath, a slamming of doors, a series of premonitory jerks, and you are off for the Island Eldorado, — in short, for Mapledell, the City of Homes, the Paradise of the Overworked.

"Free at last from the omnipresent noise and dirt of the Metropolis," — you know the rest, and the pictures of the schoolhouse and the church. At present your outlook embraces power houses, gas plants, brick walls, and chimneys. This is the portal through which you pass into the happy land beyond. It takes considerable time to pass. It is surprising how many power houses, gas plants,

brick walls, and chimneys can be encamped on one piece of landscape.

After a while, nevertheless, you emerge into what you take to be a transitional region, the link between city and country. Goats, shanties, and saloons, flamboyant with gilt signs, occupy it. Soiled children sit on tumbledown doorsteps. Ward politicians of the future smoke cigarette stubs. Fat housewives with rolled-up sleeves empty pails of dishwater into the gutter.

You turn from the scene with some relief to glance again at *Mapledell Picturesque*.

"On the next corner," — so reads that dainty specimen of the bookman's art, — "where Cedarleaf Avenue debouches upon Ferncliff Place, John P. Waterwell, Esq., President of the Smith & Waterwell Novelty Company of London and New York, is erecting a beautiful mansion, of which the accompanying photographure can give but a faint conception."

It occurs to you that some of the people in the car with you must be inhabitants of Mapledell. You take a look about. It should be easy to recognize the dwellers in that Elysium where both mansion and cottage — in the real-estate man's vocabulary every dwelling-house is one or the other — are, first of all, homes.

There is a small, self-effacing man huddled into the corner of the seat across the aisle. He is reading a booklet elegantly bound in enamel boards with a gold stamp, and tied with a light blue ribbon. You recognize it: it is *Random Ramblings in Mapledell, Home of the Home-lover*. That was the first book they sent you. Long since you have got beyond that.

The other people in the car do not much attract you. They do not look like home-lovers. The two men who occupy the seat in front have red faces and projecting noses. They are talking one with the other in voices that do not seem domestic.

"I tells you, it's dis way; nudding

else," says one. "If dey'll put me up a house as goot as Vaternell's, I lets 'em do it. Odervise, nuddings. Dat's all."

"D' ye think they'll do that?" queries the other.

"What for won't dey?" comes the scornful reply. "What iss Schmidt und Vaternell? Iss it any much to the All-Favorite Garment-Fastener Company? Donnervetter! If dey don't do it, dey be" — You hear no more, for the train comes to a stop with a jerk and a rumble of brakes. Some one slams open the door and yells, "Willowbrook Heights." It is a pretty name.

Outside you observe an expanse of sooty flats, speckled with a litter of diseased-looking, two-story frame houses, and with multitudinous billboards. Your eye falls upon the lines, —

WILLOWBROOK HEIGHTS

The most Desirable high-class Suburb
of New York

Prices that will Fit you Absolutely
Easy Installments

There is something further, but you have not time to read it, for the train bumps onward. You turn to your booklet once more.

"Snugly ensconced on the corner of Eglantine Lane and Cottage Avenue, nestles the pride of Mapledell, its school-house; while across the street the home-like little church points its mute finger upward to the Source of all that is Truly Good."

The train stops more often now, and gives you a chance to observe in rapid succession the towns of Woodyhyrst, Sunnycrest, and Clovermead. Somehow they all seem curiously alike. There is the same spawn of two-story square houses, once painted in various pinks and yellows, standing in sad and staring lines amid much flat and neglected ground where stakes, that you can just see through the overgrowth of dead weeds, indicate the lots that may still be had upon payments that will suit. Well, you are

approaching Mapledell, and there things will be different. They are.

A man wearing a checked suit greets you unctuously as you alight. He greets the small, self-effacing man, whose name you learn to be Higgins, with equal unction. There are other gentlemen in checked suits upon the platform, who seem as if by instinct to single out their quarry among the new arrivals. You notice the champion of the All-Favorite Garment-Fastener already packed conspicuously into a driving-cart, and being driven rapidly away.

The man with the cigar leads you and Higgins to a smart two-seater, and you climb in. The coachman sits as straight and inviolate as a hitching-post, while the check-suited one turns half round, familiarly, and entertains you with a well-oiled, sparkling commentary upon the beauties and prospects of Mapledell.

"To be sure," he concedes, with a suave wave of his hand, which shows you at once that he does not wish to pervert facts, "the land right here by the station is not especially desirable. It was promoted several years ago by an unscrupulous management,—a mere speculation,—and has been developed absolutely without that sense of responsibility to the purchasers that an honorable firm should show. It is the curse of the soulless corporation. Now our ideal is a personal one,—but here we are at the entrance."

You have arrived at a pair of stone posts which bear the gilt legend, "Mapledell Improvement Company," and underneath, "Sans-Souci Court."

You look through the portal into the Paradise of the Overworked. You are glad that you cannot mistake it. At first sight it resembles a barren plain,—curiously flat and without trees. By careful observation, however, you discern long lines of timid, toothpick-like twigs stuck along the margins of what remind you of the squares of an enormous checker-board.

At each corner of each square is a stone

post, similar to the ones you have just passed; and straggling in a thin, self-distrustful line between the posts is, so you are informed, a beautiful hedge of imported California privet, very choice.

"This,"—says the idealist,— "this is Mapledell. To understand the full meaning of what you see, gentlemen, let me ask you to project yourselves ten years or so into the future. Think of it as it will appear then, gentlemen,—these pretty little trees, even now lendin' an air of distinction to our streets, then grown to giant elms, whose branches meet in a Gothic arch overhead.

"These broad streets and avenues lined with homes, and echoin' with the shouts of happy children playin' tag,—ain't it easy to think of it? But even without resortin' to the imagination, you can see much already that enthalls the attention and admiration of all our visitors."

He then proceeds to point out the macadamized roads already constructed, "over which we are now drivin' as easy as on a billiard table;" in the distance he indicates the schoolhouse, standing in the conspicuousness of isolation beside the mute-fingered church.

"And what a peaceful, country-like view it is, ain't it, after the noise and turmoil of the city? Do you wonder that a man of the wealth and social prominence of John P. Waterwell, President of the Smith & Waterwell Novelty Company of London and New York, has concluded, after carefully lookin' into all the real estate openin's in the vicinity of the city, to come to Mapledell?

"And over there in that kerridge,—yes, now I think of it, he come on the very train with you,—is the Honorable Otto Budweiser of the All-Favorite Garment-Fastener Company,—of course you have heard of him before,—who is on the point, if he has not already decided, of building a mansion on one of our lots. Gentlemen, they are goin' like free beers. The public grabs at such a opportunity as the one we are now offerin'."

You venture the remark, somewhat

timidly, that you do not observe quite so many houses on the property as you had expected to see.

"Well, you understand," he explains, condescendingly, "that this is a very bad fall for building,—the strikes, you know, and all that,—so we were compelled, in gettin' out our little booklets, to resort in some cases to the architects' drawin's. As I have tried to impress on you already, sir, to appreciate Mapledell you must look forward.

"It is the future, sir, that we are livin' and workin' for. It is to make Mapledell a city of homes, a place where a nice man will be proud to live, a place for him to bring up his children,—that's why we have made the enormous sacrifices necessary in order to get the land into shape. It has been a tremenjous undertakin'; it's took brains an' brawn; but, gentlemen, we've been workin' toward a ideal."

Let us rejoice that the day of the idealist is not yet over. They may talk to us about the materialization of our society: about the lack of a high sense of honor in business transactions: as for me, I point to the real-estate man, and assert that while he remains we shall not lack some one to talk to us of fundamental principles, of ideals, and social responsibility.

TO PETER MARK ROGET

You would think to overpower us
With your wordy old Thesaurus,
Your book of words and phrases to amaze us
and excite;
A revised, enlarged edition
Minus error and omission—
Oh, Peter Mark Roget, you, what say you
when you write?

Tell me, when you went a-courting,
All your adjectives assorting,
Did you write her carefully and prayerfully
this strain?

"I love you, like, and sympathize,
I burn, adore, hug, idolize;
I'm your lover, suitor, wooer, beau, pursuer,
and your swain!

"You endear, you charm and capture,
You seduce, bewitch, enrapture;
My thoughts and cogitations, meditations, sen-
timent,

Are about, as to, related,
Quoad hoc, associated

With you, yourself, the same as, your name,
as evident."

Did you ever stumble, hesitate,
Cut short, shut off, abbreviate,
When you told her you aspired to and desired
to be her Him?

When she received and took you
With your volume, tome, and book, you—

Did you care a fig, be partial to, concerned
with Synonym?

Oh, Peter Mark Roget, you
Have decreed we shall obey you
Forever in the choosing and the using of our
speech;

But when I become a wooer,
I shall send your volume to Her,

And let her choose her title—my pretty little	<table border="0"> <tr><td>inamorata</td><td rowspan="10">} PEACH!</td></tr> <tr><td>lady-love</td></tr> <tr><td>idol</td></tr> <tr><td>darling</td></tr> <tr><td>duck</td></tr> <tr><td>Dulcinea</td></tr> <tr><td>angel</td></tr> <tr><td>goddess</td></tr> <tr><td>cara sposa</td></tr> <tr><td>fiancée</td></tr> <tr><td>affianced</td></tr> <tr><td>betrothed</td></tr> <tr><td>coquette</td></tr> <tr><td>flirt</td></tr> <tr><td>turtle dove</td></tr> </table>	inamorata	} PEACH!	lady-love	idol	darling	duck	Dulcinea	angel	goddess	cara sposa	fiancée	affianced	betrothed	coquette	flirt	turtle dove
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